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- ART. I.—1. *Memorandum to the Report of the Commissioners on Transportation and Penal Servitude.* By THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
2. *Debates on the Penal Servitude Acts' Amendment Bill.* *Times*, February 19th and 24th, and March 5th, 1864.
3. *Lord Neaves' Inaugural Address at the Social Science Congress.* *Times*, October 12th, 1863.
4. *Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments.* By CHARLES PHILLIPS. Fourth Edition.

RIGHTEOUSNESS is wisdom. To look first at results, and from these argue backwards to what is wise and right, is an inverted process,—an inverted and difficult process. For the links that run through all social questions are complicated, and it needs more than mortal insight to trace effects unerringly to their source.

Yet there is one point on which this wrong method has been so steadily pursued, that it is regarded by many as the only right method:—namely, the punishment of crime. Any one who took the trouble to read the Minutes of Evidence of the Government Commission on Transportation and Penal Servitude, might notice how uniformly the questions of the Commissioners, and the answers of the witnesses, were framed on the assumption that to test results is the only way to arrive at principles, and that the only regulating maxim of criminal law is to aim at good results.

This view of the case is summed up distinctly in the Memorandum of the Lord Chief Justice. He says:—

'The purposes of punishment are twofold: the first, that of deterring others exposed to similar temptations from the commission of crime; the second, the reformation of the criminal himself. The first is the primary and more important object: for though society has, doubtless, a strong interest in the reformation of the criminal, and his consequent indisposition to crime, yet the result is here confined to the individual offender; while the effect of punishment, as deterring from crime, extends not only to the party suffering the punishment, but to all who may be in the habit of committing crime, or who may be tempted to fall into it.

'Moreover, the reformation of the offender is in the highest degree speculative and uncertain, and its permanency, in the face of renewed temptation, exceedingly precarious. On the other hand, the impression produced by suffering, inflicted as the punishment of crime, and the fear of its repetition, are far more likely to be lasting, and much more calculated to counteract the tendency to the renewal of criminal habits. It is on the assumption that punishment will have the effect of deterring from crime that its infliction can alone be justified, its proper and legitimate purpose being not to avenge crime, but to prevent it.

'The experience of mankind has shown that though crime will always exist to a certain extent, it may be kept within bounds by the example of punishment. This result it is the business of the law-giver to accomplish by annexing to each offence the degree of punishment calculated to repress it. More than this would be a waste of so much human suffering.'—*Mem.*, p. 86.

Almost all the speakers, in the debates on the Penal Servitude Acts' Amendment Bill, take the same ground. Sir George Grey says:—

'Now I entirely agree with the principle which the Lord Chief Justice lays down—namely, that the subsidiary purpose of penal discipline, the reformation of the criminal, ought to be kept in due subordination to its primary and principal purpose, the repression of and deterring from crime; and also that the punishment should be made as rigorous as is consistent with the health of the criminal.'

Lord Naas—

'quite agreed that deterring from crime should be the primary object; but the addition of the reformatory principle was perfectly possible, and the endeavour to make the men better should be tried by every possible means.'

Mr. Cave—

'confessed that he had been for many years an advocate for the reform of criminals, but he admitted that the Legislature had no business to look to the advantage of the criminals rather than to that of the state. If, however, it should appear that these could be combined,' &c..... 'Let sentences be sharp and severe; let those sentences be mixed with moral discipline and suasion; and then he

thought there would be turned out of our prisons, from time to time, men who really wished to lead a new life.'

Sir John Pakington:—

'The Lord Chief Justice says, "My persuasion is that punishment should be made as rigorous as is consistent with the health of body and mind." In that sentiment I entirely concur. The primary object of punishment is to deter from crime; and if with that you can combine the scarcely less important object of reforming the criminal, to that extent I believe you will improve your criminal law.'

Mr. Walpole:—

'I would not neglect what to my mind ought never to be lost sight of, though it should be in a subordinate degree to the deterring effect of punishment; namely, something of the reformatory process, lest our convicts should be worse when they leave our gaols than when they go into them.'—*Times*, February 19th.

Lord Wodehouse:—

'No doubt it is advisable to combine reformation with punishment; but I maintain that reformation should be subordinate to punishment, and that the great object of penal discipline is to deter persons from embarking in a career of crime.'—*Ibid.*, February 24th.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy:—

'agreed with Mr. Adderley to a great extent that punishment should be uniform, deterrent, and bitter;.....still, he held, that our system of punishments should be reformatory as well as deterrent.'—*Ibid.*, March 5th.

Mr. Adderley in a former letter to the *Times* said,—

'I may now assume that a deterring and exemplary character is the primary test of merit in any penal provision, and that reformatory influence should be incidental to punishment, but is not its specific undertaking.....Punishment must first of all be punishment.'—*Ibid.*, November 25th.

We meet with these views not only in the senate, but in private intercourse, and in current literature; in the pulpit and the press. They pass as unquestioned as the axioms of Euclid; they are the law and gospel of our criminal code. To deter or to reform men—these are the true ends of punishment; these, and nothing more.

Some go farther than the Lord Chief Justice, and regard reform as the *first* object of punishment. They say that God reveals Himself under the aspect of a Father, whose punishments are always inflicted for the benefit of His children. This is true; and He has given us representatives of Himself in earthly fathers, whose punishments in this respect strictly resemble His. Family discipline is instituted for loving pur-

poses of correction and improvement. But the Almighty has another function, that of a Judge, which also has its earthly representatives. God does not punish the wicked for their benefit or improvement, but in just retribution for their misdeeds. The penal sentences of Heaven are exhibitions of righteousness, not of mercy, and those of earth should be the same. If fathers are not judges, neither are judges fathers. The Lord Chief Justice does indeed tell us that the only legitimate purpose of punishment is 'not to avenge crime, but to prevent it;' but St. Paul, the apostle of a dispensation of mercy, tells us, that the judge is a 'minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.' (Rom. xiii. 4.) God has committed into his hands the administration of that solemn law, that misdoers must suffer for their misdeeds.

But the Merciful One often suspends the judgments of the wicked on the contingency of their repentance; and if He does this, ought not we also to forego punishment for mercy's sake? Let us ask, first, whether we have the same means of regulating our sentences. When God threatens men with judgment, He knows whether there be any reality in their professed submission; for on this reality the suspension of His judgment depends. We have not such knowledge, and therefore the suspension of our judgments can only depend on the profession or semblance of repentance,—a rotten foundation, which would add hypocrisy to crime. But, secondly, if man's repentance is not sincere, God has ample power to inflict to-morrow the suspended penalty of to-day; while if man lets go the clutch of justice on the offender, under some hope of reform, the culprit may altogether escape, and so justice be baffled and crime encouraged. These are the reasons which forbid earthly judges to follow the example of their Heavenly Judge in suspending judgment for mercy's sake. Let us not be deceived by the sound of words: when a criminal is 'recommended to mercy,' we do not mean that in his case justice is to be set aside:—we simply mean that, owing to circumstances, we think he *deserves* somewhat less punishment than is usually allotted to his crime. In fact, the so-called 'recommendation to mercy' is an appeal made by justice against the letter of the law.

No one contends that we should ever wholly suspend judgment for mercy's sake; but it is held by many that we may, after judgment pronounced, lessen penalties for mercy's sake. This is the principle on which our present penal system bases its rewards and remissions. The subject needs the gravest consideration; for there is some plausibility in the plea urged.

Here are two men, imprisoned for the same term of years and for the same offence. One is plainly a hardened ruffian, only waiting for his release to return again to crime; the other gives us reason to believe that he is an altered man. Shall we make no difference between the two? If the full term of years is all we can give the first, surely we should give less to the second. Is not one more wicked, more guilty than the other? and does not equity require that the less guilt should have the less punishment? This is plausible, but it is not sound. Less wicked the reformed man certainly is, but not a whit less guilty of the original crime by the fact of his after repentance. We tread on very difficult ground when we venture to say, that repentance in any sense *lessens* past guilt. Between God and man it has been made one of the conditions of a free pardon under a covenant founded on the fact that the penalty of righteous law has already been borne vicariously: a condition of free pardon it is, but we dare not say it is ever a condition of lessened punishment. In His moral government God sometimes exercises His prerogative in remitting punishment, but more frequently retribution is allowed to take its course. The stains and stings of pardoned sins often follow us as persistently as though they had not been pardoned; nay, more, the sins that the fathers have wept over may haunt their children as an inherited curse. Whatever may be said of satisfactory results, there are two insuperable objections to a system which makes present good conduct a plea for lessening the penalty of past crime. First, it interferes with the moral education of the nation by breaking the connexion between sin and suffering, and making the alleged welfare of the individual more important than the maintenance of righteous law. Secondly, as we have said before, the imperfection of human discernment obliges us to accept the profession for the reality of repentance, and this on the questionable testimony of gaolers and chaplains,—gaolers, from their position, glad to get rid of their prisoners; chaplains, from their profession, sanguine of reform.

The speakers in the debates on penal servitude were anxious to show that they only wished to *add* reforming agencies to the deterring elements of our penal laws; but in this they scarcely seemed to be aware of the nature of the subject they were discussing. Reform, as a vital principle, comes to the spirit of man in inward motives, or outward instruction, or personal pity and kindness; and is compatible with any degree of punishment. But reform, as a government system, comes to men in the promise of such amelioration of their sentence

as may induce them to adopt habits of industry and good order. Hence, it is incompatible with a full measure of penal discipline; for it cannot be added to it, without taking something from it; so much inducement to improve, so much lessened punishment. And in this consists the radical viciousness of the system. Mercy should precede justice, to drag back the ignorant and wandering from the downward paths that lead to crime; mercy should follow justice to lay hold of released prisoners, and give them opportunity to retrace their steps: but mercy face to face with justice, tampering with its sentences, playing with its penalties—this is not a seemly spectacle; nor should any promise of satisfactory results reconcile us to so flagrant an anomaly in morals.

We are told that deterrence is the highest aim of criminal law; let us clearly understand the meaning of the word. Causes which indirectly effect remote results are not said to be deterrent: that term is limited to the direct action of restraining motives; and, undoubtedly, this is the meaning adopted by the Lord Chief Justice. He speaks of 'the impression produced by suffering inflicted as the punishment of crime, and the fear of its repetition,...as calculated to counteract the tendency to the renewal of criminal habits.' And again he says, it is the business of the lawgiver to keep crime within bounds 'by annexing to each offence the degree of punishment calculated to repress it.' It is this direct immediate action of penal law which he declares to be its only 'proper and legitimate purpose,' and the various speakers in the House of Commons do little more than echo his words.

Yet, if this indeed be so, we have made a great mistake, both in framing and administering our laws. If deterrence be the chief object of penal law, punishment should be adjusted to a scale of temptation; for, surely, men most need to be deterred from that which they are most tempted to do: whereas we adjust them to a scale of retribution, keeping our eyes on justice rather than on deterrence. So also in administration; we might deter men by introducing more absolutism into our criminal courts, and giving the police more power to interfere with known offenders; but we refuse to do this, because we hold the liberty of the subject to be more necessary than deterrence to the right working of English institutions. In both cases we have made some other principle more prominent in our criminal code.

We acted otherwise in past times, when laws were made unreasonably severe, under the idea that severity would deter men from crime. Mr. Phillips has given us a picture of those times:—

'We hanged for everything—for a shilling—for five shillings—for forty shillings—for five pounds—for cutting down a sapling! We hanged for a sheep—for a horse—for cattle—for coining—for forgery—even for witchcraft—for things that were, and things that could not be! Taking a single year, (1809,) in a single county, (Lancaster,) we find no less than thirteen executions for forgery of bank-notes,—the result of two assizes!..... Will it be believed... that on the authority of Sir S. Janssen's tables, in twenty-three years, from 1749 to 1771, two hundred and forty persons were convicted of shoplifting and other analogous offences, one hundred and nine of whom were actually executed!—that in the last century, one hundred and fifty offences were made statutablely capital; under which new-made statutes, six hundred persons, "Christian men and women," were condemned to die!—that within our own recollection, one hundred and sixteen executions were perpetrated within four years, for the offence of forgery alone!—*Vacation Thoughts*, p. 4, 12.

Mr. Phillips shall also give us the reasons which in those days induced wise and thoughtful men to uphold these dreadful laws, and strenuously oppose their repeal:—

'The grand vaticination was, that, in each case where we repealed the capital punishment, there would be an increase of the crime.' (P. 31.) 'If such laws were repealed, "the people of England," as Lord Wynford said, "could not sleep in safety in their beds." (P. 23.) "I trust," exclaimed the Chief Justice of the day, (Lord Ellenborough,) "your Lordships will pause before you assent to a measure pregnant with danger to the security of property. The learned judges are *unanimously* agreed that the expediency of justice and the public security require there should not be a remission of capital punishment in this part of the criminal law. My lords, I think this, above all others, is a law on which so much of the security of mankind depends in its execution, that I should deem myself neglectful of my duty to the public, if I failed to let the law take its course."—Page 15.

Again:—

'Lord Ellenborough depicts a solemn scene produced by the mere passing of the death sentence, &c. "It is a ceremony," said he, "than which nothing can be imagined more awful, nor, as I firmly believe, more effectual for the purpose of restraining crimes by terror, and, as it were, crushing them in embryo."—Page 21.

Here is the explanation of the sins of the past. Our ancestors evidently believed that the only aim of criminal law was to restrain crime. True, they erred in thinking that undue severity *could* restrain it; for they had not learnt, as we have done from the philosophy of experience, that a law too strin-

gent, or a penalty too severe, only defeats itself. But, according to their ignorance, they were consistent and logical in what they did. For if indeed it be the *first* object of criminal law to restrain crime, then, whatever we deem most efficacious in restraining crime, should be made the law. This was the motive that influenced former judges and statesmen. Not caring whether their laws were just and righteous, they only asked whether they would deter men from crime. 'It has been urged,' says Lord Ellenborough, 'by persons speculating in modern legislation, that a certainty of punishment is preferable to severity.....that it should invariably be proportioned to the magnitude of the crime, thereby forming a known scale of punishments commensurate with the degree of the offence. Whatever may be my opinion of the theory of this doctrine, I am convinced of its absurdity in practice.*' Justice in punishment seemed absurd to Lord Ellenborough, when he had satisfied himself that severity is deterrent, and that deterrence is the true aim of penal law.

Let us learn something from the blunders and sins of the past. Mild or severe, no sort of law will ever be widely deterrent which aims at no higher end than to deter men; and for this reason, that when punishment becomes matter of calculation, obedience becomes matter of calculation too. We may see this fully exemplified in that small social state, a public school. It is the grief and trouble of masters like Arnold that school laws are so invariably regarded by the boys as matter of calculation, not as matter of conscience; a code to be observed as little and evaded as much as is consistent with safety and interest. The words which the writer of *Tom Brown's School Days* puts into the mouth of East will apply to all law and all authority which appeal to nothing higher than men's fears or interests. 'What one has always felt about the masters is, that it is a fair trial of skill between us and them.....We've got to learn so much Latin and Greek, and do so many verses, and they've got to see that we do it. If we can slip the collar, and do so much less without being caught, that's one to us. If they can get more out of us, or catch us shirking, that's one to them. All's fair in war but lying. If I run my luck against theirs, and go into school without looking at my lessons, and don't get called up, why am I a snob or a sneak? I don't tell the master I've learnt it. He's got to find out whether I have or not: what's he paid for? If he calls me up, and I get floored, he makes me write it out in Greek and English. Very good. He's caught me, and I don't grumble. That's my school morality.'

* *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. iii., p. 233.

But how did Dr. Arnold raise the tone of Rugby? Not by adjusting his laws to some better standard of deterrence, not by making them more or less severe, but by quite another method. While he sought to make his rules righteous, his great aim was to make his boys approve them as righteous, and understand that penalties are meant to attest their righteousness by keeping alight the dull glimmer of the natural conscience which reveals the connexion between sin and suffering. When boys become men, the work of such masters as Arnold falls into the hands of two different classes—lawgivers and statesmen on one side, teachers of all kinds on the other. It is the part of lawgivers and statesmen to set righteousness before men in just laws and judgments, and it is the part of teachers to lead men to approve their righteousness. But this is not deterrence, it is moral education: not the restraint imposed on men's fears or interests by the sight of suffering, or the risk of loss, but the inward restraint produced by conviction and conscience responding to the voice of law. There are many men sunk so low as to be insensible to any appeal beyond their own interests; and hence deterrence by fear will always be a lawful though lower means of restraint. But to speak of it as the chief end of penal law, 'the only lawful purpose of punishment,' is one of those strange anomalies which strike us the more in Christian men, inasmuch as noble heathens might have risen above it. For surely, apart from Christianity, there is such a thing as eternal right; there are such things as just laws and judgments to bear witness of that right; and also, there is a conscience in man to receive the witness and learn the lesson. We must not indeed venture to say that no Christian writer or speaker takes this view of the case; for Lord Neaves, in his inaugural address at the Social Science Congress, after noticing the design of penalties 'to deter others from committing the like crimes,' goes on to say:—

'Viewed in this light, we not only find a full justification for human punishments in the great law of self-defence; but we also see in them, when well regulated and adjusted, a noble institution which supports and strengthens the voice of conscience in the human breast, by giving it an outward utterance and a practical power: an institution, also, which saves men from themselves, assists them to subdue their baser inclinations, and, by planting a strong hedge on the boundary line between right and wrong, preserves many from transgressing who would otherwise be easily induced to cross the march. Punishment in this light has even a higher function than the reformation of criminals. It tends to preserve myriads or rather millions of men from ever becoming criminal.'

Yet, in saying this, Lord Neaves seems to be scarcely conscious

of the force of his own words. For if punishment be all this, it should not be called an 'institution,' as though it had originated with man for man's benefit, when it is in fact a fundamental rule of the universe, a principle of the Divine government, just and right in itself. And if punishment *do* all this, we have here its very highest function; one much too important to be thus briefly noticed and set aside, while Lord Neaves proceeds to enlarge on the reformatory effects of recreation and healthy laughter! Yet cursory as it is, this utterance at the Social Science Congress is almost a solitary one. In other quarters we look in vain for as much as this. Punishment is reform, punishment is deterrence, punishment is anything but that which God has made it—His chief witness to the sanctity of law. Yet this alone is its true meaning, and from this, addressed to conscience, it derives its greatest force.

It is not denied that the selfish restraint due to the fear of penalty, and the moral restraint due to the awe of transgression, may, and constantly do, mingle in the human breast; and it is possible that our legislators (many of them wise and thoughtful men) had both of these in their thoughts when they spoke generally of deterrence. Yet the two things are so essentially different, in the foundation on which they rest, the faculties to which they appeal, and the motives they supply, that it is difficult to see how one could be included in the other except by utter confusion of ideas. Deterrence by penalty needs but a wise adjustment of the machinery of law, but moral education needs that laws should be rightly made and righteously administered. The one appeals to self-interest, the other to conscience; the one acts by the dread of loss, the other by the dread of wrong. If we abide by one, we shall look first at principles, and leave results to the future; if we abide by the other, we shall look first at results, and fall back on practical expediency for the present. We are unfortunate if our legislators confound the two; for confusion of ideas generally produces uncertainty in practice.

Now, if laws be right, they should wear the attributes of righteousness: they should be stable, they should be certain, they should speak truth. First, as to stability. It is often admitted in Parliament 'that it is undesirable to open a question again;' a mild way of speaking of one of the greatest evils of modern legislation. The constant alteration of our laws is enough to demoralize a whole people. How *can* they serve any purpose of moral education, how *can* conscience respond to them, if they are perpetually changing? Laws undeniably bad must be altered; though even with regard to them we should

think well and act warily, and not make patchwork by hasty and disjointed improvements that will afterwards need to be improved. But when laws are only questionably bad, how much more should the pleas for revision be cautiously entertained, free from the private ends and party purposes that so often swell the cry for a change! Some people think it a great reproach if a session of Parliament passes without its usual complement of new laws; but the real disgrace of every session is the number of bills that are shuffled through Parliament without due consideration.

But there is an evil more fatal to the stability of law than even the love of change—*injustice*. Every injustice introduced into law is an element of instability; for it comes into existence as something that does not fit, that produces friction, that raises hindrances and complications, and clogs the course of affairs. We cannot tangle the threads of law without producing perplexity that will sooner or later plead for disentanglement. Right *may* be altered by the triumph of wrong; but if nations are to prosper, wrong *must* be altered. We unsettle law twice over when we make it unfair or unjust; partly by robbing it of the respect which begets obedience, and partly by stamping on it the necessity of future change.

Next, as to its certainty. Some variety in administration must doubtless arise from different views of the enormity of crime; but the chief cause of variation is to be found in a maxim which has crept more and more into practice of late years,—this, namely, that punishment should be proportioned rather to the wickedness of the offender than to that of the offence. Hence divers considerations have to be taken into account,—the youth of a criminal, the pressure of circumstances, the weight of provocation, the moral obliquity or want of self-control, &c.; and by an attempted estimate of these, punishment is indefinitely varied. We have carried our refinements so far that there is no crime in the calendar which has any settled punishment. From the smallest theft or trespass up to murder itself we are always in doubt whether an offence will receive an adequate or inadequate award. The injustice of this uncertainty is heinous. One man receives a year's imprisonment for an offence, and another three times as much. 'Some of the judges, I think,' says Sir Richard Mayne in the Evidence of the Commission on Penal Servitude, 'pass sentence of eighteen months for an offence that another judge would pass a sentence of five years or more of penal servitude.'* Here, also, the injury done to law is twofold;—its light penalties pro-

* *Minutes of Evidence*, par. 1859.

duce contempt and disobedience, and its heavy ones arouse a brooding sense of injustice. But on the principle we have adopted these evils are unavoidable. No two men can be expected to come to the same conclusion if they have to weigh all the circumstances that increase or lessen guilt. The fact is, that in looking at guilt we are attempting to take cognizance of something beyond the province of human law, as it is beyond the limit of human ken. Guilt is the Almighty's reserved question, kept for a day when the sons of men will have clearer spiritual insight. At present, the penalties of His moral government are not adjusted according to degrees of guilt. How much less capable of such adjustment are the imperfect decisions of man! Some aggravations of guilt are rightly acknowledged by human law, but they are such as are plainly manifested in the outward act;—premeditation, for instance, or fraud under breach of trust, or the frequent repetition of offences. These are open to human jurisdiction, unlike those hidden degrees of guilt which blind man can never estimate aright, and which, therefore, he should leave to God's tribunal. The act, the outward act, is that which the law should visit sharply and surely; and if any power to make exceptions be allowed, it should be most carefully guarded and sparingly used, and only when the letter of the law would enforce a glaring injustice. But as to little hardships and inequalities, they belong to the rough course of this world, and cannot be escaped. Inequality in punishment need not mean undeserved hardship for the less guilty, but undeserved leniency for the greater. We attach a just penalty to some particular offence; well and good. Then every one who commits that offence should bear that penalty. If one man commit it with aggravated guilt, we judge not his guilt, but give him the same punishment for the same crime. This is unequal, but the inequality consists in the one having less, not the other having more, than he deserves. And we justify the inequality, not as being theoretically good, but as being practically less bad than our blundering attempts to set it right. We cannot deal with guilt; the attempt to adapt law to it is unsettling law itself, and producing injustice greater than that which we seek to remedy. It is far better that law should be firm and sure, even though it be not strictly equal, than that a whole community should be driven from its moral anchorage by the shifting uncertainty of law.

Lastly, law should speak truth. This may seem a part of its certainty, yet not exactly so; for some laws are certain in this, that they do *not* speak truth. If the law says that something is to be done, it should be done; or that something is thus to be

punished, thus it should be punished. How else is law to preserve the reverence of the community? Our statesmen do not think of the evil of falsifying law when they make it part of their prison discipline that, under certain conditions, the sentence of law shall *not* be kept. It is true, we might have a sentence pronounced conditionally; but this is the very thing that is never done. The legislature fixes a certain term of penal servitude, the judge declares it, and not a word is said of the difference between the fiction and the reality. By this course we undermine the confidence in law which it should be our utmost endeavour to inspire; for the firmest and simplest ground of confidence is truth; and if this is wanting, what shall supply its place?

There is another contingency,—juries may falsify law. They have done so in past and present times; sometimes from a sense of justice rebelling against unrighteous law, sometimes from moral effeminacy shrinking from the responsibility of a verdict. Such different evils demand different remedies. We should alter the law as soon as possible, in one case, to bring it into harmony with men's consciences; and keep it unaltered as long as possible, in the other, to testify against men's cowardice. No law of heaven or earth can force men to do right; but it should never cease to tell them what it is right to do.

To sum up the whole. The first and highest function of law and judgment is not to deter men by penalty, not to reform them by prison discipline, but to bear witness to something higher than themselves; law testifying to eternal righteousness, and judgment attesting the sanctity of law. For this purpose, laws must be rightly made and righteously administered; they must also bear the attributes of righteousness,—stability, certainty, truth. So far as they fulfil these conditions, they will underlie men's deepest convictions, and will, indirectly, slowly, and silently, prevent and restrain crime. For law does not work out its results as a dead letter, but as a living growth; proceeding from, and reacting upon, the varied influences that constitute the moral being of a nation. It will never be widely effectual by acting on men's fears through the dead letter, but rather by enlisting on its side such force of opinion and conviction as will put shame and condemnation upon the breach of law. The unstable and unthinking, that is to say, nine tenths of those who become criminal, are in this way continually restrained from crime; the moral standard of their own sphere taking the place of individual conscience. And this is the point at which every man becomes in truth the keeper of his neighbour's conscience. He who brings his own enlight-

ened or perverted views to raise or lower the tone of law, (using that term in its widest sense for social custom, or public opinion, or legal enactment,) has done something to swell the force of that common sentiment, sympathy, and conviction, which fosters or fetters crime.

We have still to notice the subordinate purposes of our penal laws,—to deter men from crime, to hinder them in crime, to reform them after crime. The direct action of these laws in deterring habitual criminals seems to have been greatly overrated; for such men live by their trade, and will continue to live by it whatever the law may say. No doubt good laws, well administered, and supported by a good police, will inspire a measure of respect, fear, and caution, which will narrow the range of depredation and violence; but how much of this is due to the law's sentence, and how much to the greater chance of discovery, it would be impossible to say. Still more difficult is it to calculate the deterrent action of any particular law, when so many causes combine to influence social results. And in this consists the practical folly of building a penal system on results rather than principles, those results being so very hard to ascertain. It is a far more simple process to determine whether a law be just and right, than whether it may, or can, or will, deter men from crime.

But assuredly we can hinder criminals from pursuing their trade. Sir Richard Mayne tells us that most burglaries and highway robberies are committed by men between the ages of fifteen and thirty;* from which it would appear that the career of these criminals is generally a very short one. Two sentences of seven years' penal servitude (which is actually about eleven years and a half) form a large part of such men's lives, during which their crimes are effectually hindered. This is the great advantage of transportation. It has ceased to be a dreaded penalty; but, as far as England is concerned, it hinders a vast amount of crime.

Lastly, our penal system includes the possible reform of the criminal; but we must carefully note the principle on which such reform is encouraged. The Christian teacher goes to the individual transgressor, and, for his own sake and his soul's sake, exhorts him to forsake his sins: the Christian government does nothing of the sort. *That* is the appointed guardian of the community, and only for the sake of the community does it deal with the individual. If convicts released from prison were laid by sickness on their death-beds, no one would

* *Min. of Evidence, Com. Penal Serv.*, par. 1569.

think it the duty of government to send teachers to urge them to repentance; it is because they are living, and likely to break the laws again, that government interferes for their reform. We make disciplinary, as we make sanitary, laws, for the benefit of the community, without asking whether individuals will have to pay or profit. It is a happy thing when the welfare of one is the welfare of all; but this is a point which has no weight in the question. It is for others' sake, not for his own sake, that Government encourages the criminal to reform.

If there be truth in the principles we have laid down, they will stand the strain of a severe test; they will apply to the most extreme form of punishment—the punishment of death. Mr. Phillips's pamphlet is regarded as a fair statement of the objections raised against this awful penalty; and, before we proceed to show the broad ground on which it rests, we will weigh the force of his objections.

1st. We have in time past inflicted death for crimes wholly undeserving of such a penalty, and, by so doing, have shed blood unrighteously, evaded laws, falsified verdicts, and encouraged impunity.*

All quite true; but as this is not the case at present, it has nothing to do with the question.

2nd. Crimes for which capital punishment was once inflicted have decreased on its repeal. Countries in which it has been wholly repealed have not witnessed an increase of crime.†

For the first assertion the shallowest proof is offered,—a return of crimes for three years before and after the repeal! Crime is influenced by a thousand causes; and the difference might be due to the condition of the country, the increase of employment, the lessening of pauperism, the state of trade or of harvest. For the second assertion nothing deserving the name of proof is offered, and no statistics are given.

3rd. Many good men have condemned capital punishment.‡

And many good men have vindicated it. When authorities can be quoted on both sides, they are useless as authority.

4th. Public executions are bad and brutalising, and so far may be assumed to 'produce the evil they are intended to restrain.'§

No doubt they are bad and brutalising, and we would gladly have them take place within enclosed walls, where men (not women) might be admitted by ticket, and in full dress, as to a state solemnity. This would limit the attendance, cut off the

* *Vacation Thoughts*, pp. 1-31.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 31-38.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 66-70.

§ *Ibid.*, pp. 70-88.

rabble, and insure good order, while it escaped the evils of privacy. Executions become bad and brutalising by being made public spectacles to the bad and brutal.

5th. Great crimes should have the severest punishment, and death is not the severest.*

It is impossible to argue against such an assertion, but the instincts of all mankind are against it.

6th. Law and its administration are terribly uncertain.†

Most true; but we were at a loss to guess how this applied to capital punishment, until at page 98 it is made to serve the purpose by a clever bit of sophistry. The uncertainty Mr. Phillips has so justly condemned is that of loose laws and lax administration; but at page 98 he quietly slips into the assumption that it all belongs to the inevitable fallibility of man. He uses this mass of uncertainty to support him in saying that we should never inflict a punishment which we cannot repair;‡ and then, through four and forty pages, proceeds to bring forward instance after instance to prove that under the bad laws and negligent administration of past times innocent persons have suffered death.§ But he does not venture to accuse the cautious justice and humanity of the last thirty years of having once incurred this reproach. Many of these sorrowful cases could never have occurred since the law of 1836 gave more time for investigation.

7th. Not only the innocent suffer, but the guilty escape. Mr. Phillips tells us || that in trials which involve only secondary penalties the convictions average seventy-seven per cent., while in trials for murder they are only twenty-four per cent. We do not put much trust in his statistics, but undoubtedly more will escape in one case than in the other. We rightly require more unflinching conviction to send a man to the gallows than to imprison him for life; and if capital punishment were a question of expediency, it might be difficult to decide whether it is best to hang the less, or to imprison the more. But capital punishment is either awfully right or fearfully wrong; and no consideration of expediency will condemn it in one case, or justify it in the other.

8th. Finally, capital punishment is wrong, according to the true principles of human and Divine law.¶

‘Has man a right by human legislation to deprive man of life? If he has not, capital punishments fall to the ground. We say he has not,—we say, with Beccaria, that no man possesses a right over

* *Vacation Thoughts*, pp. 88-91.

§ *Ibid.*, pp. 101-145.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 91-98.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 84.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 98-101.

¶ *Ibid.*, pp. 38-66.

his own life; and, not possessing it himself, how can he delegate it to another? Suicide is not only a crime which nature abhors, but it is a felony by our English law. It is clear, therefore, both in law and morals, man's life is not at man's disposal.

'By what authority does any man or any community of men assume power over their fellows? By common agreement, by what is called the social compact, and by it alone; by it he delegated to others certain portions of his individual rights; in accepting the control of the laws, he sacrificed a portion of his liberty;but he could go no further, he could not transfer a power which he possessed not.

'Man's life is not his own,—our own law says it is not his own,—it is a loan from the Almighty.'—Pp. 65, 66.

Mr. Phillips's argument is based upon a false foundation. We deny his premises. Law and authority are not matters of delegation and social compact; they are, like life itself,—like freedom, justice, truth,—part of God's gifts to man. And in all ages it has been held, that in defence of these precious treasures man may lawfully and honourably lay down his life. Suicide is one thing; heroism, patriotism, martyrdom are another. Our life, and our brother's life, are not ours to yield or take; but as we dare to yield our own on justifying cause, so, with justifying cause, we dare to take our brother's.

But where are we to find such justification? Not in Scripture, replies Mr. Phillips. The Noachic precept is not clear: it may be a prophecy, or a denunciation, or a declaration, or a mis-translation; but assuredly it is not a command, and it is not at all clear.* The Jewish law was under the immediate supervision of the Almighty, who would never have permitted an innocent life to be sacrificed mistakenly: † besides, the Jewish law has passed away. The Son of God 'in express words abolished the whole code of Moses,.....denounced the vindictive principle of retaliation, and substituted that of mercy and forgiveness.'‡ In accordance with this He refused to judge the woman taken in adultery. Finally, St. Paul has twice said, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Such is Mr. Phillips's summary of the testimony of Scripture.

The Noachic precept is declared to be not clear. That is easily said; but suppose one word had been altered,—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood *not* be shed,'—would it not have been clear? The Jewish law is said to have been under a supervision which secured its administration from error; but where are we told that? Fallible and wicked men

* *Vacation Thoughts*, pp. 38-47.
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† *Ibid.*, p. 49. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 51.
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administered it. Again, it is said that the whole code of Moses has been abolished in express words; but happily the express words are not quoted. Did any such abolition exist, Christians would have no Divine sanction for the second, nor for the fourth commandment. Moreover, they might marry their nieces and their aunts if they pleased. We had supposed that our Saviour meant to ratify the social principles of the Jewish law, when He said He had 'not come to destroy it, but to fulfil.' He did not judge the woman taken in adultery for many evident reasons,—this among others, that he disclaimed all judgment in His first advent, and reserved it for His second. But will Mr. Phillips venture to say that punishment for wrong-doing is meant to be set aside by the Sermon on the Mount? It is not capital punishment that is in question here; *all* punishment is involved. Lastly, it is too absurd to quote a precept given under the Jewish law in proof that the principles of that law have been abrogated. 'Vengeance is mine,' is a quotation from the Old Testament.

Having noticed these objections, we will now stand on our own ground, and test capital punishment by the principles previously laid down. First, is it righteous? Is it righteous that the sanctity of life should be attested by the sacrifice of life? The natural instincts of mankind in all states and times have answered, Yes; and the wisdom of all ancient civilisation has answered, Yes. Say that this was an error of nature, an ignorance of heathenism, prevalent as idolatry, and as foul and false; then we shall surely find a protest against it among that people whom the Almighty selected to bear His holy name before the heathen world. Here is a practice which, if not justifiable, is inexcusable, a practice said to have its origin in human passions and heathen darkness; yet, strange to say, this is the very practice which, in its most unmitigated severity, was divinely enjoined on the Jews. Had the Jewish code been somewhat milder than those of heathen nations, we might have admitted the plea that even the Almighty could not work out laws that were beyond the social condition of His people, and that therefore He adapted them to their imperfection. But heaven's laws could not possibly have been worse than those of earth; yet we find them more entirely characterized by the punishment of death. This fact is so overwhelming, that many turn away from it altogether, and solace themselves with the thought, that, at all events, this mysterious dispensation has passed away. But the same difficulty is still ahead. If Judaism was a witness against the wanderings of heathenism, Christianity was a witness against the shortcomings of Judaism.

Here is a practice stronger than it was two thousand years before, inasmuch as it has received Divine sanction. It has been inculcated not only by heathen tribes, and states, and sages, but by inspired Jews. If this be indeed a foul and bloody practice, will it stand before Christianity and not receive rebuke? It is said that Christianity condemns it by implication; but that is the very point in dispute; and, truly, while so small a minority alone can discern the condemnation implied, it must be held to be a very imperfect one. Look at another practice of ancient times,—polygamy and divorce. This, too, was loved by natural man, allowed by wise heathens, permitted by inspired Jews; this, too, perhaps was winked at by God in times of ignorance; but how was this treated under the new dispensation? It was not dealt with by implication, it was specially condemned and repealed. In such a case silence is exceedingly significant, and must be held to throw back a controverted point upon preceding authority. Thus, when we are asked if capital punishment is enjoined in the New Testament, we say, No, it is enough for us that it is not forbidden there. By the witness of nature, uncontradicted by civilised heathens; by the witness of heathenism, uncontradicted by inspired Jews; by the witness of Judaism, uncontradicted by the Author of Christianity, we believe and maintain that the punishment of death is for one crime at least a righteous punishment.

If it be righteous, it should wear the attributes of righteousness. First, it should be stable: and here we would earnestly deprecate the practice of bringing forward annual bills for alterations in law, when the country and the Parliament are manifestly unprepared for them. The unsettling of law is an evil in itself, which can never be irresponsible of results; and before we do this harm, we are bound to take care that we have a fair prospect of doing good. Changes in law should always be prepared *out of Parliament*; for when public opinion becomes widely unsettled, the evil is already done, and it is time to attempt the good.

Secondly, capital punishment should be certain. If our authorities meant to undermine the law which pronounces death to be the punishment of murder, they could not do more than they have done. That law has been continually set aside, as though it were not a righteous one; and by the inequality of punishment, thus produced, it has been made unrighteous, until those who transgress, those who judge, those who reprieve, and those who stand by and look on, have all lost their faith in its righteousness. The Queen's prerogative is set above law; the criminal's hopes reasonably rise above law, while judges and

juries trifle with the constitutional law which declares their sentence to be final, and, by their continual recommendations to mercy, practically make the Home Secretary a higher judge of appeal. This state of things is shameful and wicked; but how is it to be remedied? The press, undoubtedly, is the agent that should point out to the nation the meaning of its own convictions. For we do not think that Englishmen have by any means lost their conviction that death for murder is a just award; they have only heedlessly let go the link which connects their conviction with steady uniform practice. The press should cry aloud to the people, If you are satisfied that this is a righteous law, take care that it wears the attributes of righteousness, and by its stability and certainty secures your reverence and submission. If it be righteous, it is not for you to shake it by popular clamour and upset it by false pity. Keep your eyes steadily fixed on the principle you acknowledge, that death is the just penalty for murder; then, know that law must be certain to maintain its sanctity as law, and let the murderer die.

The press has also to bring before judges and juries the constitutional law which they are gradually abandoning. Englishmen have come to the conclusion that a court in which lawyers plead, and a judge weighs and balances, and a jury gives a unanimous verdict, is the best sort of court for discovering the truth; and that, being the best court, it should be of course the final court, the Queen's prerogative of pardon being only meant to meet exceptional cases. But if the exception become the rule, and if any officer of state virtually take the Queen's place, we shall have in fact a judge of appeal, whose exercise of office will more and more invalidate and shake public confidence in the once final sentence of judges and juries. And this has actually taken place. Our criminal courts have lost their position and credit, and the principle of appeal is beginning to be admitted by many who object to see the power placed in the hands of a political secretary of state. We doubt if they have considered what a court of appeal means in cases of life and death. It means that the condemning sentence of the lower court shall *never* be final, for of course all condemned criminals will appeal. The higher court will be the only real court, as the final and responsible referee. If it be a court of judges, its very existence will throw a slur on the lower jury courts, as though they were less competent to discover and deal with the truth. If it be a mixed court of juries and judges, men will be tried twice for the same offence. Jury courts may possibly have proved themselves unworthy of public trust, in their readiness

to shirk responsibility by constant appeals to the Home Secretary; but the true remedy for this evil is to be found, not in the appointment of another court, but by bringing back judges and juries to a manful sense of their duty in inflicting the highest penalty of the law. It is sometimes urged that the very severity of capital punishment tempts jurymen to falsify their verdicts, and pronounce 'not guilty' against their own convictions; and an interesting conflict is assumed between their conscientious desire to keep their oath, and their conscientious scruple to take away life. Let every man who is placed on a jury look within, and see clearly where his conscience lies. If it be his deliberate conviction that death is an unlawful punishment for any crime, he is not fit to sit as jurymen on a trial for murder, and should refuse to do it at any cost. He who refuses for conscience' sake, must be ready to suffer for conscience' sake—all honour to him. But if he *does* believe that a murderer deserves to die, and if, when sitting on a jury, he has no doubt that the accused is a murderer, and would willingly see his neighbour convict him, though he shrinks from doing it himself, let him know that his shrinking is no question of conscience, but of moral cowardice, and that he is a deserter from duty, as much as the soldier who forsakes his post. He forgets that he is called to uphold the righteousness of his country's laws, and to approve himself in the sight of Him who has enforced justice on earthly tribunals by the emphatic plea, that their judgment is not man's, but God's.

The press has also to point out to the country the exceeding unfitness of a political secretary of state to fill his present office of reprieving criminals—the exceeding unfitness of any one individual to hold such awful power. Even if two men shared it, the mischief would be somewhat lessened; for it might then be an understood thing that nothing but their strong and unanimous opinion would be held to justify Her Majesty in setting prerogative above law. But real and radical improvement must come from an increased conviction among all classes that law is to be the one stable, righteous, paramount rule, against which exceptions are only to establish their claim by clear and strong right. At present it is just the contrary; exceptions are made the rule, and law is only permitted to take its course when neither lawyers, nor doctors, nor sympathizers can raise a single plea for exception.

We need say little of the fitness of capital punishment to fulfil the subsidiary purposes of penal law. As far as we may assume any penalty to be deterrent, we may assume this to be most deterrent, inasmuch as it enlists our instinctive love of

life in favour of the awe it inspires. But we cannot prove the amount of deterrence in any case, and therefore we lay little stress on it as an argument. As to hinderance, it is the only penalty that does effectually hinder the career of hardened offenders; for though imprisonment for life is an existing sentence, it is not an existing fact,—such sentences being almost invariably commuted by special appeal to the Home Secretary. But what shall we say of reform? The barrier which capital punishment raises against reform is the chief argument of humanitarians against it; for they refuse to see that equally in reform and in punishment the aim of law is higher than individual welfare, higher even than that general expediency which too often, unhappily, is all we mean when we talk of the 'welfare of the community.' The true welfare of the community means more than that which is expedient; it means that which is good and right. Is it good and right that some men should be reformed? Is it good and right that others should be put to death? This is the only question. If we are satisfied that the infliction of death for murder is a righteous penalty, the reform of one man, or the death of another, commends itself to us on the same ground,—*because* it is good and right. Duty takes widely different shapes, different as mercy is from justice; but it is the principle of duty which reconciles them all.

We greatly err in our estimate of Christian love if we think it ought to take the form of mercy interfering with law. The true office of love is to suspend the appeal to law; better still, to supersede the need of such appeal. But many of us are content to sit still, and let children grow up untrained, and adults live unaided, to let ignorance develope and poverty degenerate into crime; and then, when crime is committed, we indulge the sentiment of pity, and pray for the respite of the criminal. Is that our duty to God and man? Rather let every sentence of law stir up our love and pity for those whom law has not yet judged and sentenced, that we may help more, instruct more, labour more, pray more, if haply we may save any of our brethren,—not from punishment righteously deserved,—but from the crime that deserves it. This is the safe and blessed office of Christian love. It never tampers with justice, never shelters impunity, never drags down men's consciences by false pity and mercy; but is in truth the best minister of that righteousness of which justice also is the minister.

- ART. II.—1. *Eighty Years' Progress of British North America.* Toronto. 1863.
2. *Statistics of British North America.* Halifax, N.S. 1862.
3. *Prize Essays on the British North American Provinces.* 1855–1862.

It is little more than one hundred years since the immense territory in the Western Continent called British America came under the dominion of Great Britain. While the old colonies were increasing in population and wealth, the maritime provinces had been heroically contending with the French emigrants for the possession of the soil which had been ceded to them, by a treaty between England and France, (1713.) On the 13th of September, 1759, Quebec fell before the gallant Wolfe; and, by the treaty of Paris in 1763, France relinquished 'all claim for ever to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Canada, and the islands in the river and gulf of St. Lawrence.'

The history, progress, and future prosperity of a country more extensive than the entire domain of the United States,—containing three millions of people, possessing extraordinary natural resources,—distinguished by considerable industrial progress, and forming so large a portion of the British Empire, are subjects of *national* interest. It has been the fashion of late to decry our colonial possessions, especially those of North America, as a useless burden on the empire, and to speak of their connexion with us as paralysing their own development. Such a verdict betrays an utter ignorance of the facts of the case. And it is somewhat remarkable that, beyond strictly commercial circles, the position and resources of these colonies are so imperfectly known. The general reader used to have a most indefinite idea of British possessions in North America, believing that the inhabitants were compelled to battle against an ungenial climate, and were deprived of the multifarious blessings and privileges of European civilisation. To the adventurous traveller, the devotee of science, or the political theorist, who was willing to undergo a temporary exile with the hope of enlarging his sphere of observation, or of noting the operation of the principles of political economy in new societies, we are indebted for lessening the prejudices and dispelling the illusions which long obscured to us our transatlantic colonies. Emigration has, however, most of all tended to enlighten the fatherland on the question. It is true that the neighbouring republic has attracted far the greater number of emigrants from the British Islands, as we find that between

the years 1815 and 1845, of 4,683,194 emigrants from this country, 1,170,342 only went to British North America; and, of the 212,278 who emigrated in 1857, only 21,000 landed on British soil. These settlers proverbially 'never forget the old country.' A thousand ties bind them to us; and by means of correspondence and frequent intercourse intelligence is being gradually communicated, which is founded upon personal observation and experience.

Although, from the sources just indicated, our transatlantic fellow-subjects are becoming better known to us, and the geography of the territory is being more accurately defined and illustrated, they have of late years wisely availed themselves of the press, for imparting still more abundant information concerning their country and its resources. Among all the publications which have treated of these colonies we have met with none, until now, that has professed to give a comprehensive account of their several natural characteristics and their industrial progress as a whole. The work before us, entitled *Eighty Years' Progress of British North America*, professes to show 'the wonderful development of its natural resources by the unbounded energy and enterprise of its inhabitants,' and is compiled by H. J. Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S., T. C. Keefer, civil engineer, J. G. Hodgins, L.L.B., F.R.G.S., Charles Kobb, mining engineer, M. H. Kerley, Esq., and the Rev. William Murray. These gentlemen in their several localities have undertaken the different departments of the work, and by their industry have collected together no inconsiderable amount of valuable and reliable information. The other works at the head of this paper furnish also some interesting facts, of which we purpose to avail ourselves as we proceed. We shall first treat of the older colonies as a group, inasmuch as they are of a more homogeneous character and more familiar to us; reserving the new colony of British Columbia and the middle territory for an after-sketch.

The important change in our commercial policy towards our North American colonies led to an entire revolution in the administration of colonial affairs, and inaugurated a new and most momentous era in their political history. Though in a strictly commercial point of view these colonies were not immediately affected by the change, the circumstances which grew out of it are doubtless amongst the causes of their more recent prosperity. When it became the settled policy that the colonial trade was to be placed on the same footing with that of foreign countries, a new spirit of energy and self-reliance could not fail to be infused into the minds of colonists, who found it to be to their interest to inquire diligently into the nature of their resources,

and to vie with other communities in seeking a profitable market for their productions. A collateral cause may also be discovered in the change which was brought about in our colonial administration some time after the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and 1838. Prior to the concession to the British North American colonies of a form of local government in essential respects similar to that enjoyed by the mother country, their affairs were administered by a council composed of members appointed by the crown, who held their seats for life, and, who were in no degree responsible to the Assembly or Lower House, which was composed of the representatives of the people. But a more liberal control of their own affairs begot in them a spirit of independence and patriotism which led them to seek for the development and expansion of the country. This system of 'responsible government' has, however, been attended with many abuses, from the intensity of party conflicts, and the schemes of designing politicians. One fruitful evil resulting from it is the adoption of the principle of *universal suffrage*, which has proved so pernicious in its operation as to lead to a united effort of political parties to return to a more restricted franchise. But whatever may be said with respect to artificial advantages, the real prosperity of the colonists is to be traced to their morality, intelligence, and industry, as individuals; and it is to these elements, together with the natural advantages which they possess, that we now turn, in considering the facts which are brought to our notice in the works before us.

From personal observation and knowledge we do not hesitate to say that in all the concomitants of civilization, and in all the purifying and elevating institutions which pertain to Christian communities, our colonists in North America do not differ materially from their fellow subjects 'at home.' It must be admitted that in high scientific and artistic culture they are somewhat deficient, because of their youth; but to a lover of humanity there is an ample compensation in the elastic freedom of society, the unbounded field that is open to enterprise, and the absence of the unmitigated poverty and suffering which seem necessarily to belong to the densely populated communities of the old world.

The marvellous rapidity of the growth of the United States, and the lack of information on this point concerning our colonies, have led to a false impression as to the numerical progress of the latter. We are furnished with some startling data to remove this impression. Respecting Canada, there are no statistics in the most recent works which bear upon the subject; but we find what answers our purpose in the prize essay of Mr. Morris. He observes:—

'The United States census of 1850, as diminished by allowance for the population of territorial accessions since the previous census, was in—

1850	23,091,488
1840	17,067,453

Increase in 10 years 6,022,035, or 35·27 per cent.

Great Britain, census of 1851 ...	21,121,967
Ditto, ditto 1841 ...	18,658,372

Increase in 10 years 2,463,595, or 13·20 per cent.

Upper Canada, census of 1851 ...	952,004
Ditto, ditto 1841 ...	465,357

Increase in 10 years 486,647, or 104·58 per cent.

Lower Canada has not increased with the same rapidity, owing to Upper Canada having hitherto received the greater proportion of the emigration from Britain and Europe; still, her progress has been steady. In 1827 the total population of Canada East was 423,378. In 1831 it was 511,920.....And the increase in the thirteen years between 1831 and 1844 was 13·94 per cent.'

Respecting Nova Scotia we learn from the prize essay on that colony that—

'while from 1783 (the year of the Peace) to 1850, Connecticut increased less than twofold, Rhode Island and Massachusetts nearly threefold, New Hampshire nearly fourfold, Nova Scotia Proper increased from 1784 to 1851 more than sixfold, and to 1861 more than eightfold, including Cape Breton more than tenfold.'

One more extract, and we dismiss this phase of the subject of population. The compiler of the section of *Eighty Years' Progress* relating to New Brunswick, remarks that—

'the increase of population in New Brunswick has been greater than that in the neighbouring State of Maine, by 7·29 per cent.; than that of New Hampshire, by 11·79 per cent.; and than that of Vermont, by 16·07 per cent.; and it has exceeded their aggregate and average ratio by 10·86 per cent.'

With the exception of those of Lower Canada, who naturally adhere to their traditional faith, the inhabitants of the North American colonies present the same features of religious diversity as are to be found in Great Britain. The emigrant in nearly every instance has clung to the church which he acknowledged in the fatherland. Thus we find, from the statistical returns of the several provinces, that the adherents of the respective religious bodies number as follows :—

	Roman Catholics.	Episcopallians.	Methodists.	Presbyterians.	Baptists.	Congregationalists.	Lutherans.	Quakers.	Bible Chris.
Canada { East	943,253	63,487	30,660	43,735	7,751	4,927	857	121	184
{ West	258,141	311,565	372,654	346,991	61,559	9,357	24,299	7,383	8,801
Nova Scotia.....	86,281	47,744	34,055	88,755	62,941	2,183	4,382	158	112
New Brunswick ..	85,238	42,776	25,637	36,631	57,730	1,290	113	38
Newfoundland ..	55,309	42,638	20,144	822	77	347
Pr. Edward Island	35,852	6,885	5,804	25,862	3,450	2,061
Total.....	1,464,043	515,195	488,454	542,792	193,508	18,104	29,651	7,700	11,158

A not less interesting feature of colonial population is found in the classification according to origin. 'The Census reports of these colonies for 1861,' writes Mr. Munro, 'show a population of 706,871 not native born; of which 96,000 were in Canada East; 493,212 in Canada West; 35,141 in Nova Scotia; 52,602 in New Brunswick; 11,905 in Newfoundland; and 18,011 in Prince Edward Island,—showing that one-fifth of the present population of British North America have emigrated from various countries, and at different times.' The Indian tribes which once inhabited this entire territory are now reduced to a comparatively small number. They comprise the Esquimaux, Chippewa, Algoaquin, and Huron-Iroquois tribes, subdivided into smaller groups which speak a dialect of their original tongue. Similar customs and institutions prevail among all the tribes. Christian missionaries have been long labouring amongst them, and in many instances with success; winning them from their nomade life and religious superstitions, to habits of industry and the knowledge of the true God. They are reduced to 140,254 within the whole limits of British North America; of whom 125,000 occupy British Columbia, Labrador, and Hudson's Bay, leaving the insignificant number of 15,000 inhabiting the five provinces.

Very erroneous impressions long prevailed in Great Britain respecting the climate of British North America. A climate cannot be unfavourable to health, where life is prolonged to an average commensurate with the most favoured countries of Europe, and where the ratio of increase in the population, making due allowance for the large accessions through immigration, is such as has just been indicated. The rate of mortality is singularly low; that of Upper Canada being under one per cent., of Lower Canada one and one-third per cent., and

of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the same as of Lower Canada. In 1859, the proportion of deaths to population in Great Britain was 1 in 44·75; in 1861, the proportion in Nova Scotia was only 1 in 70·71, although a fatal epidemic prevailed in the colony. These colonies, because of the salubrity of their climate, enjoy a marked pre-eminence over other localities, chosen as stations for our troops. We find that from 1837 to 1846 the cases of sickness in Canada were 39·0 per thousand, and in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 34·8 per thousand, against 42·9 in the United Kingdom, 43·0 in Gibraltar and Malta, 44·0 in the Ionian Islands, and 55·8 in the Bermudas.

Meteorological observations which for many years have been made at different points, confirm what is alleged respecting the climate. The following table exhibits the mean temperature at some of those places :—

Montreal, Canada	44° 65'
Quebec, "	40° 31'
Hamilton, "	49° 20'
Toronto, "	44° 32'
Halifax, Nova Scotia	43° 08'
Pictou, "	42° 09'
Windsor, "	51° 43'
St. John, Newfoundland	39° 18'

The mean range of temperature is, in Montreal, 90° 9' to 27° 4' below zero, and in the year 73 days of rain and 43 days of snow. The range of temperature in St. John, (N. B.) and in Halifax, (N. S.) is stated to be 90° to 15° below zero. The most important points in which the climate seems to differ from ours, are the higher temperature and shortness of its summer season, and the lower temperature of its winter. Spring commences in the latter part of March, or the beginning of April, and continues till the end of May; summer includes the next three months, in which vegetation is remarkably rapid; autumn, which is a highly enjoyable season, is often protracted to the middle of December. The winters are long and variable, but with proper precaution their rigour may be greatly modified. The climate, however, must be good in which all the vegetable productions which are common to Great Britain, thrive in the greatest perfection; and the fruit, as has been proved by samples received from Nova Scotia by the Royal Horticultural Society, in some sorts surpasses our own.

Of two hundred and fifteen millions of acres of land in the five Colonies, one hundred and fifty millions are said to be 'good lands' which 'bear a favourable comparison with land in the mother country.' In Canada, Nova Scotia, and New

Brunswick, the proportion of good land to the whole is about three-eighths; in Newfoundland, one-seventh; while in the fertile red sandstone of Prince Edward Island, out of one million three hundred thousand acres, but sixty thousand are denominated 'poor land.' Of the one hundred and fifty millions of acres fit for cultivation, only thirteen millions of acres are occupied; thus leaving open to enterprise more than three times the whole area of England and Wales. Of the excellent quality of the land in British North America, we have abundant testimony from gentlemen who have visited the Colonies for the purpose of scientific exploration. The soils are thus classified by one of the writers under review:—

'1. The soils of the red sandstone, which form some of the richest and most productive lands in these provinces, as those of Prince Edward Island, parts of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

'2. The gray sandstone, inferior to the former, requiring much labour and skill to render them profitable, but productive when properly tilled.

'3. The soils formed by the crumbling of the rocks composing the Silurian and Cambrian systems, which, when partly composed of lime and magnesian rocks, are of a fair character.

'4. Soils in which limestone and clay are mingled.

'5. Soils composed of alluvial and sedimentary matter consisting of crumbled rocks and decayed vegetation, as river intervalles and valleys, and the marshes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, surrounding the head waters of the Bay of Fundy.'

Respecting the soils of Canada exclusively, Professor Hind remarks:—

'The soils in the western part of the province are derived from the "drift," which is made up of the ruins of the crystalline rocks of the Laurentides and of the sedimentary rocks lying to the north of any particular locality, or in its immediate neighbourhood. In the extreme western peninsula the rich clays consist of remodelled "drift," and are of lacustrine origin. In the valley of the St. Lawrence below Montreal, the clays are marine, and not unfrequently contain a considerable proportion of calcareous matter. Below Quebec, on the south shores, the soils are derived from the disintegration of the red slates found in that region, while in the eastern townships, the drift and debris of the altered rocks, which distinguish that part of the country, form the surface covering. In the region of the Laurentides, the fertile belts or strips consist either of "drift," or of the ruins of crystalline limestone, and soda and lime feldspars; but the area covered by arable soil in the rocky region of the Laurentides is comparatively very small, and necessarily limits the progress of settlement north of the St. Lawrence and great lakes.'

The agriculture of Upper Canada, where the people are almost wholly of British descent, is greatly in advance of that

of Lower Canada, where the population is of French origin, in the proportion of 76·29 per cent. to the whole number of inhabitants. The French Canadians, jealous for the traditions and usages of their forefathers, are opposed to innovations of any kind; hence, their agriculture is still, to a great extent, of a primitive condition. On the contrary, the people of Upper Canada, who have been continually supplied with an infusion of fresh blood from Europe, are eager to grasp at every improvement which may facilitate their operations and better their condition. Another hinderance to the agricultural progress of Lower Canada is offered by a custom which has long prevailed amongst the French population, of dividing and subdividing their farms into narrow portions, which in the first instance, according to the French mode of surveying land, were of a form inconvenient for practical agriculture. Referring to this, together with other usages hostile to their progress, and which he denounces as 'heirlooms of that old feudal system which sat like a huge incubus on Lower Canada,' Professor Hind writes:—

'Improvement is progressing, but with snail-like progress, where ancient habits and customs are preserved, and where families cling to the soil on which they were born, and divide and subdivide their farms until they become narrow strips not much wider than a modern highway, with the house fronting the river, and "the land all longitude."'

Following some tables of statistics to prove the aggregate diminution of yield during a period of twenty-five years, while the area under crop was more than doubled, the writer continues:—

'While the stagnation, or rather retrograde movement in, the farming industry of the *habitans* in Lower Canada was taking place, during the twenty-five years under review, the most striking proofs were simultaneously afforded, at the different agricultural exhibitions at Quebec and Montreal, of the fitness of the soil and climate of the country for agriculture in its broadest acceptation. Scattered throughout Lower Canada there are numbers of excellent farmers whose practice cannot be surpassed. In the results they have produced, and the example they have shown, they have proved beyond doubt what can be accomplished throughout the length and breadth of settled Lower Canada, from the Bay of Chaleurs to Montreal, and redeemed it from those unfavourable impressions which a survey of the cultivated productions of its soil under the hands of the *habitans* of the old school is adapted to create.'

Let us turn now to Upper Canada, where we find a state of things the very opposite. Eighty years ago this part of the province of Canada was an unbroken forest. Upper Canada dates its existence as a distinct province previously to the Union

from the year 1791. The rapid increase of its population is a marvel in the history of colonization. Its agricultural progress has been on a par with its numerical increase. In twenty years, from 1831 to 1851, the increase in cultivated acres was from 818,432 to 3,695,763, which, compared with Lower Canada, is as 4.5 to 1.9. The most prominent of the causes of the greater success in the agriculture of the Upper Province, is the early importance which was given to legislative assistance in the establishment of agricultural societies. Although boards of agriculture were formed for both provinces, the advantages which these societies offered were more readily embraced by the more energetic and thriving colony. As the result of the judicious management of the country societies, a valuable impulse was given to agriculture in all its branches, chiefly by encouraging the introduction of a superior breed of animals and of improved implements. In Upper Canada a provincial society was first organised, which sought to bring farmers and manufacturers from all parts of the province to an annual exhibition, where they could present at one view the best results of the agricultural and mechanical industry of the country. At the first exhibition, held at Toronto in 1846, all were astonished at the progress already made by the country societies. The mongrel mixture of Devons, Herefords, Lancashires, and Normans, had given place to thorough-bred Durham cattle; all descriptions of stock were improved; and the samples of grain, fruit, and vegetables, gave convincing evidence of the extraordinary capabilities of the soil. This association has so widened its operations and increased its efficiency, that permanent buildings are now erected at Toronto, Hamilton, London, and Kingston, for the express purpose of holding annual exhibitions. To this association may be added the formation of a fruit-growers' association, horticultural societies, a botanical society, having for one of its objects 'the introduction and distribution of new plants and seeds adapted to the wants of the country,' and the establishment of a Chair of Agriculture in the University of Toronto.

Before we dismiss the subject of agriculture as the most important department of industry in these colonies, we must briefly notice its condition in the lower provinces. Nova Scotia, though containing a considerably less amount of arable land than New Brunswick, ranks next to Canada in the pursuit of agriculture. More than 'one-fourth of the entire male population' are farmers—a proportion even greater than in Upper Canada. We quote the writer upon Nova Scotia in the principal work under review:—

'As a *grazing* country, Nova Scotia takes a very respectable position among her neighbours. The counties of King's, Annapolis, Cumberland, Colchester, and Hants, owing to their excellent and extensive marshes and intervalles, are not to be surpassed by any other place in British America in this respect. No finer *beef* is produced in America than that of King's County, and the praise of Annapolis cheese bids fair to be as widespread as that of Gloucester, Cheshire, or Dunlop cheese. As a *wheat-producing* country, Nova Scotia cannot take rank with the Great West. She does not raise her own bread. Still, in this article she surpasses five of the New England States, and twelve of the more recently settled States and territories.'

It appears, however, that in oats, buckwheat, barley, and rye, this colony excels most of the States of America; and in the growth of hay and the produce of the dairy is surpassed only by the larger and more populous States. In the opinion of the writer, 'the progress of Nova Scotia in husbandry is not by any means what it might be, were skill and industry and enterprise applied to her natural resources, as they have been in some neighbouring countries.' The number of acres under cultivation at three successive periods is as follows:—

In 1827.	In 1851.	In 1861.
292,009 acres.	839,322 acres.	1,028,032 acres.

The value of the live stock is estimated at 6,802,399 dollars. The agricultural products of New Brunswick are similar to those of Nova Scotia. Wheat is by no means the staple as in Canada. Canada nearly maintains the whole group of colonies out of her immense granaries. Professor J. F. W. Johnston, F.R.S., who was employed by the government of New Brunswick in 1849 to make an inspection of the country and report upon its agricultural capabilities, thus describes its measure of progress: 'Whatever defects its husbandry may exhibit, and they are many, it has been satisfactory to me to find that a development of its agricultural resources by the improvement of its agricultural practice, and independent of immigration, has begun to manifest itself distinctly. Improved implements, and breeds of cattle and sheep, imported grain and grass seeds, skilful ploughing, the preparation of composts, with experiments in draining, in the use of lime and gypsum, in the growth of green crops, and feeding of stock—these and other similar forms of improvement which have come under my notice in the province, show that there are some at least who not only desire to advance the general condition of its husbandry, but who are aware also of the first steps which ought to be taken to promote this advancement.' If this could be said of New Brunswick fourteen years ago, her condition at present

must be gratifying to those who are interested in her agricultural progress. Prince Edward Island, the smallest of these colonies, is almost wholly devoted to agriculture. 'Agriculture,' Mr. Murray writes, 'overshadows every other department of industry in this island. When in the possession of the French, large quantities of grain were supplied from this island to their fortresses at Louisburg and Quebec. Individual farmers were then wont to export 1,200 bushels of grain annually. The soil and the climate are equally favourable to the pursuit of agriculture. Wheat, oats, barley, and rye, of excellent quality, and at a highly remunerative rate per acre, are raised. The potatoes of Prince Edward Island are famous for their excellence, not only in the British provinces, but also in the United States; beans and peas, and all sorts of esculents and culinary vegetables, grow to perfection, and yield large returns. Apples, plums, cherries, currants, &c., grow well, and with due attention yield ample returns. Excellent specimens of live stock are to be met with in every section of the island. Some of the hardiest and swiftest horses in the lower provinces are raised in Prince Edward Island.' As to Newfoundland, little can be said of its agriculture. In several sections of the island it can be carried on with profit, and the timber, natural grass, and clover found in various districts, indicate a productive soil; but hardly any attempt has been made to reclaim the interior forests; and agricultural operations have been confined to a few districts only, around the shores. The extent of land brought under cultivation is, however, increasing every year.

The invaluable branch of industry which in their early history gave the greatest importance to these colonies in the eyes of Europeans, occupies at the present time a place second only to that of agriculture. In Newfoundland the fisheries and the occupations which pertain to them engross nearly the whole labour of the inhabitants. The statistics under this head give as the total value of the products of the sea:—

In 1861	Newfoundland	5,078,184	dollars.
1861	Nova Scotia	2,072,081	"
1859	Canada	1,406,288	"
1861	New Brunswick	518,530	"
1861	Prince Edward Island ...	220,000	"

—exclusive of home consumption. The right of foreign nations to fish in the British American waters has always been viewed with jealousy by the colonists; and so tenacious are they of their natural privileges that they watch with the greatest concern all concessions which are granted by the imperial government in treaties with other powers. The French enjoy certain

privileges for their fishermen under legal restrictions ; but the government of the United States has manifested the greatest interest in obtaining access to these valuable fishing grounds. The well-known Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 gave to the United States' fisherman equal privileges with the fisherman of the colonies, in consideration of opening the American ports to the introduction of all the natural products of the several colonies. For carrying out the provisions of this treaty as far as relates to the fisheries, a Commissioner is appointed by each nation. The present Commissioner for Great Britain is the Hon. Joseph Howe, a gentleman long connected with public affairs in the province of Nova Scotia.

The extensive forests yet unreached by civilisation will offer to these colonies, for perhaps centuries to come, a valuable source of national wealth. In Canada and New Brunswick, the timber and lumber trade is an important branch of industry, and forms a large item of export ; and Nova Scotia, which seems to possess a peculiar advantage in the variety of its resources, works up in one year timber, deals, boards, and staves to the amount of one million dollars. These colonies, being essentially maritime, are favourably situated for the prosecution of ship-building, and possess an inexhaustible supply of material. The pine, the spruce, the hachmatac, and the cedar of their forests, they have learned to mould and frame into substantial and well finished vessels, which are employed profitably in their own commerce, and command fair prices in the markets of Great Britain. The number of vessels owned in these colonies is a striking indication of their steady advancement in national wealth and importance. 'In 1846, Canada owned 604 vessels; Nova Scotia, 2583; New Brunswick, 730; Newfoundland, 937; and Prince Edward Island, 265: the aggregate tonnage amounted to 252,832 tons. In 1856, Canada had 239 vessels on the Lakes, measuring 42,536 tons.' So great has been the increase in the tonnage since 1846, that in 1860 the tonnage of Nova Scotia alone (the largest ship-owning colony) was 248,061. This colony, we are told, in 1853, 'owned one-third as much tonnage as France,—surpassed the Austrian Empire by 2,400 vessels, and by 69,000 tons,—owned 116,000 tons of shipping more than Belgium,—38,449 tons more than the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies,—and but 92,640 tons less than Holland, which once contested the supremacy of the sea with Great Britain.' The commerce of British North America is very considerable. The ship-owners of Canada and New Brunswick carry on an increasing trade with Great Britain in lumber and ships. Newfoundland and Nova Scotia export annually the proceeds of their fisheries, to

the amount of many millions of dollars, to the West Indies, South America, and the ports of the Mediterranean. And the trade with the United States in agricultural exports is a valuable source of commercial profit.

There is yet another element of wealth which is worthy of attention,—one which, because of requiring capital for its development, must, in a young country, remain dormant for a long period after its settlement. We refer to their *mineral* resources. The geological formation of British North America, it is now ascertained, is in the highest degree indicative of vast mineral wealth. The position which these colonies occupied in the Exhibition at Kensington in this department struck us with wonder, so little had we known of the geology of the country. In Canada are found, to a greater or less extent, deposits of iron, lead, copper, gold, silver, cobalt, manganese, lime, gypsum, superior building stone, marbles, and gems. Coal, though abundant in Nova Scotia, does not occur in Canada. A very remarkable mineral product, which exists in such abundance as to afford promise of a great and permanent traffic, has for the last two or three years attracted a large share of public attention. 'Never, perhaps,' writes Mr. Robb, 'has there been an instance of an extensive trade so rapidly developed as in the case of the rock oil business in Canada.' This singular substance 'owes its origin to the slow subterranean decomposition and bitumination of organic matter, both animal and vegetable, but chiefly the latter, which has been deposited with the other materials of which the rocks are composed. The resulting fluid and gaseous matters, floating on the surface of the water which permeates the strata, accumulate chiefly along the summit of a flat anticlinal axis, which traverses the western peninsula of Canada, penetrating the fissures or cracks in the rocks. The oil reveals itself on the surface, either by hydrostatic pressure or by the elastic force of the vapour, where the superficial clays are penetrated, either by natural or artificial means.... The refining process consists in rectifying by repeated distillations, deodorizing by treating with acids, and subsequent washing in alkalies.' New Brunswick and Nova Scotia contain all the minerals which we have enumerated as occurring in Canada. In New Brunswick the carboniferous region is of vast extent, but has not yet exhibited any considerable quantity of fuel-coal. There exists, however, a remarkable deposit, allied to coal, which has assumed much economic importance as a source of illuminating oils and gas. Though applied to the same uses, it is wholly unlike the petroleum. The Albert coal is described as the most beautiful of all carboniferous products; it is jet black, brilliant and

lustrous, with a conchoidal fracture, and is extremely brittle. Its composition is :—Carbon (fixed at redness), 36·04 ; volatile, 61·74 ; ash, 2·22 : equal to 100. Coke, 38·26. Specific gravity, 1·13. But of all these colonies Nova Scotia occupies a foremost place in 'mineral resources.' The coal fields of Nova Scotia have been long known to be of vast extent and value. The principal mines are worked by a company of British capitalists styled the General Mining Association. Indeed, until within a very few years, this company enjoyed a monopoly through the heirs of the late Duke of York, to whom the imperial government had granted exclusive mining privileges. The most important are the Albion mines, in the county of Pictou, in the northern part of the province, where two seams of excellent coal occur, of the enormous aggregate thickness of thirty-seven and twenty-two feet respectively. The Association have other mines, in Cape Breton, where the coal measures cover an area of two hundred and fifty square miles, and are of twenty feet workable thickness.

Nova Scotia has acquired of late some fame as a gold-producing colony. It is true that the aggregate quantity of the precious mineral as yet extracted is small ; but the gold-bearing rocks include a large portion of the Peninsula. From official returns we find, that in 1863 there were 111 claims worked, 34 mills for crushing the quartz, and 747 miners employed. The total yield of gold for the year was 13,991 oz. 17 dwts. 5 grains.

Mr. Robb observes, 'It is impossible to state, with any degree of accuracy, what amount of gold has been hitherto obtained in Nova Scotia, as, in almost every instance, the claims have been worked by private individuals, who are generally unable or disinclined to give the requisite information. Even if ascertained, this would afford no criterion of the value of the gold fields, as the search has hitherto been prosecuted only in the rudest manner.' In none of the provinces has mining in the useful metals been prosecuted to any extent. Several iron-smelting works have been commenced in Canada and since abandoned, and the only works of importance now in operation are those of Woodstock, in New Brunswick, and the Acadian Iron Mines of Nova Scotia. There are copper mines worked on the shores of Lake Huron in Canada, which in 1861 produced about 3,000 tons. The only copper mines in Lower Canada which have yet produced much ore for the market are the Acton and Harvey Hill mines ; but they are still attended with difficulty in their operations. Although it has been found, as the general result of geological investigations, that the island of

Newfoundland 'is not favourably situated for useful minerals,' a very remarkable lode of iron pyrites, containing much copper ore, was discovered during the year 1861, on the north-east coast. Operations were vigorously commenced, and a cargo of 150 tons was obtained and shipped to Swansea. The ore is described as 'found in compact horizontal beds or floors, averaging twenty inches in thickness; and, at ten feet from the surface, would average eight per cent. for copper, and forty per cent. for sulphur.'

Westward from Canada, beyond the ridge which separates the waters flowing into Lake Superior from those which take a north-westerly and then northerly direction towards Hudson's Bay, lies the great inland basin of Lake Winnipeg, occupying a very considerable extent of the North American continent, and forming part of the British possessions known as the North-West Territory or Rupert's Land. This basin extends over twenty-eight degrees of longitude, and ten degrees of latitude. Its mean breadth is about 380 English miles, and its mean length 920 miles; hence its area is approximately 360,000 square miles, or about as large as the Province of Canada. The country possessing a mean elevation of one hundred feet above Lake Winnipeg, is well marked by an ancient lake ridge called Pembina Mountain, and may contain 70,000 square miles. Succeeding the low regions there are the narrow terraces of the Pembina Mountain, which rise in abrupt steps, except where cut by the broad valleys of rivers to the level of a higher plateau, called the Great Prairie Plateau of Rupert's Land, containing about 120,000 square miles. The great plains rise gently on the Rocky Mountains, and at their western limit have an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea-level. With only a very narrow belt of intervening country, the mountains rise abruptly from the plains, and present lofty precipices, frowning like battlements over the level country to the eastward, and separating the golden treasures of British Columbia from the wide sterile wastes of the South Saskatchewan, or the long and narrow fertile belt through which the North Saskatchewan pursues its winding course of nearly one thousand miles. The 'fertile belt' of the North West consists of the richest arable soil, partly in the form of open prairie, partly covered with groves of aspen; it stretches from the Lake of the Wood to the foot of the Rocky Mountains about 800 miles, and averages from 80 to 100 miles in breadth. The Saskatchewan flows through it in a valley varying from one-fourth of a mile to a mile in breadth, until it reaches the low country east of Fort à la Corne. The area of this remarkable strip of rich soil and pasturage is

about 40,000,000 acres. The winter of this region is not more severe than that of Lower Canada; the snow is never very deep, and in the wildest tracts the natural pasturage is so abundant, that horses and cattle may be left to obtain their own food during the greater part of the winter. Before their haunts were invaded, vast herds of buffalo fattened on the rich abundance of the natural grasses. The whole of this fertile tract used to be their favourite winter quarters, where they would scrape the snow away with their feet, and never fail to obtain abundance of well preserved hay beneath. This broad agricultural region, capable of sustaining many millions of people, well supplied with iron ore and an inferior variety of coal, and spanning the eight hundred miles which separate Lake Winnipeg from the Rocky Mountains, more than compensates for the rocky character of the timbered desert between the Lake of the Wood and Lake Superior, while it acquires additional importance from the recent discoveries of gold in British Columbia. The growing interest in that colony must soon lead to the means of easier access; and it is through the valley of the Saskatchewan, that the contemplated high road across the Continent must pass.

Until very recently British Columbia was considered a valueless country, not, in the estimation of a leading member of Parliament, worth twenty thousand pounds. It is now known to contain gold in great abundance, coal, iron ore, copper, silver, and other useful minerals, and a vast extent of fertile lands. The Fraser river, navigable to steamers for upwards of two hundred miles, traverses nearly the entire length of the colony from north to south. This river has more than fifty tributaries. Running parallel to the Fraser river, the northern branch of the Columbia river skirts the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. These rivers, with their eastern affluents, traverse the far famed Cariboo gold fields, said to be the richest in the world. 'At present,' writes the Rev. Dr. Brown, 'gold is her sole export of importance, besides the furs of the Hudson's Bay Company; but when her mineral resources are developed, she will export largely various ores—gold, silver, copper, lead—possibly, too, iron and coal. Her agricultural resources will with difficulty maintain her, but her pasture lands may supply hides and fleeces for export. For her natural productions there is a demand all over the Pacific. For preserved fish a market may be found in Chili, Peru, &c.; for dried or salted fish, in China and Japan; probably, also in New Zealand and Australia. Oils, isinglass, caviare, &c., may also form articles of export. The splendid timber of this colony and Vancouver's Island also promises for both colonies a commercial value. Spars may be

exported to England and France; timber to South America, China, and Persia,—countries where wood is scarce. Potash or pearlsh, turpentine, &c., may also become articles of export. Ice may be shipped to India, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific.'

Without adopting the tone of exaggerated hope in which many writers indulge, we must admit that the contemplation of the vast region of British North America, limited only by two great oceans, possessing, besides the facilities for sustaining the life of its inhabitants (which lie at the very foundation of a nation's prosperity,) that precious mineral which has ever been the magnet of enterprise and the spring of population, and the less dazzling but no less valuable one which ranks first amongst the latent resources of national wealth,—inspires us with a grander idea of the majesty of the British Empire than we could otherwise have conceived. British North America must necessarily hold a lower place in the interests and consideration of Great Britain, than India, or even her younger Australian colonies: nevertheless, the American colonies have peculiar excellencies, and confer advantages upon the British nation which ought not to be overlooked. They afford a field for emigration,—they provide a considerable portion of the commodities which swell the sum of our imports,—they are large consumers of our manufactures,—they afford healthy and convenient stations for our army and navy. This last named benefit has never been duly considered by those who advocate the disruption of our colonial empire. While the maintenance of our national dignity and security necessitates the existence of a standing army and an efficient navy, it is no inconsiderable advantage to us to be able to distribute our troops and our ships in time of peace throughout our own colonies, where food is cheap, and where a spirit of loyalty and attachment to the crown universally prevails. Now that a disposition to throw off our old colonies is gaining strength in certain quarters, the opinions of one of our most sagacious statesmen upon the subject of colonial connexion are of great weight. 'The possession of a number of steady and faithful allies in various quarters of the globe, will surely be admitted to add greatly to the strength of any nation; while no alliance between independent States can be so close and intimate, as the connexion which unites the colonies to the United Kingdom, as parts of the great British Empire. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that the power of a nation does not depend merely on the amount of physical force it can command, but rests, in no small degree, upon opinion and moral influence. In this respect British

power would be diminished by the loss of our colonies, to a degree which it would be difficult to estimate. Hence, if it is an advantage, not for the sake of domineering over other countries, but with a view to our own security, to form part of a powerful nation rather than of a weak one, (and, considering the many examples we have seen of the injustice to which weak ones are compelled to submit, this can hardly admit of a question,) it seems to follow, that the tie which binds together all the different and distant portions of the British Empire, so that their united strength may be wielded for their common protection, must be regarded as an object of extreme importance to the interests of the mother-country and her dependencies.* The idea that large and numerous possessions add strength to a nation, has been ridiculed by the leading journals. They laugh at *prestige*. They repose alone in the material wealth and indomitable industry of the British Isles. But wide territorial dominion is, in fact, the measure of a nation's power in the eyes of its rivals; and should Britain come to repose alone in the strength of her material resources, she may when too late realize the scorn of being counted 'a nation of shopkeepers.' We believe, however, that there is not any real desire on the part of British statesmen to alienate the colonies from the fatherland; and we hope that the lessons of history will in the end have more weight in the office of conviction than the rule of three. Every student of history knows that the decline of the Roman Empire was induced by the breaking up of the unity of the government: through the dissensions of Honorius and Arcadius, Rome abandoned her provinces, and her decay began. The provinces had life within them, and after many struggles survived and grew; and so will it be with our colonies.

The spirit of hostility to colonial connexion, to which we have adverted, is not recent. The manufacturing interest of the country has long and avowedly advocated separation. It is argued: 'The colonies cost more than they bring. Why should we be charged for their defence? We are over-taxed already. What good are they? They are large consumers, it is true; but they cannot be otherwise if they become independent communities.' This reasoning is not only selfish but incorrect. We have proved that colonial connexion confers other and, perhaps, greater advantages than those of a merely commercial character. But colonists have had to deal of late with a more distinguished foe, though at the same time, happily for them, a less powerful one. The views which are promulgated by Mr.

* *Earl Grey's Colonial Policy*, vol. i., p. 12.

Goldwin Smith, claim some consideration because of having been professedly the result of close investigation. In his latest letter upon the *emancipation* of the colonies, he says: 'I am no more against colonies, than I am against the solar system. I am against dependencies, when nations are fit to be independent. If Canada were made an independent nation, she would still be a colony of England, and England would still be her mother country, in the full sense in which those names have been given to the most famous instances of colonisation in history..... Queen Victoria may still reign over her, as she reigned over the free States of America, till the *Times* and its confederates dismembered her dominion.' And then he refers to the enthusiastic reception given to the Prince of Wales in the United States, 'quite as intense as in Canada, and more unanimous,' as an evidence of their spirit of loyalty to Queen Victoria. It appears, then, that Mr. Smith can perceive no distinction between a republic and a colony. The British North American Colonies becoming an independent nation, and choosing their own institutions, are still to be considered as colonies of the mother country! The imperial government has no power whatever to control their legislation, or to influence the relations which they may form with other countries; and still they are to be considered as colonies of Great Britain! Is this the logic of Oxford? There can be little doubt, from what we know of the energy of the people, that these colonies would honourably sustain their national independence, if it were the will of Providence: but there is a difficulty to be confronted in considering such a position. They would be called to encounter the cupidity, or, what is still worse, the aggrandizing passion, of those very States which Mr. Smith extols so highly, because of their loyalty and affection for the mother country. No one who has given an hour's thought to the condition of our North American Colonies can be ignorant of the fact, that they have been looked upon, even by the more moderate statesmen of America, as the ultimate and lawful prey of the Republic, whose destiny it is to absorb every square mile of the northern continent. Far be it from us to do them injustice in the hour of their calamity, but we cannot cloak the truth, when it is just that it be spoken. We can believe that if the colonies were detached from us, we should hasten to their defence if attacked: but although our navy might protect their harbours and their coasts, an immense army would be required to protect their frontier, even should they tax to the last their own patriotism in self-defence. It will be at once seen then that these colonies, so rich in resources, so high in the scale of social progress, farther advanced and

fitter for independence than the American States were when they shook off our dominion, are unprepared for independence because of their peculiar position as contiguous to a partly hostile republic. The advocates of colonial severance would probably not care very much, should the colonies become annexed to the United States. But this can never be. Such an event would only occur as the result of our *thrusting* them from us. The attachment of the colonists to the mother country is proverbial. They infinitely prefer their present relation to us. The comparison between their enthusiasm and that of the United States upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to America is erroneous in the extreme. The loyalty expressed by the colonists was heartfelt and *really* unanimous. The reception by the Americans was in the main we believe sincere, but we must make a fair allowance for the national mania for lionising.

We are convinced that the colonies do not desire independence, and that if we sunder our relations with them, they will be very little disposed (such is human nature, whether individual or collective) to cherish such cordial and loyal sentiments as the Professor delights to contemplate. And we cannot but be amazed at the confused notion of an independent state preserving the spirit and relations that we are wont to associate with the condition of a colony towards the parent stem from which she has been broken off. The Professor is willing to grant to her all that constitutes the rights of an independent nation. 'She shall elect her own magistrates, coin her own money, decide her own causes *finally*' (the italics are ours) 'in her own law courts, and have the power of making peace and war.' What then would be the probable *animus* of a nation thus forced into existence and matured in the school of necessity? 'We have been thrust off as a burden, though our youth was characterized by filial duty and affection. We must seek new alliances, such as are most conducive to our own interests. Selfishness dictated our banishment; selfishness is henceforth our policy.' We have carefully read this extraordinary letter of Mr. Goldwin Smith's,—extraordinary, we mean, from the boldness and novelty of its sentiments; and, excepting his argument against the establishment of a monarchy in these colonies, which we endorse with some qualifications, we cannot find anything further which is worth the patience and time of discussion.

There is, however, another aspect of the general question, the consideration of which must conclude our article. The colonists themselves are not thoroughly content with their present position. The impulse which their later progress has given

to their energy and wealth has excited an ambition for an individuality which it is difficult to recognise in the relation of dependent colonies. The presence of a free and powerful nation contiguous to them has hitherto helped to foster this growing spirit of independence. To a people who have watched the growth of their country from poverty to abundance, from primitive rudeness to wealth and civilisation, and who have procured for it this distinction by their own industry, colonial tutelage is felt to be a restraint. They see their country expanding and extending its commerce throughout the world, and their ships exceeding in tonnage the shipping of independent nations; hence, they ask why they may not have the power to regulate their own commerce, and negotiate treaties for themselves. They are conscious of having grown from a sparse population of adventurous emigrants to the millions of a civilised state, and they emulate the dignity of being represented in some sort in the cities of other nations,—a privilege enjoyed by communities less populous than theirs. They are not insensible to the filial relation which they sustain to the empire upon whose territories the sun never sets; but they see with dissatisfaction a chasm which separates them from the heart of the nation, and which no policy of the mother country has yet been able to bridge. These sentiments express in some degree the views of their public men. They have themselves sought to find a remedy to heal this discontent. It may be, however, that this yearning for distinction is more the ebullition of political ambition, than the deep-seated aspiration of the people. Various schemes for improving their condition have been mooted. The most prominent, and certainly the best fitted to accomplish what they seek, is a federal union of the colonies. This project was first suggested by the late Lord Durham, and has since been advocated by leading men in the several colonies. The difficulty that attends the carrying out of this scheme appears to be its incongruity with colonial relation, which they have no desire to destroy. This difficulty does not seem to have been perceived by those who have advocated federal union. It appears to us that such a union would *de facto* constitute them a republic, inasmuch as they desire to have so complete a control of their own affairs as must leave not the semblance of power in the hands of the mother country. Whatever might have been the practical difficulties of this scheme, however, it has lost its charm in the estimation of the lower colonies, which have begun to discover many obstacles to its successful working. The large debt of Canada, and the high tariff which has resulted from it, are the difficulties which they most dread.

Another scheme has been suggested, which finds favour in the lower colonies, viz., a legislative union of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; but this is a subject so purely local, that it does not admit of much controversy. The benefits expected to accrue from it are stated to be, more economy in the public expenditure, by dispensing with two of the three governors, with each staff of officials, and a united policy for the advantage of commerce. It is just possible, however, that some disappointment might be experienced in the matter of economy from the fact that the one central government would necessarily be conducted on a grander scale, to give dignity to the position of enlarged empire. The latest scheme that has been propounded is that of a leading politician in Canada, the Hon. D'Arcy Magee. This gentleman proposes to constitute all the provinces a monarchy under one of the royal princes. This project, we imagine, has but few advocates. We consider it simply impracticable. However desirable in a riper state of the colonies, when their institutions, both social and political, partake of more refinement and stability, monarchy would appear at this early period ill-suited and ungainly. It is very generally thought that a state church and a landed aristocracy are necessary concomitants or even fundamental properties of a monarchical form of government: this opinion, nevertheless, may be unsound, since we can point to European communities which prosper under monarchical rule, where those institutions do not exist.

In fine, we deprecate the lopping off of a single branch of the wide-spreading tree by which we would symbolize our whole empire. We would rather that some remedy should be applied to colonial heart-sores, and that some policy should be initiated by which positions of honour and responsibility in the mother country or throughout the empire may be open to colonists who have won distinction within their own narrow sphere. We do not see the impropriety of allowing colonists to be eligible to subordinate offices in the colonial department, or, in consideration of their aiding in the general defence of the empire, in the war department. Nor can we understand why they should be necessarily excluded from situations in connexion with our foreign embassies. What they desire seems to be a feeling of oneness with the centre of the empire. They have a loyalty that fires them with ardour when any adverse event seems to endanger our country, and they have sons who have won fame and glory in maintaining the honour of our flag; and why should they be precluded from winning distinction in the civil service? We are gratified to know that within a few years colonial

gentlemen have been appointed to governorships in other colonies; but these prizes are too few.

It has been our aim to place the colonies of British North America in their true character before the British public. We have not sought to flatter, and have scorned to despise them by magnifying their foibles. Let them continue to develop their resources and extend their commerce; let them be careful to eschew all restrictions upon trade amongst themselves; and they will soon rejoice in a union more tangible and lasting than the best concocted schemes that are purely artificial. Let them extend and perfect their internal communication, and so bind themselves by a veritable bond of iron. Let them seek in all their foreign relations to maintain that character of national honour which is in itself 'of great price.' And whether the words of a great historian,*—'Republican institutions are a necessity to colonial settlements'—be verified in their future history, or they cling with increasing affection to the nation which gave them being, their destiny is in either case full of promise.

ART. III.—1. *The Reformation in Europe in the Times of Calvin.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. London: Longman and Co.

2. *Calvin, sa Vie, son Œuvre, et ses Écrits.* Par FELIX BUNGENER. Paris: J. Cherbuliez.

IN the registers of the Consistory at Geneva are these words, under the name John Calvin: 'Went to God on Sunday, May 27th, 1564, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening.' These simple words were his only record, for no tombstone marked his resting-place. He had been first amongst the men of his day,—men amongst whom to stand and not to be lost conferred a right to be reckoned with the giants. But his supremacy was so complete, that, by friend and foe, he was acknowledged to be to Geneva what the Pope was to Rome.

The position of Protestantism had greatly changed since Luther led the attack against the Papacy. Round him men gathered as round a trusty and victorious general. His genial spirit, his strong likes and dislikes, his susceptibility to all deep emotions, combined to make him a popular leader. But his passionate hate was soon to be confronted by as passionate a love. If Luther marshalled his forces against Rome, as against a city whose 'fine gold had become dim,' Loyola organized his

* Sir Archibald Alison, *Hist. of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon.*

Company, and endeavoured to inspire them with the intense ardour a Spaniard could feel, while he believed himself under the eye of his Captain, and warding the beleaguered bulwarks of Zion. Loyola saved Romanism. Many motives swelled the ranks of the reactionary party. The weak feared to venture beyond the pale of a church which denounced terrible penalties on the apostates, and overawed her worshippers by an august ceremonial. Multitudes could not distinguish between Christ and Rome; the Papal revenues attached many more to the old order of things; and the excesses which many shielded behind a plea of Protestantism affrighted the timid. To counteract these tendencies a strong hand was needed. A heart overflowing with kindness, as Melancthon's was, could avail little. Erasmus was too vacillating, and his religion too shallow. Luther, dear to his contemporaries, and honoured by all who come after him, if they can estimate true nobility of soul, was passing off the stage. A firm, organizing mind could alone control events:—such a mind had Calvin. 'Of a shy and timid disposition' in his early youth, he resembled the stone, which, on its first exposure to the air, receives the slightest imprint of the chisel, but afterwards hardens by the storm, and defies its power. At twenty-six Calvin's theological views were fixed. His whole after life was ruled by the principles enunciated in his first work. After this time it never entered into Calvin's mind that he could fall into error. His enemies were all wrong—more, they were wickedly wrong; while he was sure that he had seen the truth, and was certain it was God's truth. He knew no medium between extremes. Darkness and light are essentially opposed; truth and falsehood cannot fraternise. This is seen not only in his 'Institutes,' but in all his writings. His autobiography—the preface to his *Commentary on the Psalms*—breathes the same lofty, self-assertive spirit. No one can call it pride. It is the royal tone in which a veritable king of men issues his manifesto to his subjects. This tone met the wants of the times. Protestantism had no need of a Falkland; she demanded a Cromwell, and found him in Calvin.

The question forces itself upon us, How came this cold-hearted, self-contained man to wield so great a power over his contemporaries, and to win gentle souls like Melancthon, till they 'wished to die on his breast?' Only once in all Calvin's letters do we catch a smile, and even that is checked by the joyless exclamation, that 'a cry befits our entrance into life, a laugh our exit from it.' Only once does he kindle with enthusiasm, and that is at the sight of ardent young men besieging his doors, and begging, as they used to pray for pre-

ferment in the Papacy, to be sent into France, where cruel torments and death awaited them. The secret of his success has been told by Renan:—and though he may seem a somewhat strange witness, his testimony is true:—‘Calvin was the most Christian man of his day!’ It has been better stated in the form:—‘He was the most godly man of his time.’ True, the age could furnish many whose piety was of a more pleasing type, and their sympathy with the joys and sorrows of living men deeper; still Calvin was the most godly man of them all. He had the clearest views of ‘official Christianity.’ His most private acts were done as beneath the ‘Great Taskmaster’s eye.’ Great things and small came under the impulse of the same motive. If Calvin addressed counsel to the Lord Protector of England, or laid the foundation-stone of a Swiss gymnasium; if he wrote to Renée, of France, or made police regulations for Geneva, he was the same God-fearing man. Stern and uncompromising in his requirements from others, he bound himself by as stringent laws as those he sought to enforce; and he observed these laws with a rigour that excited the admiration and braced the energies of all around him. He was the most consistent of all Reformers.

There is a power which is despotic over contemporaries, but ceases as soon as another generation arises. Ximenes de Cisneros bent all to his iron will. Spanish hidalgos found their *grandezza* of no avail against the terrible monk; ambitious prelates succumbed beneath a brother equally ambitious and more successful; the Catholic sovereigns were powerless under his spell; he defied a Pope, and succeeded in his enterprises, despite the fulminations of the Vatican; but when the grave closed over him, his spirit no longer animated the councils of his country;—his policy was buried with him. Calvin, on the other hand, branded with his broad arrow the framework of the Protestant churches in the Netherlands, France, England, Scotland, and America. The brand is still visible. The tone of the piety prevalent amongst them is his. He did much for the Reformed churches in France; and if they had followed his advice, there would have been no battles of the League, and no massacre of St. Bartholomew. He desired to divorce religion from politics, and this would have given the Reformed churches their true position. The Church of England long used his ‘Institutes’ and ‘Catechism.’ The evangelical party was Calvinistic; and if the spirit of Calvin’s letter to King Edward VI. had guided our early ecclesiastical legislation, ‘impieties repugnant to the honour and service of God’ would have been destroyed, and ‘everything that tends only to the

nourishment of superstition' must have been 'abolished and razed to the foundations.'* As for the English Puritans, they were models of the Genevan Reformer. The Scotch have received the most distinct impress of Calvin. Knox, who preached in the church granted to the English in Geneva, 'because formerly the aforesaid English had received other nations and granted a church to them,'† was deeply indebted to Calvin. As the hardest steel forms the most lasting die and gives the sharpest impress, so Knox engraved on the minds of his countrymen the lineaments of Calvin most clearly.

Every one who reads the history of these times, even in the pages of the driest annalist, feels that they were not days 'when Amurath an Amurath succeeds.' They were not bound to one another by any organic unity. They were spasmodic and fitful. But a new power rose amidst the wrecks of the old world. The age of scholars had come. The soldier still brandished his sword, but where the stroke should fall was often dictated by the pen of the learned. Francis I. and Charles V. ranged over Europe as though it were the lists for their tourney. If there came a few years of peace, the rivals watched each other like wary fencers, each waiting for his adversary to expose himself to a fatal blow. But nobler men than they were appearing in sight, whose great works would be imperishable, and their byeworks of more worth than the masterpieces of ordinary artificers. The end of the warrior is the triumph of force over force; the end of the scholar is the planting of productive truths, the self-sown seed of which shall cover the earth with perennial harvests. Calvin took his place among the learned when he edited a work of Seneca's on Clemency. But his great book was the *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. No book of that century has exercised so powerful an influence as this. 'It gave to the new churches a definite sense of their legitimacy, of their rights, and of their power. By this clear and concise exposition of apostolical Christianity, this vigorous appeal to Scripture, this lofty firmness in tracing the boundary between human traditions and revealed truths, Calvin in a certain sense sealed with God's seal all that the Reformation had accomplished, and sent it forth fully reassured to all the conquests which presented themselves to its zeal.' But Calvin's literary labour did not end with the *Institutes*; his Commentaries on the Scriptural Books, on all of which he wrote except the Apocalypse, form a little library of themselves. They

* John Calvin to Edward VI., Jan. 1st, 1551.

† *Genevan Register*, Bungeuer, p. 412.

inaugurated a new style of sacred exposition. Scaliger was delighted with them, and exclaimed, 'How well has Calvin ascertained the mind of the prophets! No one is better than he!' His great rule was, 'The chief virtue of an expositor is perspicuous brevity.' Had all critics felt his veneration for God's Word, the church would have been spared a vast mass of exegetical errors. The Word 'was to be torn asunder as little as possible by a variety of interpretations:' this principle guided Calvin's labours; and if any would see a strange contrast, let him compare his work on the Psalms with that of Hengstenberg. In flat opposition to the practice of Calvin, many expositors labour to bring together the most diverse views merely to condemn them, as if their readers enjoyed nothing so much as an exegetical *auto da fé*. The *Commentaries* have been thus aptly characterized:—

'They are, though without fire, profoundly full of life, and, thanks to this character of serious truth, the absence of heat is only a new element of authority—of force: we feel that the man only means to say that of which he shall have by him, in him, some irrefragable proof. Hence flows a result that surprises us at first, when we recollect that the author is Calvin—the absolute Calvin. We are at ease with him. The Calvin of the *Commentaries* is no longer, save in certain passages, the man with whom we have ordinarily to do. He is a friend who walks with you across the field of the Bible, telling you what he has seen, inviting you to see it, making you linger a little over the flowers, but a long time over the fruits, and offering you with quiet good nature those which have appeared to him the healthiest and most nourishing. But he does not confine himself to guiding you; he consults you, aiding your experience, and, if you have but little, forcing you in a friendly way to acquire it. You hold the pen with him; you only feel his superiority through the satisfaction experienced by hearing another say, wisely and clearly, what you have thought yourself, or would have liked to have thought.'*

In nothing has the influence of the Reformation been more marked than in the changes wrought by it on the three great languages of Europe. It lifted German, English, and French from the rank of colloquial dialects. It conferred on them dignity, copiousness, force, and flexibility. Three hundred years ago they did not possess intelligible prose; now neither philosophy, jurisprudence, nor theology can make a demand upon them which they cannot answer. Luther's translation of the Bible originated modern German; Tyndale, by his version,

* Baugener, p. 423.

opened a pure well of English, that has sent out its limpid waters every Sabbath-day for three centuries; Calvin's French is the hardy stock on which the best French of our day has been grafted. Calvin felt that Cicero was the most French of the classics, and from him he borrowed the richness of his phraseology and the rhythm of his sentences. The Reformer's Latin works are universally admired by all who can estimate aptness of expression and purity of style. But when Bossuet, no mean judge, praises Calvin's 'correct pen,' and Rémond tells us that 'few since his day have approached his beauty and ease of language,' they refer to his command over his mother-tongue.

"Protestant France," says D'Aubigné, "formed itself afterwards on Calvin's French, and it was Protestant France that had most to do with the instruction of the nation; from it sprang those families of literary fame and high magisterial rank, who had so great an influence on the culture of the people; from it, came *Port Royal*, one of the great instruments that have formed the prose and even the poetry of France; and, having attempted to carry into Gallican Catholicism the doctrine and language of the Reformation, failed in the first of these projects, but succeeded in the latter; for Roman Catholic France had to learn from its Jansenist and Reformed opponents how to wield the weapons of speech, without which they could not combat them."—*Hist. de la Réformation du 16^{me} Siècle*, tom. iii., p. 521.

We should form a very erroneous idea of Calvin's position, if we imagined that he was seated above the fray. He was not a general who directed his forces at a distance from the scene of action. He was in the very thick of the fight. His name was famous in Europe, and could not die; but the man Calvin was in constant danger of a violent death. The secret fautors of Rome fomented perpetual plots against him; powerful Libertine citizens, supported by all the lovers of misrule, thwarted his every measure. Sworn foes watched him unceasingly; one false step and he was lost. He who 'o'erwalks a current, roaring loud, on the unsteadfast footing of a spear,' is not in greater peril than the ruler of Geneva,—that ever besieged and turbulent garrison of the Reformation. But this was not all. A cloud of petty cares swarmed round him. Calvin was expected to do everything, and to do everything well. If a dentist came to the city, Calvin must judge of his skill, and submit to have it tried on himself. Velvet weavers ask permission to set up their factory; the council send them to Calvin, and the author of the *Institutes* must pronounce on the quality of the cloth, and say whether the manufacture shall be

introduced or not. Knox thinks of blowing his 'Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women;' so a long discussion with the ungallant Scotchman is imposed on Calvin, who will weigh Huldah and Deborah against Mary, Queen of Scots, and Catherine de Medici. The people of the neighbouring villages have not been very attentive at morning service of late; and though there are Calvin's own laws in this case made and provided for punishing the recusants, he prefers a milder course, and is going round, bell in hand, to summon the laggards. That hand yesterday wrote to Melancthon on 'fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;' or penned the letter declining Cranmer's offer of England as the meeting-place for a Protestant council; or made minutes of an exhortation to the Protestants in France, beseeching them 'to bedew their land not with the blood of their enemies, but with their own;' or, may be, sketched the scheme of a national church for Sigismund of Poland. When he has gathered his congregation, and is pressing on them truths of vital importance, he is suddenly interrupted; he has offended some of his hearers, and they are contradicting him in a loud voice. These are official duties, and, as though his position was not difficult enough, all kinds of irritating insults are showered on him. He is hissed as he passes down the streets. Men call their dogs 'Calvin;' and, when the curs go barking at the pastors, shout, 'Calvin! Calvin!' If he is in a narrow street, men jostle him rudely, and pretend they did not know who it was. Licentious catches are trolled under his window at night, and, though, with one of his rack-ing headaches, he would give the world for a little sleep, it is impossible; for some loose character, who was punished by the Consistory on Thursday last, comes to vent his abuse on Calvin. All this while he is professor of theology, preacher, pastor, author, diplomatist, and general referee for all the Protestants in Europe. One is astonished that the miserably emaciated body of this diminutive man bore the strain of such labours.*

It is Calvin's glory that nothing could divert him from his lofty ideal. To conceive it was an infallible sign of originality; but never to lose sight of it, amidst all his 'low-thoughted cares,' was the result of heroic virtue. The great aim of his life was 'to realise the kingdom of God, to restore its original forms, and to renounce everything which was at variance with

* Beza in *Vita Calvini*:—'*Mirabitur tot tantisque laboribus unicum homunculum sufficere potuisse. Corpusculum illud macilentum et laboribus et viribus attritum.*'

it.* Zwingli in some degree shared this design, but Calvin worked it out systematically. It was his fortune more nearly to accomplish it. Here lies the difference between Luther and Calvin. They both held justification by faith as the foundation-stone of the church; but they built on it distinct edifices. In Luther's scheme of the Divine life in the soul, it was taken for granted that the whole of the conduct, subsequent to the moment of justification, would be ruled by the 'Spirit of adoption,'—that the life of God would develop spontaneously, in accordance with its own spiritual laws. Calvin wished to impose outward forms on the manifestations of this eternal life. Both Reformers would acknowledge that the end of the Gospel was to make new men; but Luther looked at the individual Christian,—Calvin considered each man as a member of a Christian corporation. The simplicity of the German was unshackled by ceremonies and routine:—did a son need rules of etiquette to guide him in his bearing to a dearly loved Father? The Frenchman's legal training oppressed him; he feared to trust spontaneous feeling. Affections are mutable; he will bind them by enactments. This brought Calvin face to face with the great problem, the relations of Church and State. In his view, they were coincident. Until a religion was recognised by the state, its duty was to suffer; when acknowledged, it was to rule. The device of the Commonwealth should be the sacred anagram. The three mystic letters proclaiming Christ as the Saviour of men, should be emblazoned on the banners of the state, and be seen on her arsenals. They should be engraved on the keystone of the city gates, and on every public building. The insignia of power should be lowered before Christ's sceptre; and the law of the King Eternal—the basis of all enduring happiness, the guardian of every right—should be written in the heart and memory of each citizen.† It is true the energetic will of Calvin failed to accomplish all this scheme. He inscribed the symbols of the faith on the shield of Geneva, but even his determination could not entirely Christianise the mass of the people. D'Aubigné has seized on the political aspect of Calvin's work, and it gives an artistic unity to his history:—

'Calvin's great idea was to unite all believers into one body, having the same life, and acting under the same chief. The Reform

* Neander's *Hist. of Dogmas*. Eng. trans., p. 623.

† 'Hæc est regnorum felicitas, fidelisque custodia, si is, in quo fundata sunt et per quem servantur, Filius Dei illis præsideat. Pauciores reperiuntur qui principatûs sui spirituatî Christi sceptro submittant.'—*Ep. Ded.*, addressed to the Duke of Somerset.

was essentially in his eyes the renovation of the individual, of the human mind, of Christendom. To the Church of Rome, powerful as a government, but otherwise enslaved and dead, he wished to oppose a regenerated church, whose members had found, through faith, the liberty of the children of God, which should not only be a pillar of truth, but a principle of moral purification for all the human race. He conceived the bold design of forming for these modern times a society in which the individual liberty and equality of its members should be combined with an adhesion to an immutable truth, because it came from God; and to a holy and strict, but freely accepted law.....It resulted from the very nature of this society that the democratic element would be introduced into the nations where it was established. By the very act of giving truth and morality to the members of this body, he gave them liberty.'—*Reformation in the Times of Calvin*, vol. i., p. 429.

But the liberty given by Calvin was not what we should call liberty. 'A refugee from Lyons said one day in Geneva: "What happiness is ours to see such beautiful liberty in this city!" "Beautiful liberty!" answered a common woman: "Once we were obliged to go to mass, now we are forced to go to sermon!"'* The religious liberty of the nineteenth century, —which too often degenerates into the liberty of being irreligious, as Arnold has said,—was a thing unknown to Calvin. In fact, it was unknown to all men of every party in those days. In Geneva the supreme authority in matters of faith was changed. It had been Rome, it was now Scripture. But then Calvin and his coadjutors were the sworn interpreters of Scripture. It was their duty to teach religious truth, as much as it was the duty of a professor in a college to teach mathematical truth, if he held the mathematical chair. If a pupil refused to receive his master's deliverances on *Euclid*, he was foolish; if a Genevese turned away from Calvin's prelections on Scripture, he was impious. The folly of the scholar and the impiety of the citizen must both receive their due punishment; or else why have masters and spiritual guides? This was Calvin's idea of liberty. His city was loved by hundreds because it gave them this freedom. The only possible apology for Calvin in the terrible affair of Servetus must rest on this: —the legislator did not know what liberty was; and even then the excuse avails but little. After all, the change made by appealing to the Bible instead of to Rome contained the germ of true liberty. It re-asserted the doctrine of individual responsibility, as Peter had laid it down before the Jewish Sanhedrim. It was long before this seed grew into a tree; but it has grown,

* Bungener, p. 292.

and the man cannot be forgotten who cast it into the soil. He did not give us a satisfactory answer to the question, how unwavering fealty to the Divine law on the part of the legislator is to be reconciled with personal freedom on the part of the subject; nor do our own schemes of political economy greatly assist us in the solution of this problem.

Despite all drawbacks, Calvinistic liberty was a vast advance on the miserable despotism which the Romish priesthood exercised so unrelentingly over the minds of their flocks. The yoke imposed by Imperial Rome on the most barbarous tribes that she enslaved, was easy compared with the spiritual slavery into which Christian Rome led her captives. Calvin escaped from the galling chain. If he carried the spirit of a slave-master into the cabinet of a legislator, they are to blame who made the iron enter into his soul. But supposing that Calvin had granted full licence at Geneva, Romanists would have been the first to revile him as the encourager of every vice. Close upon their heels would have followed men crying that he had no conscientious convictions, but was the plaything of his own passions. To have granted the Libertines what they clamoured for, would have been political suicide. They would have turned and rent the man who cast his pearls before them. Good citizens had a scruple about breaking the laws they had solemnly sworn to maintain. It was no sufficient reason for rebellion that some of their own families fell beneath the lash of the laws. Had not Calvin's own niece been whipped for her evil ways? If men broke the laws, they deserved to suffer. The men of religious habits rejoiced when they saw their pastors visiting from house to house. They did not consider it Romish or inquisitorial to catechize the members of their families. Let these spiritual guides fail to be 'ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines,' and the invective applied by the Hebrew prophets to hireling shepherds and dumb dogs would soon be translated into very homely French, and sting the conscience of the most obtuse. They were times of war. Both sides knew the terms and accepted them. Death was braved, it was courted as a test of constancy. We cannot but bewail this state of things; and yet in judging either party, —whether Sir Thomas More or John Calvin stand at the bar, —the remembrance of these facts should temper our asperity. The germ of liberty was all that heaven granted to Geneva.

Calvin's name is associated, in many minds, with anything but freedom. It is hard to conceive of him as a catholic-spirited man. The fanaticism of his followers casts a shade upon him.

(Balfour, called Burley,) is often accepted as the portrait of a true Calvinist. Embittered by exile and goaded by persecution, it would be an egregious mistake to expect anything genial from such men. Yet some of the most prominent Calvinists have endured these buffets from fortune. What wonder that they had no appreciation of the æsthetical beauties of Christianity? But Milton, the Puritan, is a splendid exception to any sweeping generalisation on the morose character of Calvinistic piety. Calvin himself was not of so sombre a cast as is sometimes imagined. There are passages in his *Institutes* for instance, that show a very just appreciation of the beauties of nature. He held it no sin for men to promote hilarity by generous food. He did not think it wrong to consult comeliness in dress. 'It would be a mark of untempered severity to forbid all style and elegance in dress. Two things are to be considered, convenience and decorum.*' Falais asks Calvin to take a house for him at Geneva. According to the popular impression, he would have taken the first he came to, unless a more gloomy one appeared in sight. But he tells his friend, that he has chosen one with a garden before and another behind; and a large room commanding so beautiful a view, that it makes you wish for summer. Some one has told him that Viret will come and see him. On this news he builds a scheme for a week's holiday. Viret must preach on Sunday in the city: Calvin has a service to conduct at Jussy; Viret will come and join him there at dinner. In the afternoon they will walk to Veigy, next day will cross the lake, and rusticate till Thursday on the smiling knolls of the Pays de Vaud. On Friday an excursion to Pregny or Bellevue, and then home.† Calvin was fond of psalms: he called them truly pleasant and delectable.‡ He had Marot's translation set to music; and the children were taught to chant them, that the congregation might catch the air from the choir, and all join together. He enjoined short sermons and short prayers in public,—an injunction his followers have notably ignored, and which might be profitable to some who do not look on him as their master.

Here we should like to introduce Idelette de Bure, Calvin's loving wife, and the ornament of his humble home. Before he had married her, his friends pressed him to let them find a wife for him: he consented, but his shrewdness did not forsake him in this delicate affair. He was offered a rich, noble-born bride, but he thought she prided herself on her birth. As she did not know French, this supplied the Reformer with a test of the

* Commentary on 1 Peter iii. 3. † Bungener, p. 254, *passim*. ‡ Eph. v. 19.

young lady's affection: he told her parents, that if she would learn his language, he would consent to the match. She asked time to consider, and took so much, that Calvin begged his brother to go and ask another lady's hand for him. She refused: on this Calvin grew fainthearted; but when Bucer mentioned Idelette, widow of Jean Forder, as one who would bring a dowry of piety, tenderness, and noble self-devotion, Calvin's choice was made. This time he wooed in person, and for nine years Idelette was the light of his hearth. M. Jules Bonnet has sketched her domestic life with a loving hand:—

'Living in the shadow of the Reformer, Idelette appears through mysterious twilight. Some traits, however, can be fixed and brought together. These traits, scattered through the correspondence of Calvin and his friends, are those of a Christian woman, devoted to all her duties. To visit the poor; to console the afflicted; to entertain the strangers who knocked at the Reformer's door; to watch by his pillow during his days of sickness, or when, well enough in the rest of his body, he is tormented with a pain which allows him to do nothing, so that he is almost ashamed to lead so useless a life; to sustain him in hours of discouragement and sadness; to pray alone in her house, when the loud riot roars in the street, and from all sides come shouts of, "Death to the pastors,"—these are the cares that fill the life of Idelette. Her chief joys are to hear pious discourses; to exercise Christian hospitality towards Farel, Viret, Theodore Beza, Calvin's friends; to go with him in the walks which he would take, now and then, to Cologne or Bellerive; to visit at Lausanne Viret's wife, the godly Elizabeth Turtaz, whom she loved as a sister, and whose loss she will too soon have to mourn..... Idelette appears to us under a still more touching light in the afflictions which tried her mother's heart. In the second year of her marriage, in July, 1542, she had a son, but this child was soon taken from her; and in her trial she was sustained by the expressions of sympathy lavished on her by the churches of Geneva and Lausanne. A letter from the Reformer to Viret lets us into the secret of his grief, and the grief of his wife. "Salute all our friends," says he, "salute your wife too, to whom mine sends her thanks for the sweet and saintly consolation she has received from her. She would like to write with her own hand, but she cannot even dictate a few words. In taking back our son, the Lord has struck us a very painful blow; but He is our father; He knows best what suits His children." Two years after the heart of Idelette was torn by a new trial, the death of a son who for some days had cheered her loneliness. A third child was also taken from her. Idelette wept. The Reformer, smitten so often in his tenderest feelings, could only find consolation in the sense of that spiritual paternity which afterwards inspired him with an answer to one of his adversaries,—Baudoin by name:—"God gave me a son. God has taken him away. Let my enemies see a reproach in

this trial! Have not I ten thousand children in the spiritual world?"*.

Nine years Idelette was spared to Calvin; but in 1549 it was evident her end was near. She thought of her children. They were the children of Forder. Delicacy would not allow her to mention them to Calvin; but at a last interview he promised to treat them as his own. 'I have already commended them to God,' said this woman of strong faith; 'But that does not exclude my care,' answered her husband. 'I am sure,' said his faithful wife, 'you would never abandon those whom I have intrusted to the Lord.' With trembling voice Calvin spoke to her in her last moments of the grace of Christ, of the earthly pilgrimage, of the certainty of eternal blessedness. He then prayed fervently, and in two hours Idelette de Bure was in heaven. 'I have lost,' said Calvin, 'one who would never have left me, neither in exile, nor wretchedness, nor death; who never thought of herself. I should faint if I did not compel myself to overcome my trial. I could not have held up, if God had not stretched out His hand to me from heaven.' After so much has been said of Calvin's sternness, truth compels us to speak of his more genial characteristics; but, after all, none can help feeling that he was no Luther.

We must here record our solemn judgment on Calvin's theology. In its peculiarities it was hurtful to Christian truth. We do not include in this censure his views of the totally lost condition of mankind; the absolute necessity of Divine grace for their recovery; and the vicarious character of Christ's death:—in these points we agree. It is the teaching found in his works on predestination with which Arminianism has waged a merciless war; and long as the necessity exists may the contest be continued! This theology that consigns unborn myriads to eternal woe seems a strange announcement of glad tidings. Many minds are utterly alienated from the Christian faith by this teaching. Calvinism, in the sense in which we use the term, has had its day. Its points are no longer insisted on with pertinacity. Its most popular advocate, in the serenest moments of self-complacency, can scarcely believe himself to be a philosophical exponent of his creed. It is dogmatically asserted; but the general opinion seems to be, that all these subtle metaphysical questions had better be relegated to some region far from actual life, where they may lie in calm and undisturbed serenity.

Pagan Rome believed that conquest 'gilded the dusky edge of stubborn war' with glory; while mercy strewed the path of

* Bungener, pp. 256, 258.

triumph with myrtles. While we combat Calvinism, let us show that we are jealous of the reputation of Calvin—that great leader of Christian men. No true Protestant should be seen for a moment among infidels and Romanists, slanderers and calumniators of the great Reformer. There is a plea even for his Calvinism. He felt that God had snatched him from the profound darkness of idolatry. He knew that he had turned many from darkness. He believed that the same election which separated Paul from his mother's womb had fallen on him. One step takes a man from this assurance to a belief in predestination to eternal happiness or eternal misery: Calvin took it, as Augustine had before him, as Whitefield did after him, and many besides, who were drawn from profound depths, and sent on high embassies of mercy. Calvin held that pre-science and predestination are identical. We are ready to conclude he would fold his arms, and let events go as they were ordained to go. But his life was superior to his theory. A man of more intense activity was never found in the Christian church. He hated an idle life. On his death-bed his friends begged him to cease from his labours; they protested against a sick man writing. 'Would you have my Lord find me idle?' he asked. Two months before he died he had his French Testament in his hand, making corrections in his notes.* His nature had the merest spice of courage in it, (*minime audentem*,) and yet he plunged into any danger at the call of duty. He seemed crushed to the earth with sickness, but he would not yield. Had he known that all Christendom lay on his shoulders, he could not have done more. It has been said that extreme Calvinism leads to Antinomian licentiousness. It is undoubtedly true. But purity from boyhood to death was a notable feature of Calvin's life. The device on his seal was not mere verbiage; his heart was presented to God by the hand of the will, a living sacrifice—a reasonable service.†

Many graceful tributes have been paid to Calvin's memory during the present year. The Protestant Churches on the continent have shown the greatest zeal in redeeming the memory of their founder from unjust reproach. Dr. D'Aubigné, also, would place a wreath on his grave. His pious work was suggested by Neander in 1818, but the third volume only appeared in the May of the present year. It possesses more than ephemeral interest. Most idiomatically translated, it reads like an original work, not like a translation. This will not fail to commend it

* Beza in *Vita Calvini*.

† The legend was, *Cor meum velut mactatum Domino in sacrificium offero*; the device, a hand grasping a heart.

to an English reader; and when he has once begun it, he will go on to the end of the work with unflagging interest. It is hardly needful to say that in these volumes there is the same historical alchemy, transmuting musty records into animated pictures of the past, as is found in D'Aubigné's former great work. The author has a deep interest in the principles for which the contest with Rome was carried on; and he imparts the same sympathy to his readers. The figures of the different actors are distinctly portrayed; their deeds are put in a clear light. The work is artistically arranged,—almost too much so for English taste. There is the faintest trace of sensationalism,—a vague suspicion arises that the writer is thinking of effect. Shakespeare could write historical dramas; but he must be greater than Shakespeare who can write dramatic history without artistic distortion of the facts. There is, however, no historical distortion in this work; the dramatic element only gives zest to the history. D'Aubigné has raised a noble pedestal for Calvin. We shall await the erection of the statue with interest.

The pedestal is Geneva. This city had long been coveted by the house of Savoy. The toils were stealthily drawn round the prey. Within the walls, a prince-bishop undermined the privileges he had sworn to defend. A vicious clergy—of whom some seven hundred swarmed in the city—justified the sarcasm, that 'what a devil would fear to do, a reprobate monk would do without hesitation.' As the state of things grew worse, the Genevese determined to organize a constitutional opposition to those who would rob them of their ancient privileges. The house of Savoy was the support of these destroyers of freedom. Their foes called them Mamelukes, for they resembled the men who left Christ to serve Mahomet. The liberal party sought help from Berne. They were confederates—*Eidesgenossen*—of that canton. The Savoyards mutilated this word, and as one of the chief among the party was called Hugues Besançon, Huguenots was the name of the liberals in Geneva without any reference to religion. We cannot now follow the struggles of these parties. It was a hard school in which the Genevese learnt first to value, and then to deserve, liberty. Some of their noblest citizens had to pay the price of their life for the freedom of their fellows. Exile, poverty, beggary, overwhelmed some of the most opulent families. Still they strove for their ancient privileges; and striving lawfully, received the prize. These men stood up in sturdy strength. They were capable of doing anything, enduring anything; that is, the better part of them: but there were those who desired licence to do evil, and the abrogation of all law, human and Divine. If the Gospel

reached them, those noble men would be the best soldiers in its service. It had tamed rougher men than the lawless citizens of Geneva; it would now strive to subdue them. The truth spread from Berne. At last Farel's words were heard, and all trembled. His fervent prayers ascended to heaven, and all were melted. But he was expelled. Then came Froment, the gentle schoolmaster. By him the people were arrested. The Gospel was planted in Geneva, and pastors laboured in it. In 1536, a traveller was at an inn in Geneva; he had no intention of staying there. 'By chance' the good Samaritan—as he was to prove to this city—had gone down that way. Calvin, for it was he, went to see Viret and Farel. The latter saw the character of the man God had sent. He besought him to remain. Calvin refused: 'his work for Christ lay in the study, not the city.' Then Farel's voice of thunder broke in on Calvin: 'You allege your studies as an excuse! I tell you in the name of God Almighty that unless you throw yourself into the Lord's work with us, He will curse you, as one who loves himself better than Christ.' This terrible denunciation conquered Calvin.* From that day Calvin and Geneva became one.

We may now look back, and see how Calvin was formed for Geneva. This takes us to France, and under the shadow of the throne. In Geneva we had humble citizens; in France kings and queens. Francis I. aspired to supremacy in matters of religion. He showed it in a Tudor-like style. Papists and Protestants were sent to the same prison. He desired to be in favour, at the same time, with Henry of England, the Protestant princes of Germany, and the Pope of Rome. He valued the friendship of Erasmus, but did not desire to break with Du Bellay. Margaret of Navarre was in the heat of her mystic piety. 'Herself the fairest pearl' of all the court, she enlisted her poetry and her personal charms for the work. The very maids of honour would lay feminine plots to beguile the king into hearing an evangelical preacher. A cavalier would escort a lady to the chase, and find her an earnest missionary. Could the Reformation have been accomplished by gentle means, the delicate hands of Margaret and her maids of honour would have lifted the veil that hid the Saviour: as it was, there was need of strong men, not fascinating women. The axe lay at the root of the tree; they must be sinewy arms that would ply it.

At Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509, Calvin was born. The piety of his mother consecrated him to the priesthood; the shrewdness of his father ratified the dedication. At twelve, he

* Beza in *Vita Calvini*.

was a chaplain; and, thanks to the plague, he had perpetual leave of absence and uninterrupted stipend. At Paris, in the College of La Manche, Mathurin Cordier, that devoted instructor of youth, was to him as a brother, although there were nearly thirty years between them. At the College of Montague, a Spanish professor took a great fancy to the pale, shy lad. Under his care Calvin outstripped his companions, and gave promise of being the first in his college. It was whispered, however, that this talented youth was tainted with Lutheranism. To the grief of his friends, it was soon evident that the breeze which wafted the seeds of heresy over France, had dropped one in no unfruitful soil. It was Robert Olivetan, who was one day to translate God's Word at Neufchatel, that had done the mischief. Calvin struggled against his new thoughts. The professors enjoined mortifications. He practised them.

'Having thus found a few moments of relief, he applied again to his studies; he was absorbed in his books; he grew pale over Scotus and Thomas Aquinas; but in the midst of his labours a sudden trouble took possession of his mind; and pushing away from him the volumes that lay before him, he exclaimed: "Alas! my conscience is still very far from tranquillity." His heart was troubled, his imagination excited, he saw nothing but abysses on every side, and with a cry of alarm he said, "Every time that I descend into the depths of my heart, every time, O God, that I lift up my soul to Thy throne, extreme terror comes over me." Thus step by step did Calvin descend to the lowest depths of despair, and, quite heart-broken and looking like one dead, he resolved to take no further pains about his salvation.....Calvin had been wandering for some time in darkness, despairing of salvation by the path of the Pope. One day (we cannot say when) he saw light breaking through the obscurity,..... a great trembling came over him; he paced his room as Luther had once paced his cell at Erfurth. He uttered (he tells us) deep groans, and shed floods of tears. Terrified at the Divine holiness like a leaf tossed by the wind, like a man frightened by a violent thunderstorm, he exclaimed: "O God! Thou keepest me bowed down, as if Thy bolts were falling on my head." Then he fell at the feet of the Almighty, exclaiming, "I condemn with tears my past manner of life, and transfer myself to Thine. Poor and wretched, I throw myself on the mercy which Thou hast shown us in Jesus Christ; I enter that only harbour of salvation."—*Ref. in Times of Calvin*, vol. i., 525-529.

This is what Calvin calls his 'sudden conversion;' for, following Olivetan's advice, he sought for truth in the Scriptures. 'Everywhere' he found Christ. 'Thou hast placed Thy word before me like a torch, and Thou hast touched my heart, that I should hold in abomination all other merit save that of Jesus.'

Virtually Calvin abjured Popery from that hour. He now abandoned the studies necessary for the priesthood, and betook himself to Orleans, where Pierre d'Etoile was professor of jurisprudence. Here he would take the chair of the professors, if they were prevented from lecturing. He rose so high that on his departure he was offered his Doctor's diploma, without the payment of the usual fees. At Bourges, Wolmar taught him Greek,—inoculated him with the Lutheran poison, and deserved the thanks which Calvin afterwards gave his master in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his commentary on the second Epistle to the Corinthians. In the villages around Bourges, he began his evangelical work. The lord of Lignièrès invited him to his castle. 'Here the law-student spoke to an immense crowd with such clearness, freedom, depth, and vitality that every one was moved. "Upon my word," said the lord to his wife, "Master John Calvin seems to me to preach better than the monks, and he goes heartily to his work too."'*

The whole scene reminds the English reader of Little Sodbury Manor House, and Master John Tyndale with his host and hostess. Another sketch of Calvin's early preaching may not be unacceptable. He had come to his Nazareth.

'Every one wanted to hear the son of the episcopal secretary, the cooper's grandson. The men and women who knew him hastened to the church. The holy place was soon filled. At last a young man of middle height, with thin pale face, whose eye indicated firm conviction and lively zeal, went up into the pulpit, and exclaimed the sacred Scriptures to his fellow-townsmen. The effect of Calvin's preaching was various. Many persons rejoiced to hear, at last, a living word beneath that roof which had re-echoed with so much vain and useless babbling..... Certain bigots, and priests in particular, inveighed against the preaching of that serious-looking, earnest young man, and exclaimed, "They are setting wolves to catch the sheep."—*Ref. in Times of Calvin*, vol. ii., p. 66.

If we listen to his preaching, after his flight from Paris in 1533, it will enable us to form some idea of those sermons 'which contained as many weighty thoughts as they did words.'† The scene is Poitiers.

'Calvin set out with two or three others; they traversed the pretty district of St. Benedict, took a picturesque footpath, and, after about an hour's walking, arrived at a wild-looking spot in front of the ruins of a Roman aqueduct. Beneath them flowed the tranquil

* Vol. ii. p. 37.

† Beza in *Vita Calvini*:—"Quot sonabat verba, tot gravissimis sententiis mentem explebat."

waters of the Claire: thickly wooded rocks, containing caverns of various depths, raised their imposing masses above the stream. Calvin was charmed with the solitude. Gradually others arrived, and the assembly was soon complete. Calvin and his friends entered one of the largest of these caves. This has ever since borne the name of Calvin's grotto.

'The Reformer took his stand on the highest ground; his disciples gathered around him, some of them leaning against the rock; and in the midst of a solemn silence he began to teach them, expounding what was grandest of all—preaching Christ to them. This was a topic to which he was constantly reverting. "Better be deprived of everything, and possess Christ," he said one day. "If the ship is in danger, the sailors throw everything overboard, that they may reach the port in safety. Do likewise. Riches, honours, rank, outward respect—all should be sacrificed to possess Christ. He is our only blessedness." Calvin spoke with much authority; he carried away his hearers, and was himself carried away. On a sudden feeling his spiritual weakness, and the need they all had of the Holy Ghost, he fell on his knees beneath those solitary vaults; all the assembly knelt with him, and he raised to the throne of God a prayer so touching and so earnest, that all who heard him fancied themselves transported to heaven.'—*Ref. in Times of Calvin*, vol. iii., pp. 60, 61.

But perhaps Calvin never pronounced with his own lips a discourse that produced so much effect as one which, at his dictation, Cop, rector of the University at Paris, pronounced on All Saints' Day, 1533. According to immemorial custom, the rector should have exalted the Saints; to the amazement of his hearers he exalted the Saviour. In consequence he and Calvin had to fly, and the latter chose Angoulême as his refuge. In this calm retreat he received the baptism of the Spirit.

'Alone and forced to hide himself, he experienced an inward peace and joy he had never known before. "By the exercise of the cross," he said, "the Son of God receives us *into His order*, and makes us partakers of His glory." Accordingly he gave a very extraordinary name to the obscure town of Angoulême: he called it *Doxopolis*, "the City of Glory," and thus he dated his letters. How pleasant and glorious this retirement proved to him! He had found his Wartburg, his *Patmos*....." At the very moment when I promised myself repose, the storm burst suddenly upon me; and then, when I thought some horrible den would be my lot, a quiet *nest* was unexpectedly prepared for me." Thus the hunted Calvin found himself at Angoulême under God's hand, like a young storm-driven bird that has taken refuge in the nest under the wing of its mother.'

Here, with Du Tillet's magnificent library at command, he meditated the great work of his life,—'wove,' as a Romish historian says, 'that web of subtilty which we may call the Koran or Talmud of heresy.' It was now that he delivered those dis-

courses from which we have given extracts ; organized a band of young evangelists to awaken the South of France ; met with the timid Roussel, and shocked him by his impetuosity ; visited the aged Le Fèvre, who foretold that he would be 'a powerful instrument in the Lord's hand,' and warned him to restrain 'the extreme ardour of his mind.' In May, 1534, he resigned his chaplaincy and cure, sold his patrimony, and entered in earnest on the object of his life.

Before leaving his country for ever, Calvin returned to Paris for awhile, but left it just before the affair of the placards. In the capital he attended the secret assemblies of the faithful ; exchanged watchwords with these devout Christians, who were on their guard against fraud ; and, when the king's wrath and bigotry were at their highest, was safe in Strasburg. We cannot now stay to describe the processions that marched through the streets of Paris to appease the wrath of Heaven, because of the indignity offered to the Holy Mass by the strongly-worded placards. These 'thunderbolts' fell in Paris, October 18th, 1534. Their coarse language shocked the Evangelicals, and roused the fanaticism of the Romanists. The king was most angered because one was found on the door of his bedchamber ; and, in an eloquent speech, he bewailed the untoward event. He wept, and declared that if a child of his was a heretic he should die. The priests burnt incense, and kindled fires for the unbelievers. The Holy Mass was avenged.

It was this persecution which originated the *Institutes*. The effects of this work on the Reformed Churches have already been seen. Its preface is a noble Christian pleading with Francis I. on behalf of men whom he first put to death and then vilified. The monarch never seems to have read it.

It is to be regretted that D'Aubigné's work stops short where Calvin's life begins ; and our regret is stronger because of the time when the rest of the history has appeared. A complete sketch of Calvin by so friendly and able a hand would well become the tercentenary year. Up to his entrance into Geneva, Protestant eyes see no blot in his life. After 1536, despotism is alleged against him. Worst of all, the fumes from the stake of Servetus dim his fame. As far as the charge of despotism is concerned, let Calvin's confession to the council, which met in his chamber a month before his death, have due weight. 'I know that on one account I am deeply indebted to you. You have patiently borne that well-known vehemence of mine, which has sometimes been immoderate : these my sins, I trust, are forgiven me by God.' The matter of Servetus requires a few words.

Servetus was born the same year as Calvin, and went to Paris while yet young. He was a universal student. In his first work on the Trinity is found the complete theory of the circulation of the blood.* Instead of confining himself to anatomy, Servetus essayed theology. It was an evil hour for him. He was mystical in his views, daring in his speculations, and of a generous disposition. Tinged with the Pantheism of his day, he thought it an indifferent thing whether one went to mass or not. The country he was in decided that. He wished to complete an unfinished Reformation; and thinking that Calvin would be a good instrument if he could be obtained, the Reformer of the Reformers endeavoured to win him. A public discussion was appointed between the two; the hour and place were settled. Calvin went, waited for some time, but as no opponent came, he departed. The next meeting was in Geneva.

For some thirty years this brilliant Servetus wandered from place to place. He had a quarrel with the physicians. He offended the theologians by his edition of the Geography of Ptolemy, and said that Judea was not so fine a country as some had thought. He was a good mathematician, and was proud of his doctor's cap. He published a Bible, and prayed his hearers to learn Hebrew, that they might know the mysteries which remain hidden in the prophets. He propounds a very singular scheme of interpretation: one essentially rationalist; but surrounded by so much mysticism, that few could understand the interpretation. He has an idea that he is the Michael mentioned in Daniel; a conceit which Beza neatly turns against him, saying that this Michael and his angels fought *with* the dragon, but not *against* him. At last he published the '*Restoration of Christianity*.' The sheets came into Calvin's hands; and when Servetus was imprisoned at Vienna, Calvin's secretary, unknown to him, (it is his own word that we trust,) furnished positive proof of the prisoner's guilt to the Romish Inquisitorial Court. He was condemned to death, but escaped. It was told Calvin that Servetus was in Geneva. Why he came no one knew. Calvin had foretold that if he came he would not return alive. The prophet took steps to fulfil his own prophecy: on August 13th, 1553, he was arrested at Calvin's suit. The articles of impeachment were drawn out. Calvin reasoned with Servetus. His Pantheism made most against him. 'I have no doubt that this form, this stool, all you can see, is God.' 'Then,' some one said, 'the devil is God.' He answered, with a smile, 'Do you doubt it? All things are part of God.' This blasphemy sealed his fate.

* Bungener, p. 358.

The Libertine party was strong, Calvin was weak. His greatest enemy was in power. Servetus took hope. It was a life and death struggle between them. Calvin desired the condemnation of Servetus: this he avowed. All he tried to do was to soften it. If Servetus were absolved, all the labours of Calvin, the whole constitution of the State and of the Church fell. It had become a political question, and those who cared nothing for religion cared for politics. Letters were sent to the Swiss churches by the council and by the consistory. There were eight answers—one ecclesiastical and one municipal from each city. The verdict was death; there was no dissident. The death was to be by fire—an end the unhappy man never anticipated. He expected the scaffold; and it was only when he came to the stake that he discovered his error. He prayed as a favour for another death, but the judges were inexorable. He died without retracting. 'If I say it when I do not mean it, it is a lie; if I believe what I have advanced, who has a right to interfere with my belief?'

And Calvin never relented—never said a kind word to Servetus. The most he did was to protest that he was not actuated by private malice. We cannot defend him; and we make no attempt to do so. He was no better than his times. Giant as he was, his feet were on the earth. But he is gone to a land where all trace of such earthly feeling as prompted him to defend Christianity with the sword is for ever eradicated. This sun had its spots. Hard words fell from Calvin's lips. He did harsh things. He was quick-tempered. But is this all? Is he to be made the scapegoat for the sins, not only of his own times, but of ten centuries? He committed faults; but any ordinary man, placed by miracle in his position for a day, would in that one day be guilty of more mistakes than Calvin in a twelvemonth. After every objection made against him is furnished up to do service in a new assault upon his character, all competent judges will rank him as only second to Luther. No third man is found among the Reformers to compare with these two.

ART. IV.—*Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, de sa Famille, et de ses Amis, recueillies et annotées par M. MONMERQUÉ, Membre de l'Institut.* 12 vols. 8vo. Paris and London: Hachette.

THE seventeenth century is still and must ever be considered the golden age of French literature. Strictly speaking, the French classics begin with Malherbe and end with Voltaire. The standard of taste, according to which Racine, Boileau, and Corneille wrote their masterpieces, may be deemed by some too limited, too circumscribed; but within the boundary they adopted, how graceful are their movements, how accurate is their delineation of the human heart, how extraordinary their genius! If it were required to prove that the *siècle de Louis XIV.*, as it is called, embodies more completely than any other epoch the great characteristics which distinguish the French national temperament, we would point to the spontaneous, the almost instinctive fondness with which our neighbours cling to their literary *chefs-d'œuvre*. On the stage, the brilliant sallies of Beaumarchais, the bold tirades of Voltaire, and the *coups de théâtre* of Diderot astonish for a while; the original conceptions of M. Victor Hugo, and the graceful sketches of Scribe, produce a transitory sensation of admiration and of pleasure; but the most finished productions of modern art have never yet cast into the shade the venerable household gods of literary France; and whilst the author of *Ruy Blas* is compelled to bring an action against the manager of a theatre for the purpose of making him perform his dramas, *Bajazet*, *Rodogune*, and *le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, even if interpreted by actors of doubtful merit, excite still the same interest as they did when, two hundred years ago, they were brought out for the first time at Versailles, or on the boards of the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

The French classics, like the classics of all other nations, have been reprinted, edited, illustrated, commented on, almost *ad nauseam*. Each particular author, selected as a fetish by some particular scholiast, has had to pass through the ordeal of corrections, annotations, and, we are sorry to say, alterations manifold. Pascal, we now find, was pruned by the Port-Royalists on the one side, and mutilated, on the other, by the Encyclopedists; Bossuet's sermons can scarcely be identified, thanks to the sensitive taste of later editors; the text of Bourdaloue, disfigured by blunders, misprints, and erroneous readings, is one—

... 'que méconnoitroit l'œil même de son père.'

Such being the case, we cannot be too thankful to the liberal and enterprising publishers who have undertaken to give us in a collated form the *true* text of the great French writers; and with reference to the distinguished lady whose works are the subject of the present article, we feel quite satisfied that we have now at our disposal the means of ascertaining as correctly as possible what she really said, and thought, and wrote.

Strict accuracy, a scrupulous adherence to the text of the author, is, one would suppose, the first, the most elementary duty of every editor; and yet it is not too much to say that in this respect the critics of the last century were lamentably deficient. In the case of Pascal's works, scruples of religion might be pleaded as an excuse by those who took upon themselves the duty of presenting him to the public. It was necessary to observe the conditions of the peace imposed by the French government on the Jansenist minority; the slightest expressions of party feeling might lead to the cancelling of the whole edition, perhaps to the destruction of the MSS. themselves; whilst, on the other hand, a few judicious and, on the whole, unimportant excisions would still leave in the *Pensées* an admirable manual of edification, and a lasting monument of the author's genius.

With Madame de Sévigné the case was different. Religious scruples could not be adduced in justification of the editor's extraordinary system of alterations and suppressions, and neither Jesuits nor Jansenists could object to the integral publication of the *séillante Marquise's* correspondence. But we should not forget that during the last century a school of critics had arisen, whose canons of taste were acknowledged as paramount, and who enjoyed in the republic of letters absolute authority. Perhaps they were not altogether accountable for their perverted notions of propriety and of elegance. The generation who could admire the pictures of Boucher, Fragonard, and Watteau, were scarcely capable of rising, as far as literature was concerned, higher than Voisenon and Crébillon; and it was too much to expect from the *entourage* of the Regent, or from the *habitués* of the court of Sceaux, a cordial appreciation of the masculine beauties which distinguish the writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. The French classics might, it was thought, be allowed to maintain their position, but it must be under a modified form; and as, at a later period, Shakspeare was *improved* by Ducis, in order to suit a French audience, so Madame de Sévigné had to undergo a sort of Procrustean operation before she was deemed readable. We should

be the last in the world to maintain some of the coarse and indelicate expressions of Molière, or even of Madame de Sévigné; but still it is remarkable how fastidious, as far as language went, that age and that society had become which was distinguished above all by its unblushing immorality, and how anxious for verbal purity those men were who scarcely believed in God.

The Chevalier de Perrin was the unlucky man upon whom devolved the task of editing Madame de Sévigné. In 1734 and 1754 he published two *recueils*; and since that epoch he has been the authority from which subsequent editors and annotators have uniformly and blindly copied. The MSS. of the letters had been trusted to him by Madame de Simiane, granddaughter of the marchioness, who must be supposed to have felt anxious for the reputation of her illustrious relative. What more could be wanted? To this question the present editor answers very justly: 'If, thirty or even sixty years after her death, Madame de Sévigné belonged still to her family, she now belongs to history, as one of the most sincere and faithful witnesses of her own times; and we wish to see her such as she was, not such as the eighteenth century has made her. For, if you once admit the system of the Chevalier de Perrin, there is no possible reason why a fresh process of *rajeunissement* should not take place every hundred years; it would be quite as legitimate, quite as reasonable, to dress up the illustrious *épistolaire* according to the fashion of 1864, as it was to apply to her the style of 1734, for the sake of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, or, twenty years later, the style of 1754, as the Chevalier has done here and there.'*

The late M. de Monmerqué gave, in 1818, another edition of Madame de Sévigné; but at that time the resources which he afterwards made use of were not at his disposal, and accordingly he adopted Perrin's text, though fully aware of its want of fidelity. We shall not weary our readers by a lengthened comparison between the original MSS. of the *Marquise* and the *improved* transcripts which we have till very lately been accustomed to peruse; but a few specimens must be quoted, if it were only to show what remains still to be done by those who would give us a faithful edition of the French classics. In letter 56 of the collection,† the first paragraph runs as follows. "M. Fouquet a été interrogé ce matin sur le marc d'or; il y a très bien répondu. Plusieurs juges l'ont salué. M. le Chevalier en a fait reproche, et dit que ce n'étoit point

* *Avertissement des éditeurs*, pp. ii, iii.

† Vol. i., p. 442.

la coutume, *et au conseiller Breton*: "C'est à cause que vous êtes de Bretagne que vous saluez si bas M. Foucquet." The first edition, copied blindly by all the subsequent ones, gives, instead of the words *et au conseiller Breton*, the absurd reading *étant conseiller Breton*, which makes the sentence perfectly meaningless. For want of understanding certain words or phrases of particular signification, the substantive *procès* has been substituted for *procédé* in the following sentence: 'Oui, je la disai partout; mais je ne comprends pas que vous parliez si bien d'un procédé.' Here, whole paragraphs are suppressed; there, two or three phrases are connected together in the most arbitrary manner; in letter 177* we find the enumeration of some ladies of Brittany, 'dont l'une s'appelle, *de bonne foi, Mademoiselle de Croque-oison*;' whereupon the ingenious editor, transforming an asseveration into a proper name, talks of *Mademoiselle de Bonnefoi de Croqueoison*! Occasionally, the Chevalier de Perrin, wishing to clear up some intricate passage, becomes more obscure than Madame de Sévigné. In short, we may unhesitatingly say that for the future all the editions of Madame de Sévigné down to the present one will remain merely as monuments of ignorance, stupidity, and conceit.

Of our heroine's literary merits everything has been said that can be said. Her originality, her brilliancy, the extraordinary versatility of her powers, are topics which need no farther commendation after the reviews and strictures of La Harpe, Charles Nodier, M. Sainte-Beuve, and M. Villemain. On the present occasion we would endeavour to appreciate Madame de Sévigné chiefly as one of the most important *historians* of the seventeenth century. The collection of her letters forms a gallery of portraits equal in merit and superior in impartiality to the memoirs of Saint-Simon; and as we follow her in her excursions from the Hôtel Carnavalet to Livry, and from Bourbilly to Les Rochers, we feel that we become thoroughly acquainted with the distinguished personages who played a part during the agitated epoch which extended from the beginning of La Fronde to the death of Cardinal Mazarin.

In order to understand the better the true character of Madame de Sévigné, her predilections and her antipathies, we must never forget the distinction which M. Cousin was the first to establish in all its force between the early part of the seventeenth century and its close.† Marred by intestine turmoils, by the strife between class and class, by the struggle of the aristocracy and the parliament against the constant development of the principles of absolutism on the part of the king, the

* Vol. ii., p. 249.

† See his preface to *Jacqueline Pascal*.

reign of Louis XIII. and the minority of his successor afforded full scope for the manifestation of energy, greatness, and strongly-marked individuality. During this era everything assumed exaggerated proportions; sublime patterns of virtue stood out in bold contrast with the blackest instances of villainy and vice. After a career of scandal and wantonness, all of a sudden, and under the impression of religious convictions which it was impossible to doubt, notorious profligates of both sexes retired from the world, and astonished by their piety those whom they had previously scandalized by their debaucheries. The very excess of misery and of woe called up on the part of Christian generosity and self-sacrifice efforts corresponding in magnitude to the evil they were destined to meet. If you turn to an index of the public characters enumerated in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence, you think you see the heroes of Corneille's tragedies,—personages greater than nature, cast in a rougher mould than ordinary mortals, capable of the highest extremes in both good and bad. The Port-Royalist saints, Saint Vincent de Paul, the Abbé de Rancé, on the one side; Cardinal de Retz, Condé, Madame de Longueville, Made-moiselle de Montpensier, on the other; Descartes and Pascal, Corneille and Bossuet, are examples amongst hundreds which we could name. The god of absolutism and of court etiquette has not yet tamed down all those personages; the vicious have not yet learnt to disguise their profligacy under the cloak of hypocrisy; Tartuffe keeps in the background; the sinners of those days are unblushingly abominable. If they are statesmen, like Fouquet, they parade before the whole world their veniality and their licentiousness; if they are mere *gentilshommes*, they take to the highway like Bussy-Rabutin,* turn coiners like Pomenars, or unscrupulous intriguers like Gourville. At the one extremity we see the *Précieuses* with their exaggerated delicacy; at the other, Ninon de Lenclos with all the resources of elegant corruption. We do not take upon ourselves to decide whether mere conventionalism and the semblance of propriety are better than undisguised impudence; we would merely draw here the contrast between the results produced by strict etiquette and those which arise from comparative liberty. As long as Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.* was the only guide we had to the history of French society during the reign of Louis XIV., we might perhaps have been allowed to suppose that the court of Versailles after the death of Mazarin was a model of virtue and of good-breeding; but with the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon* before us we know what to think of

* See below the history of Madame de Miramion.

that life which manifested itself by such decorum, such strained etiquette.

One of the first public characters whom we find mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence is Nicolas Fouquet; and the famous trial which ended in the condemnation of that minister afforded her an opportunity of displaying the strength of her friendship, and the decided, well-marked prejudices she entertained against Colbert. Fouquet is one of those individuals respecting whom it is still difficult to form an opinion.* There is no doubt that his life will not bear close inspection. He was ambitious, immoral, unscrupulous; the evidence supplied by the papers contained in his famous *Cassette* is of so damning a description, that it seems impossible to find—at least one would think so—a single word in his justification: and yet history shows us Fouquet, during the time of his disgrace, surrounded by friends who were ready to perform, for his sake, the noblest acts of self-sacrifice. Madame de Sévigné's letters contain a faithful account of the indignation which his trial occasioned throughout the society of the seventeenth century; and the list of his most strenuous adherents includes some persons particularly distinguished for their piety,—Pomponne, Montausier. The documents known as the *Cassette* papers are, of course, the chief *pièces-justificatives* in connexion with Fouquet's disgrace. They are extremely curious, but at the same time very difficult to interpret; for, in some cases, the letters bear no signature; occasionally the names of persons and places are fictitious; and we even find, now and then, Fouquet's correspondents having recourse to the assistance of some obscure amanuensis in order to avoid detection. Nor must we wonder at these multiplied precautions. The most shameful disclosures on French society during the seventeenth century lie accumulated in the *Cassette*; and the record of dilapidations of the vilest character is there buried pell-mell together with evidence sufficient to condemn the majority of the ladies who graced in days of yore the court of Versailles. Fouquet began life as a bustling, active, intelligent agitator, attaching himself with his brother to the fortunes of Mazarin, and assisting that minister in the most effective and zealous manner amidst the disturbances of La Fronde. Belonging to what was called *une famille de robe*, he had purchased, in 1650, the office of solicitor-general; and the position which he thus occupied enabled him both to observe accurately the course of the rebellion,

* On Fouquet, we cannot do better than refer the reader to M. Chéruel's admirable work, *Mémoires sur la Vie publique et privée de Fouquet*. Paris: Charpentier, 2 vols. 8vo.

and also to strengthen the party of the cardinal, either by talking the wavering into loyalty, or by bribing those whose consciences were pliable enough to yield to the inducement of pecuniary advantages. The task undertaken by Fouquet was by no means an easy one, because he was obliged to avoid exciting the suspicions of right-minded magistrates, such as Matthieu Molé and Omer Salon: but he finally succeeded, and the infatuations of the Parliament during the whole course of the civil war helped him considerably in making a compact body of the friends of the cardinal, and securing their ultimate triumph.

As soon as the authority of the king had been re-established, and every vestige of opposition absolutely destroyed, Nicolas Fouquet and his brother the abbé were amongst the first to be rewarded for their zeal; the former being appointed superintendent of the finances, together with Abel Servien, and the latter receiving his nomination as director of the police. Whatever may have been the want of scruple on the part of Nicolas, the effrontery displayed by the abbé was something still more extraordinary; and the following anecdote will serve to give an idea both of the manner in which the police was managed two hundred years ago, and also of the very loose views of morality entertained by persons exercising high authority in France. The abbé Fouquet had become intimate with one of the most brilliant but most corrupt noblemen of the time, François René du Bec, Marquis de Vardes. This courtier was candidate for the hand of Mademoiselle de Nicolai, whom he wished to marry on account of her large fortune; and he boasted that he would accomplish the business without the slightest difficulty. The Nicolais, who were connected with the highest families belonging to the magistracy, showed themselves unfavourable to the pretensions of Vardes. The Molé-Champlâtreux took the same view; and as an audacious attempt on the part of the suitor was dreaded, the friends of the young lady conducted her to the hôtel of the President de Champlâtreux, which was considered as an inviolable refuge. Vardes, irritated beyond expression, immediately complained to the Abbé Fouquet, who still had at this epoch (1658) the secret management of the police. The abbé concocted a scheme with another nobleman, as brilliant and bold as Vardes, the Duke de Candale, son of the Duke d'Epéron. Candale was colonel of the French guards; he made his regiment take up their arms; they marched from their barracks with drums beating, and surrounded the Hôtel de Champlâtreux, which was situated in the Place Royale, then the most fashionable and most populous

part of Paris. The tumult created by this movement of troops may easily be imagined. The whole of the magistracy espoused the quarrel of President de Champlâtreux; the cardinal, warned, hastened to order the soldiers back to their barracks, and addressed to the Abbé Fouquet severe remonstrances.

This specimen will suffice to illustrate the character of the Abbé Fouquet. In the mean while, his brother was also turning to his own account the important position he occupied as one of the managers of the royal exchequer; but the presence of the more upright Abel Servien did not allow of his committing the wholesale depredations of which he was afterwards guilty. The interval occupied by this kind of joint administration forms the second and most brilliant part in the *surintendant's* career. There is no doubt that he was a clever man, and that, in providing for the various branches of the public service, he displayed an activity, an energy, which contributed much to the success of Mazarin's government. Such, however, was the universal corruption of the times, that the Prime Minister did not hesitate to make, with the persons whom he employed, bargains which would now be considered as positive acts of swindling. Historians give us a full account of these scandalous transactions, disguised under the euphemisms of *bons sur le roi*, *ordonnances de comptant*, &c. When even a cardinal set the example, and a man like Colbert connived at it, was it likely that Nicholas Fouquet, with a natural inclination for extravagance and pleasure, would remain untainted?

At last, in the year 1659, the death of Abel Servien freed Fouquet from the control and vigilance of one whom he considered as little better than a spy. Mazarin's *protégé* then launched forth, unrestrained, on a career of luxury and dissipation which could not but create universal jealousy, and which ultimately brought about his ruin. Between the years 1659 and 1661, his life was an uninterrupted series of pleasures; and, according to the proud motto he had adopted, *Quousque non ascendam?* he aimed at nothing less than outshining royalty, and even being, in love affairs, the successful rival of Louis XIV. The substantial and liberal manner in which Fouquet protected Corneille, La Fontaine, and Molière, the services which he rendered to literature and the fine arts, are the only redeeming features in his character at that time; and to the eternal glory of intellectual France, it will stand upon record, that the fear of displeasing an absolute monarch, and of paying heavily the penalty of gratitude to a statesman in disgrace, did not prevent La Fontaine, Molière, or Corneille

from remaining faithful to their Mæcenas after his arrest and during the long trial which followed.

The conduct of Madame de Sévigné under these circumstances was admirable, and the portion of her correspondence referring to Fouquet's captivity reflects the greatest credit upon her magnanimity, her disinterestedness, and the warmth of her friendship.* She was at that time in high favour at Court; her admiration of Louis XIV was real. On the nature of her political sympathies depended to a great extent the fortune of her only daughter; and yet all these considerations did not for a single moment diminish her sympathy for him whom she called *notre cher ami* or *l'illustre malheureux*. As the moment draws near which is to decide the fate of the culprit, Madame de Sévigné can think of nothing else; and instead of endeavouring to seek subjects and places which might distract her from her grief, she seems to delight in every circumstance that can stimulate it. She takes up her abode in a house close by the arsenal, for the purpose of seeing Fouquet pass on his way to and from the court.

'Je ne crois pas,' says she, 'qu'il m'ait reconnue; mais je vous avoue que j'ai été étrangement saisie quand je l'ai vu rentrer dans cette petite porte. Si vous saviez combien on est malheureuse quand on a le cœur fait comme je l'ai, je suis assurée que vous auriez pitié de moi; mais je pense que vous n'en êtes pas quitte à meilleur marché, de la manière dont je vous connois.'

'J'ai été voir votre chère voisine (Madame du Plessis Guénégaud); je vous plains autant de ne l'avoir plus, que nous nous trouvons heureux de l'avoir. Nous avons bien parlé de notre cher ami (Fouquet); elle avoit vu Sapho (Mademoiselle de Seudéri), qui lui a redonné du courage. Pour moi j'irai demain en reprendre chez elle; car de temps en temps je sens que j'ai besoin de réconfort. Ce n'est pas que l'on redise mille choses qui doivent donner de l'espérance; mais, mon Dieu! j'ai l'imagination si vive que tout ce qui est incertain me fait mourir.'†

Not satisfied with thus expressing her grief, Madame de Sévigné was very busy talking to the judges, and especially to Olivier d'Ormesson, who, named to draw up the report on the case, could from this circumstance have the greatest influence by the manner in which he presented the facts to his colleagues.

* Letters, Nov. 17, 1664, to January, 1665, *passim*. These letters were published separately in 1756, under the title, *Lettres de Madame de S..... à M. de Pomponne*. Amsterdam, 12mo., 73 pages.

† *De Madame de Sévigné à M. de Pomponne*, Nov. 27th, 1664. Edit. Hachette, vol. i., pp. 451, 452.

'Voilà qui est donc fait. C'est Mardi à M. d'Ormesson à parler ; il doit récapituler toute l'affaire : cela durera encore toute la semaine qui vient, c'est à dire qu'entre ci et là ce n'est pas vivre que la vie que nous passerons. Pour moi, je ne suis pas connoissable, et je ne crois pas que je puisse aller jusque-là. M. d'Ormesson m'a priée de ne le plus voir que l'affaire ne soit jugée ; il est dans le conclave, et ne veut plus avoir de commerce avec le monde. Il affecte une grande réserve ; il ne parle point, mais il écoute, et j'ai eu le plaisir, en lui disant adieu, de lui dire tout ce que je pense.'*

It would be impossible to give an accurate idea of the excitement that prevailed amongst the public with respect to Fouquet. A comet having appeared in the mean while, every one connected this astronomical phenomenon with the trial ; Fouquet alone saying, *La comète me fait trop d'honneur*.† It was noticed that Sainte Hélène and Berryer, who had been particularly bitter against Fouquet, and showed proofs of despicable servility to the wishes of the king, died wretchedly a short time after.

Madame de Sévigné, one would imagine, was less likely than anybody else to feel concerned in the unfortunate *surintendant*. During the time of his prosperity he had repeatedly attempted to lure her away from the path of virtue. Bussy-Rabutin, her own cousin, who was not a whit more scrupulously disposed, often taunted her on the assiduities of Fouquet, and it had been reported that the famous *cassette* contained letters most damaging to the reputation of the *Marquise*. 'Whatever injury,' says M. Paul Mesnard,‡ 'Fouquet may have unconsciously done to Madame de Sévigné by the unfortunate disorder of his papers, she nevertheless remained faithful to him in his misfortune—touching faithfulness for which her memory has been rewarded. A friendship which for a moment nearly cost her moral character so much, has left posterity nothing but a monument of the generosity of her heart. Her letters to Pomponne, on the trial of Fouquet, will ever stand in the first rank of those which make us love her. They have the value of a precious historical document, of a model, as far as the narrative goes, clear, lively, simple, breathing true emotion ; finally, they claim the merit which belong to a good deed. When she wrote them, she was giving proof of courage, because she did not know

* *De Madame de Sévigné à M. de Pomponne*, Dec. 5th, 1664. Edit. Hachette, vol. i., p. 462. Olivier d'Ormesson, born in 1616, died in 1686. The laudable impartiality he manifested during the whole of this celebrated trial brought about his disgrace. In 1667 he sold his office of *maître des requêtes*, and retired altogether from public life. See a note in Hachette's edit., vol. i., p. 449.

† Choisy, *Mémoires*.

‡ *Notice biog. sur Mad. de Sévigné*, in Hachette's edit., vol. i., pp. 71, 72.

whether they would be delivered in safety to her correspondent.* It signifies little to us, when we read these letters, whether the blow which struck Fouquet was deserved and necessary. We leave to history its severity. Friendship, especially in a woman, has a right to be partial. Besides, in this trial, arbitrary measures corrupted justice. When an accused person is pursued so unmercifully, when documents are suppressed, when the judges are bribed and browbeaten, the culprit can inspire nothing but compassion. If Madame de Sévigné raises our indignation against the Chancellor Séguier, against Pussort, against Colbert himself, against *ces vengeances rudes et basses*, she by no means takes advantage of the seductions which a mind such as hers is likely to exercise. To whatever purpose illegality, violence, hatred, and depravity may be applied, they can never be unjustly denounced, and we like to see the hand of a woman branding the iniquity of one in authority.'

Still we have to explain the singular reaction which took place in favour of Fouquet when his accusation, trial, and disgrace came to afford one more proof of the mutability of human affairs.† In the first place, the inquiry lasted over the space of three years, and in that interval numerous families were threatened with ruin, on account of the judicial proceedings commenced against all those who had any part in the financial transactions of the time. The supposed abettors of Fouquet's malversations were condemned to pay a fine of 10,000,000 francs; and as they were more or less connected with the magistracy and the nobility, their position could not but create the utmost anxiety throughout a large and influential circle. In the second place, we must not forget the radical and often unjust nature of Colbert's financial reforms, especially the arbitrary measure alluded to by Boileau in the following lines:—

'Et ce visage enfin, plus pâle qu'un rentier
'A l'aspect d'un arrêt qui retranche un quartier.‡

The icy coldness of the minister, his want of courtesy, his bad breeding, were contrasted unfavourably with the politeness, the suavity, the liberality of Fouquet.

Shut up in the fortress of Pignerol, condemned to a perpetual imprisonment which was rendered unusually strict and

* 'Je voudrais seulement savoir si mes lettres vous sont rendues sûrement.'—*Mad. de Sév. to Pomponne*, Nov. 17th, 1664. Edit. Hachette, vol. i., p. 487. Simon Arnauld, Marquis de Pomponne, was the son of Arnauld d'Andilly, and the nephew of the great theologian, Antoine Arnauld.

† See on this subject M. Chéruel's *Mémoires sur Fouquet*, vol. ii., chap. 46, p. 386.

‡ *Satire 3.*

severe, Fouquet, that *illustre malheureux*, that notable monument of the vicissitudes of life, was destined to see as his companion in captivity another personage whose adventures were almost more romantic, more surprising than his own. Madame de Sévigné in one of her most celebrated letters, written to M. de Coulanges, had said: 'Je m'en vais vous mander la dose la plus étonnante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse... M. de Lauzun épouse au Louvre... Mademoiselle, la grande Mademoiselle... Mademoiselle, petite fille de Henri IV., etc., etc.*' What was Fouquet's surprise when he, who for fifteen years had remained a stranger to all that was going on in the world, heard from Lauzun himself the story of one of the most extraordinary careers on record! A younger son of a Gascon family, without means and influence, had risen to become commander of the dragoons, captain of His Majesty's body-guard, a general in the army! He was on the point of marrying a princess of the royal family: the king himself had given his consent! And now, there he was, in a state prison, the companion of a cabinet minister in disgrace! Fouquet thought that Lauzun had become mad, and it required the solemn declaration of independent witnesses to convince him that the whole affair was not the story of a confirmed lunatic.

We have mentioned the name of Bussy-Rabutin. The history of Madame de Sévigné's relations to her cousin will afford us another opportunity of illustrating the good points of her character, and also the very extraordinary ideas of morality which prevailed throughout the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. Married (August 4th, 1644) to a man completely unworthy of her, Mademoiselle de Rabutin-Chantal, now Marquise de Sévigné, soon found herself exposed to the greatest temptations. Tallemant des Réaux, in his *Historiettes*, says of Sévigné: 'Ce n'étoit pas un honnête homme; il ruinoit sa femme, qui est une des plus agréables et des plus honnêtes femmes des Paris.' Conart (*Mémoires*) adds: 'Il y avoit cette différence entre son mari et elle, qu'il l'estimoit et ne l'aimoit point, au lieu qu'elle l'aimoit et ne l'estimoit point;' and he goes on to remark that in not esteeming him, 'Elle avoit cela de commun avec la plupart des honnêtes gens.' Sévigné herself did not take the trouble of concealing from his wife his indifference for her. He was evidently not merely a man of loose morals, but a downright brute; and this is what Tallemant des Réaux means by saying that '*ce n'étoit pas un honnête homme.*' We must remember the peculiar signification

* Dec. 10th, 1670. Edit. Hachette, vol. ii., p. 76.

which the seventeenth century attached to the expression *honnête homme*. In order to deserve such a title, it was not indispensable, as now, to pay your debts, to be honourable in all your transactions, and, in short, to obey the principles of God's law; *un honnête homme* two hundred years ago might be the worst sinner on earth, provided he threw over his vices the cloak of decorum, and conformed to the low standard of morality adopted by society.* Hence the Marquis de Sévigné, described as he is as not being *un honnête homme*, must have really forfeited every claim to be called even a human being. Bussy-Rabutin, we are sorry to say, was not a whit better. Under the pretext of punishing the faithless husband, he had the impudence to propose to his cousin to sink down to his own level; reiterated refusals could not make him desist from his disgraceful attempt; and when Sévigné had been killed in a duel, (1652,) fought for the sake of an abandoned woman to whom he had attached himself, he made a last and equally fruitless endeavour to seduce the widow. The whole of this transaction serves to give an idea of what woman was at the time of the Fronde. Of course honourable exceptions were to be found; but when we see a man like Bussy-Rabutin assuming that every lady must be as pliable as Madame d'Olonne, Madame de Monglat, or Madame d'Uxelles, what must we think of the prevalent sense of morality at that epoch?

Bussy-Rabutin, in good sooth, was nothing but an arrant scoundrel. We see him deceiving a friend of his father's, on purpose to get from him a sum of money which he needed to cover his extravagance. A short time after, a *lettre de cachet*, bearing the signature of the king, arrives at Moulins, where Bussy was quartered with his regiment. His majesty complained that the soldiers of Bussy, *backed by their officers*, carried on an active contraband business in salt, to the great prejudice of the *gabelle*-administration; they were further charged with stopping passengers on the highway, and levying upon them a kind of black-mail. Bussy was summoned to Paris, arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained for five months. It was subsequently to that *esclandre*, that Madame de Sévigné's cousin attempted to retrieve his decayed fortune by a second marriage. He had been for some time a widower; he would have very much liked, even at the sacrifice of his liberty, to have at his disposal his fair relative's pro-

* On the meaning of the expression *honnête homme*, see Sainte-Beuve, *Derniers Portraits littéraires*, p. 85, edit. Didier, 1852.

perty ; but at that time Sévigné was not yet killed, and Bussy could not afford to wait. He resolved upon making a bold stroke for a wife, and, supported by the Prince de Condé, he carried into execution one of the boldest and most extraordinary raids that the history of the Fronde can boast of.

Madame de Miramion was a widow, very rich and very pious.* A man called Du Bocage introduced Bussy-Rabutin to a monk who held the position of her spiritual director ; by this means Bussy heard that on a certain day Madame de Miramion purposed making a pilgrimage to the Mont-Valérien, near Paris. He immediately formed the plan of stopping the lady on the road, carrying her off to a place of safety, and compelling her to marry him. Relays were prepared on the road to Brittany, as far as the château of Launay, which belonged to Bussy's uncle, the grand prior of the order of Malta. A troop of horsemen, engaged to favour the affair, took up their position in the Bois de Boulogne. They soon perceived coming toward them a carriage, in which were Madame de Miramion, her mother-in-law, and two other ladies. The horsemen rushed to the pursuit, and met the convoy near a garden, which is now included in the park of St. Cloud. They compelled the coachman to drive back as far as a spot in the wood where a light travelling-carriage with six horses was waiting. A soldier belonging to the escort having requested the three ladies to step from their own conveyance into the fresh one, Madame de Miramion refused ; thereupon Bussy's friends began to resort to violence, and in attempting to struggle with them she was wounded. So unexpected a resistance determined the aggressors to modify their original plan. In order to lose no time, fresh horses were harnessed to Madame de Miramion's own carriage, and Bussy gave directions to start immediately.

The unfortunate lady, at this juncture, prayed to God for courage, discretion, and support. She cut the straps which kept the carriage-curtains fastened, and cried out to all the passers-by for assistance, giving her name, and endeavouring to obtain their sympathy. After several incidents, which it would be too long to detail here, the whole party arrived at last at Launay. Here a Knight of Malta who belonged to the escort, presented himself, and begged Madame de Miramion, in Bussy's name, to alight. She looked at him steadily, and fully resolved not to move :—' Is it by your orders, Sir,' said

* On Madame de Miramion, see Hippolyte Babou, *Les Amoureux de Madame de Sévigné*, pp. 79-84, edit. Didier, 12mo ; and Walckenaer, vol. i., chap. 10.

she, 'that I am treated thus?' 'No, Madame,' was the reply, 'we are only following the instructions of Count de Bussy, who says that he brings you here by your own agreement.' 'What he tells you is false, and you will see if I consent.' Moved by this declaration, the knight gave way to compassion. 'Madam,' continued he, 'we are here two hundred gentlemen, all friends of Bussy. If he has deceived you, we will assist you against him. Only deign to explain yourself in the presence of some of us, and do not refuse to alight and take some rest.' At this declaration she recovered confidence a little, and stepped out of the carriage, saying to her companion, (the other had been compelled to leave her,) 'Gabrielle, keep close to me.'

They made her enter into a cold low room. Having remarked on the table a brace of loaded pistols, she grasped them with a kind of nervous agitation; but the excitement of the day had proved too much for her, and she fainted away on the cushions of the carriage which had been brought out to make a seat. A physician from Sens who happened to be there, felt her pulse, and declared that she was going to die. Then Bussy, frightened, fell upon his knees, and with clasped hands begged the pardon of her whom he had so grossly insulted. On seeing him, Madame de Miramion made a desperate effort, and, rising, said with all the emphasis of a stern and unconquerable resolution, 'Sir, I swear in the presence of the living God, my Creator and yours, that I will never marry you.' 'Alas!' was the answer, 'if you depart, I shall never see you more!' 'If you let me go,' answered slowly the young widow, 'you will succeed better than by employing the means to which you have had recourse.' 'I do not expect it,' replied Bussy, rising. The Knight of Malta then once more made his appearance, and entreated Madame de Miramion to recruit her exhausted strength by taking some refreshment. 'Yes,' said she with a firm tone, 'when the horses are harnessed and ready to start.' The preparations were soon made; and, seated in the carriage, our heroine swallowed a couple of fresh eggs, and the knight reconducted her as far as Sens, where she was met by her friends.

After such a disgraceful piece of work, the next scandalous episode we have to mention in connexion with Bussy, is that which led to his exile and imprisonment. The wars of the Fronde were over; after all the vicissitudes and excitement of military life, repose was hateful to Bussy. He felt out of his place at Court,* the festivities of Versailles were tedious

* 'Au demeurant, Bussy étoit un fat à qui ni la cour ni la guerre n'ont jamais pu ôter le goût de la mauvaise compagnie ni l'air de la province.'—*Recueil de Murepas*.

to him, and he detested hunting. Incapable of enjoying the calm and wholesome joys of family life, he struck up a friendship with Vivonne, Vardes, Guiche, Manicamp, and other debauchees; and forgetting that the time for dissipation was irrevocably past for him, he launched into a career of irreligion, imprudence, and abandoned immorality. During the month of April, 1659, in the midst of all the associations of Passion Week, he committed, in the company of his dissolute associates, at Roissy, a series of abominations of which he has given us two distinct accounts,* without, as is generally believed, telling us the worst features. Vardes, Guiche, and Manicamp were well known by their vices: from them anything might be expected. Bussy had more than once boasted of his infidel opinions: in fact, the whole set was pointed out even by the least precise as utterly lost to every sense of decency. To make matters still worse, 'Ces quatre amis,' we quote Bussy's own words, 'se trouvant en liberté, pour s'encourager à mépriser davantage le monde, proposèrent de médire de tout le genre humain; mais un moment après, la réflexion fit dire à Bussy qu'il falloit excepter leurs bons amis de cette proscription générale; cet avis ayant été approuvé, chacun demanda au reste de l'assemblée quartier pour ce qu'il aimoit; cela étant fait et le signal donné pour le mépris des choses d'ici-bas, ces bonnes âmes commencèrent un cantique. Tout fut compris à la réserve des amis de ces quatre messieurs; mais comme le nombre en étoit petit, le cantique fut grand et tel, que pour ne rien oublier il faudroit pour lui seul faire un volume.†

The canticle or song alluded to in the above quotation may be read by those who are curious of such matters, in M. Boiteau's edition of the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*.‡ It contains not only the most blasphemous expressions, but what was considered then as still worse, sarcasms against the most distinguished personages of the Court, including the king himself. Bussy might have known that such a production would not long remain secret, and that his personal enemies would take good care to use any opportunity against him; and, yet instead of becoming more watchful, more cautious, suspected as he now was, he accumulated every species of imprudence, the greatest of which was to write that famous (or rather infamous) *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*, which, although being only a true statement of facts and an authentic evidence of the immorality

* In his Memoirs, and in the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*.

† *Hist. amoureuse des Gaules*, pp. 424, 425, Edit. Lalanne, 12mo., 1857.

‡ Paris, 3 vols., 18mo., 1856, in *Jaquet's Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*.

then prevailing at court, was, politically speaking, a blunder and a piece of infatuation. The manuscript was lent; as might have been expected, copies of it were circulated abroad; it was printed in Holland, and published in 1656.* 'Thirteen months' imprisonment in the Bastille, a broken career, seventeen years' compulsory banishment, ten years of so-called voluntary exile, a perpetual disgrace which ended only with his death in 1693, such were the results of that serious fault, both moral and literary, which for its gravity and its results has caused poor Bussy's destiny to be compared with that of Ovid.†

In connexion with this catastrophe there are two circumstances which should not be omitted, and which have done much to stamp Bussy-Rabutin as one of the most despicable creatures, morally speaking, of the seventeenth century. The first is the undignified manner in which he bore his disgrace. After having insulted the king, and condescended to turpitudes of every description, he should have kept quiet, and proved that when he wrote the *Histoire amoureuse*, he had duly counted the cost of the step he was taking. Instead of this, we find him endeavouring to get once more into favour by the most nauseous expressions of flattery; he writes to the Duke de Noailles in the tone of a man thoroughly disheartened; he has recourse to every epithet that can please *le grand monarque*; his protestations are extravagantly obsequious, his loyalty, his respect, his adulation are unbounded. On one occasion (April 12th, 1682) he was allowed to come to Court. 'Je me jetai donc ce jour là,' says he in his *Memoirs*, 'aux pieds du roi, qui me reçut si bien, que ma tendresse pour lui me serra le cœur au point de ne parler et de n'exprimer ma joie et ma reconnaissance que par mes larmes.' So disgusting a piece of rhetoric can only inspire thorough contempt, and accordingly we hear with no surprise that Bussy's attempts were treated as they deserved. Fond as he was of servilism, Louis XIV. had sense enough to see that a return of fortune would only have led our hero to add another chapter to the *Histoire amoureuse*.

The second fault we have to find with Bussy refers to the abominable way in which he treated Madame de Sévigné. It appears that, being hard pressed for money, he had on one occasion applied to his cousin for a loan which would have enabled him to satisfy some of his most urgent creditors. Accustomed to habits of economy, having to watch over the interests of her family, knowing, besides, the extravagant habits

* Small 12mo., at Liège, by the Elzevirs.

† Sainte Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. 3.

of Bussy, Madame de Sévigné flatly refused to help him. Irritated beyond measure at what was only a measure of prudence, the *gentilhomme* revenged himself by adding to his scandalous book a portrait of the *Marquise*, which, if it had been true, would have stamped her as an abandoned person, worthy of keeping company with Mesdames de Monglat and d'Olonne. In these circumstances, and under the impression of so gross an insult, Madame de Sévigné behaved as any high-minded woman would have behaved in her place. She made Bussy feel that he had lowered himself so as to make his spite unworthy of notice; and after repeated alternations of quarrel and reconciliation, she allowed him to stand with respect to her on that footing of dubious friendship, which the slightest misbehaviour on his part would have broken for ever. She forgave him his base calumny, but she never forgot it, and more than once reminded him of it. 'Levez vous, Comte,' she wrote to him, 'ou reprenez votre épée pour recommencer le combat.' She had, evidently, all the advantage on her side, and felt that with one word she could crush the unfortunate Bussy.

During the whole of the reign of Louis XIV. there existed in France a set of persons who, as politicians as well as philosophers, had preserved habits of opposition. They continued the old Gaulois spirit; they were *frondeurs* and free thinkers in an age of dull uniformity. To that school belonged Guy Patin and Saint Evremond; Bussy-Rabutin would have deserved a place with them had he shown a little more sense of his own dignity. Seeing the author of the *Histoire amoureuse*, already old and worn out, sacrificing even shame to the anxiety of making a figure at court, Saint Evremond remarked, 'Quand on a renoncé à sa fortune par sa faute, et quand on a bien voulu faire tout ce que M. de Bussy a fait de propos délibéré, on doit passer le reste de ses jours dans la retraite, et soutenir avec quelque sorte de dignité un rôle fâcheux dont on s'est chargé mal à propos.' The lesson is a severe but a just one, and he who gave it had the right to speak as he did; for, being placed in exactly the same circumstances as Bussy-Rabutin, he bore his disgrace with much dignity, and never took the slightest step which might savour of flattery or weakness.

The letters exchanged between Madame de Sévigné and Bussy-Rabutin, form a very material part of the correspondence we are now noticing. They are extremely witty, show a keen appreciation of character, together with all the marks of a cultivated mind; they are also stamped by that caustic disposition which Bussy's fair cousin was capable of valuing more

than, perhaps, any one else, and which, under the name of *rabutinage*, has become the distinguishing feature of a certain kind of epistolary writing.

Madame de Sévigné, so intimate with all the heroes of the Fronde, could not but feel particular sympathy for the celebrated Cardinal de Retz. 'The personal qualities of the prelate, whom, as Bossuet remarks, no one could moderately love or hate, the affection which he always manifested for Madame de Sévigné, and never ceased to offer, fruitlessly but perseveringly, to Madame de Grignan, both for herself and for her children—all these qualities had reduced at once an imagination smitten with romantic heroism, and a grateful heart.'* Numerous passages from the letters of the *Marquise* show the most certain marks of her admiration and tender attachment to the Cardinal. Madame de Grignan, who seems to have always been a very unamiable person, did not much relish the visits of De Retz; and Madame de Sévigné, alluding to this, amusingly wrote to the illustrious *frondeur*, 'Vous lui faites souhaiter la mort du Pape.' We question very much, however, whether his election to the chair of St. Peter would have prevented the Cardinal from maintaining his position as the *cavaliere servante* of Madame de Grignan. On his way to the conclave he managed to pass through Provence in order to pay her his respects; and if he had been installed in the Vatican, he would no doubt have contrived some occasional excursions to the south of France. Amongst the original group of characters which includes Turenne, Condé, La Rochefoucauld, Gourville, Corbinelli, and Bussy-Rabutin, the Cardinal de Retz occupies one of the most conspicuous places. The beginning of his career had been marked by *irregularities* of every description; and although he never was a Catiline, as Voltaire calls him, yet his natural element was disorder, confusion, and resistance to authority. After the termination of the war of the Fronde, he all of a sudden turned into a most loyal subject, and displayed the greatest zeal for the interests of Louis XIV. Age had brought on infirmities, but notwithstanding this he went three times to Rome for the purpose of supporting the French interests in the election of a Pope.

Madame de Sévigné's correspondence, more, perhaps, than any other work, throws light on the latter years of the Cardinal's life. 'Nous tâchons,' says she, (March 9th, 1672,) 'd'amuser notre bon Cardinal. Corneille lui a lu une pièce qui sera jouée dans quelque temps, et qui fait souvenir des

* Mesnard, *Notice Biog.*, p. 153.

anciennes; Molière lui lira Samedi *Trissotin*, qui est une fort plaisante chose; Despréaux lui donnera son *Lutrin* et sa *Poétique*: voilà tout ce qu'on peut faire pour son service.* In 1675 he formed the resolution of resigning his Cardinal's hat and of retiring into Lorraine, that he might live in perfect seclusion. 'Que dites vous de la beauté de cette retraite?' wrote Madame de Sévigné to Bussy. 'Le monde, par rage de ne pouvoir mordre sur un si beau dessein, dit qu'il en sortira. Eh bien! envieux, attendez donc qu'il en sorte, et en attendant taisez vous; car de quelque côté qu'on puisse regarder cette action, elle est belle; et si on savoit comme moi qu'elle vient purement du désir de faire son salut, et de l'horreur de sa vie passée, on ne cesseroit point de l'admirer.† De Retz was obliged by the courts of France and of Rome to give up his ideas of clerical humiliation; but he took up his abode at St. Mihiel, where he spent the last days of an agitated life in paying his debts, making, as far as possible, amends for the past, and discussing Cartesianism with some disciples of the new school of philosophy. He died in 1679.‡

The Cardinal de Retz's appearance as a Cartesian reminds us that Madame de Sévigné, too, and in fact the whole of the polite society of the seventeenth century, was busily engaged about the *discours de la méthode* and the *cogito, ergo sum*. It had become a fashion, such as it was one century later to hoist the colours of Rousseau and Voltaire. Madame de Sévigné did not care much for metaphysics, but she wished to keep her daughter, Madame de Grignan, who habitually lived far from her, *au courant* of all that was going on, and therefore she must needs transform herself into a philosopher. Her only ambition was to know enough, not indeed to take a part in the discussion, but to watch the interested combatants as they discussed before her. 'Corbinelli et Lamousse,' she says one day, 'parlent assez souvent de votre père Descartes. Ils ont entrepris de me rendre capable d'entendre ce qu'ils disent; j'en suis ravie, afin de n'être point comme une sotte bête, quand ils vous tiendront ici. Je leur dis que je veux apprendre cette science comme l'homme, non pas pour jouer, mais pour voir jouer.'§ Madame de Grignan was not only witty and agreeable; if we may believe Corbinelli, she understood excellently the philosophy of Descartes, and could talk about it with much skill.|| Corbinelli himself, the friend, and sometimes the amanuensis, of Madame

* Edit. Hachette, vol. ii., pp. 524, 525.

† Edit. Hachette, vol. iv., p. 172.

‡ On his character as a Cartesian, see M. Cousin's *Fragments Philosophiques*.

§ Edit. of 1818, Letter 315.

|| Madame de Grignan composed an abstract of Fénelon's work on the Love of God.

de Sévigné, had introduced into the family the new philosophy. Full of liveliness, wit, and talent, he defended Descartes on all occasions, both with his pen and also *vivâ voce*; but Madame de Sévigné and her friends complained that he would not publish anything.*

Our *Marquise*, accordingly, informs her daughter faithfully of all the news that would interest a Cartesian, every now and then joking Madame de Grignan on her filial attachment to Descartes, and on certain points of doctrine, which shock her own common sense. Not only does Madame de Sévigné love the philosopher a little for her daughter's sake, but she extends her sympathy to the philosopher's nephews and nieces, whom she meets in Brittany. 'Je ris quelquefois de l'amitié que j'ai pour Mademoiselle Descartes; je me tourne naturellement de son côté, j'ai toujours des affaires à elle, il me semble qu'elle vous est quelque chose du côté paternel de M. Descartes, et dès là, je tiens un petit morceau de ma fille.'† Elsewhere she relates that she has been present at a dinner-party of men of learning, 'qui discoururent après dîner fort agréablement sur la philosophie de votre père Descartes. Cela me divertissoit et me faisoit souvenir grossièrement de ma chère petite Cartésienne que j'étois si aise d'entendre, quoique indigne.'‡ Her letters are full of amusing or ironical allusions to the doctrines of Descartes. 'Je vous aime trop pour que les petits esprits ne se communiquent pas de moi à vous et de vous à moi..... En attendant, je pense, donc je suis, je pense à vous avec tendresse, donc je vous aime.'§ The opinion of Descartes, who seems to deprive objects of their colour, which he places in the soul, makes her inquire, jestingly, what the colour of the soul can be. 'Enfin, après avoir bien tourné, votre âme est verte.'|| Like La Fontaine she laughed at the idea of animals being mere machines, and could not consent to believe that her dog Marphyse had no soul.

The whole circle of Madame de Sévigné's friends, at her mansion of *les Rochers* in Brittany, or at the Hôtel Carnavalet in Paris, took part with the greatest vivacity either for or against Descartes. Sometimes it is the Abbé de la Mousse who discusses with the Bishop of Léon, *qui est Cartésien à brûler*; sometimes it is a long controversy in which Corbinelli adduces letters of Madame de Sévigné's son and of Father Damaie in favour of innate ideas, against M. de Montmoron, who maintains that all our ideas come from the senses. 'Nous

* See Madame de Sévigné's Letters, edit. of 1818, Letter 1101.

† Edit. 1818, Letter 1067.

‡ Edit. 1818, Letter 1026.

§ Allusion to Descartes' famous principle.

|| Edit. 1818, Letter 581.

avons eu ici une petite bouffée d'homme et de reversi. La lendemain, *ultra scena*. M. de Montmoron arrive. Vous savez qu'il a bien de l'esprit; le Père Damaie qui n'est qu'à vingt lieues d'ici, mon fils qui, comme vous le savez encore, dispute en perfection les lettres de Corbinelli, les voilà quatre, et moi je suis le but de tous leur discours, ils me divertissent au dernier point. M. de Montmoron sait votre philosophie et en conteste sur tout. Mon fils soutenoit votre père, le Damaie le soutenoit aussi, et les lettres s'y joignoient, mais ce n'est pas trop de trois contre Montmoron. Il disoit que nous ne pouvions avoir d'idées que ce qui avoit passé par le sens. Mon fils disoit que nous pensions indépendamment de nos sens: par exemple, nous pensons que nous pensons. Voilà grossièrement le sujet de la dispute.* In 1680, at the time when the persecution directed against Descartes was at its height, Madame de Sévigné prevented Corbinelli from going to certain Cartesian assemblies, lest he should compromise himself. 'Je n'ai pas voulu qu'il ait été à des assemblées de beaux esprits, parceque je sais qu'il y a des barbets qui rapportent à merveille ce qu'on dit en l'honneur de votre père Descartes.'†

As we find here, on our way, Corbinelli, who occupies so important a part in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence, we must say two words about him. The study of Descartes had been taken up by him as a kind of resource against the dull monotonous life of a country town. Afterwards he devoted himself to the perusal of mystic divines. From a philosopher, having turned atheist, from atheist Christian, and from Christian quietist, he was the president of a circle of mystic savants, who assembled for the purpose of making religious novels.‡ A spirit of curiosity had, it appears, thrown him in that direction. At all events his piety appears to have been chiefly speculative; and as it led him neither to reform his way of living, nor even to orthodoxy, Madame de Grignan had nicknamed him *le mystique du diable*. Madame de Sévigné, on the other hand, took up his defence with much vivacity; she trusted that his Christianized philosophy would finally bring him safely to harbour, and that, after trifling so long with bird-lime (*avec la glu*) he would end by being caught. Corbinelli died in 1716, more than a hundred years old.§

We have now some little insight into Madame de Sévigné's literary tastes. It is curious to see what her favourite authors

* Edit. Monmerqué, vol. vi., p. 460.

† Id. *ibid.*, p. 182. On all this episode consult Bouillier's *Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne*, vol. i., pp. 420, and following.

‡ La Beaumelle, *Mém. de Madame de Maintenon*, iii., p. 102, edit. 1756.

§ Mesnard, *Notice Biog.*, p. 149.

were; and fortunately we can, from her own correspondence, give a tolerably correct list of them. In a letter dated June 5th, 1680, written from *les Rochers*, she speaks of a small library she had just been putting in order. 'Toute une tablette de dévotion, et quelle dévotion! Bon Dieu, quel point de vue pour honorer notre religion! L'autre est toute d'histoires admirables, l'autre de poésies et de nouvelles et de mémoires. Les romans sont méprisés et ont gagné les petites armoires.*' She read not only the masterpieces of modern writers—for instance, Bossuet's *Histoire des Variations*, which she admired enthusiastically,—but also the great works of antiquity. The History of the Jews by Josephus filled her with admiration. In her library she had a translation of Sallust, but she could read Latin authors in the original. Tacitus was one of her favourites. 'Avez vous la cruauté de ne pas achever Tacite? Laissez vous Germanicus au milieu de ses conquêtes? Si vous lui faites ce tour, mandez moi l'endroit où vous en êtes demeurée, et je l'acheverai.†' Madame de Sévigné tells her daughter of the pleasure one has in reading all these histories. She wishes she could inspire her with the same taste, and pities her more than once for not having it. Tasso, Virgil, La Fontaine, were familiar to her, and amongst French poets Corneille, more than any other, excited her constant and unqualified praise. 'Vive notre vieil ami Corneille! Pardonnons lui de méchants vers en faveur des divines et sublimes beautés qui nous transportent.....Je suis folle de Corneille, il faut que tout cède à son génie.....Croyez que jamais rien n'approchera, je ne dis pas surpassera, je dis n'approchera de son divin génie.' Having such predilections, it will be expected that Madame de Sévigné was not favourably disposed towards Racine; if she applauded *Bajazet*, it was with very great qualifications; she said that its author would never go beyond *Andromaque*, and she blamed him for composing his tragedies merely with a view to please the actress Champmeslé, and not in order to live in the admiration of posterity. All these critiques are exaggerated, no doubt; but we must remember that a certain cabal wanted, at that time, to crush Corneille under the rising glory of Racine, and that Racine himself, led astray by his youth, and by the violence of his adversaries, had treated Corneille too disrespectfully. It was a real battle between two literary schools; genius was pitted against taste, and in quarrels of this kind the soundest critics often allow themselves to be biassed by considerations foreign to art. Madame de Sévigné has long been reported to

* June 5th, 1680.

† July 12th, 1671.

have said, 'Racine passera comme le café;' this smart epigram was really made up by Voltaire, who put together two passages from Madame de Sévigné's letters for the purpose of producing a brilliant repartee. We must now say a few words of that part of the library at *les Rochers* which was devoted to works of piety. It is very likely that if a Jesuit father had examined it, he would not have been altogether satisfied with its contents. Bourdaloue's Sermons formed, certainly, a remarkable item in the collection; but there were also Nicole's *Essais de Morale*, the letters of M. de Saint-Cyran, collected and published by M. d'Andilly, the Bible of Royaumont, Saint Augustine on Predestination, (translated by M. du Bois,) Arnauld's *Fréquente Communion*, Hamon's *Traité de la Prière perpétuelle*, and, in short, the best writings of the Port Royalist school; for, said she, 'everything which comes from those quarters is perfect.' Even a Protestant writer, Abbadie, had contributed his share to Madame de Sévigné's list of works of edification. She used to call the treatise *De la Vérité de la Religion Chrétienne* 'the most divine of all books.'

Speaking of the *Marquise's* personal religion, M. Mesnard remarks that although characterized by much independence, yet it had a strong Port-Royalist bias. 'With a few exceptions,' he continues, 'it was the tendency of all the superior minds of the age. The attraction which that famous school exercised is sufficient to account for the admiration with which it inspired Madame de Sévigné. On the other hand, if we endeavoured to explain this sympathy by reasons derived from her private friendships and from family connexions, we should be taking from her unfairly the merit of an unfettered judgment and of her personal opinions. At the same time we must acknowledge that more than once she found in her immediate circle the opportunity of strengthening herself in her Jansenist convictions. She must, whilst a child, have heard her friends talk with respect of Saint-Cyran and of the Arnauld family. We all know how under the auspices of Saint François de Sales a pious intimacy had been formed between Madame de Chantal on the one side, and *la mère Angélique*, *la mère Agnès* de Saint-Paul, Antoine Arnauld, and Arnauld d'Andilly, on the other. In the correspondence of Madame de Chantal we can see the letters full of sentiments of respectful affection which she wrote to Saint-Cyran, "that great man of God," as she calls him, and to *la mère Angélique*,—letters which she continued until the very last days of her life (December, 1641).' Madame de Sévigné admired deeply Pascal's Provincial Letters; she appreciated in them 'la solidité, la force, l'éloquence, le style parfait, la raillerie fine, naturelle, délicate,

digne fille des dialogues de Platon ;'* she wanted her daughter to read them over and over again, in order not to say that 'it was always the same thing.' She received them as soon as they were published, and in 1656 she expressed to Ménage, who had sent her the eleventh *Provinciale*, the pleasure she took in perusing the work. Nicole delighted her equally ; she said he was made 'de la même étoffe que Pascal.' His *Essais de Morale* formed one of her favourite books ; she would have 'made a broth of one of the treatises they contain, and swallowed it.' In short, she said that 'personne n'écrivoit comme ces messieurs.'

Madame de Sévigné regretted more than any one else the disputes which were carried on with regard to religion ; she wondered how, the essentials of Christianity being once admitted, people could amuse themselves in quibbling about minor points ; she did not like fine-drawn theology, and used to remark very judiciously, 'Epaississez moi un peu la religion, qui s'évapore toute à force d'être subtilisée.'† One leading characteristic of her faith was a kind of implicit belief in the everlasting decrees of Providence, which was much akin to fatalism, and of which M. Mesnard remarks that it was almost a superstition on her part.‡ Hence the cannon which killed Turenne, described as 'étant chargé de toute éternité ;' hence those bullets, 'qui ont leurs commissions.' A young clergyman dies for want of taking an emetic which would have saved him. 'Il n'avoit garde de le prendre,' she says : 'il faut que les Ecritures soient accomplies.' Speaking of the death of Cardinal de Retz, she observes, 'L'heure de sa mort était marquée, et cela ne se dérange point.' We must not take precautions to avoid infection, 'parceque nous le trouvons quand il plait à Dieu, et jamais plus tôt.' This view of Providence gave her perfect peace. 'Qui m'ôteroit la vue de la Providence, m'ôteroit mon unique bien ; et si je croyois qu'il fut en nous de ranger, de déranger, de faire, de ne pas faire, de vouloir une chose ou une autre, je ne penserois pas à trouver un moment de repos.'§ She had taken the habit of never alluding to one of her plans without adding, 'if it please God.' As she says herself, she was 'always trembling under the hand of Providence,' and dreaded to call forth God's jealousy if she did not ascribe to Him the chief place in all her arrangements. 'Je n'ose m'abandonner,' she wrote to her daughter, 'à toute la joie que me donne la pensée de vous embrasser ; je la cache, je la mitonne,

* December 21st, 1680.

† *Not. Biog.*, p. 178.

‡ November 20th, 1664.

§ May 6th, 1680.

j'en fais un mystère, afin de ne point donner d'envie à la fortune de me traverser : quand je dis la fortune, vous m'entendez bien. Ne disons donc rien, chère bonne ; soyons modestes, n'attirons rien sur nos petites prospérités.' *

We are naturally led to inquire a little into what Madame de Sévigné's opinions were respecting religious liberty and freedom of conscience, at an epoch when such a principle appears to have been almost entirely unknown. It would have been a wonder indeed if the *Marquise*, living in the atmosphere of Versailles, honoured by Louis XIV., and trained to all the maxims of absolutism, had shown any sympathy for the right of private judgment, and for her fellow-subjects of the *religion prétendue réformée*. At that time the Calvinists were deemed beyond the pale of laws both human and Divine; they had no status whatever, and everything was allowable against them. Madame de Sévigné, we cannot disguise the fact, in her admiration of absolute government manifested a hard-heartedness which nothing can justify. This is particularly illustrated by that portion of her correspondence which refers to the troubles in Brittany. Intimately acquainted with the Duke de Chaulnes, who in 1670 had been appointed governor of that province, knowing also the Marquis de Lavardin, lieutenant-general, and d'Harouys, treasurer of the 'States,' she was, whilst at her residence of *les Rochers*, the soul of every party, and her drawing-room formed the centre of re-union for those noblemen and ladies who wanted at that distance from Paris to keep up the usages of polite society. The Duke de Chaulnes used to send a detachment of his guards to escort her, saying that she was required for the service of the king. D'Harouys, whose house, on account of its magnificence, was called the 'Louvre of the States,' would not entertain the governor of Brittany at dinner unless he brought with him Madame de Sévigné. Puffed up by the consequence to which she had thus risen, our heroine indulged too unmercifully her sarcasms against the rough manners of the Bretons, their odd names, their intemperance. But this was not all; when by the orders of Louis XIV. the province was shamefully laid under contribution, deprived of its privileges, and treated in every respect as a conquered state, Madame de Sévigné, far from expressing any feeling of indignation or blame, seemed to rejoice over the abominable iniquities practised by the king's delegates. The States are convened, entertainments are given to the whole province, and care is taken by copious libations to prepare the deputies for acts of

* August 8th, 1685.

spontaneous generosity. 'Il n'y a qu'à demander ce que veut le roi : on ne dit pas un mot : voilà qui est fait.'* 'Notre présent est déjà fait, il y a plus de huit jours ; on a demandé trois millions ; nous avons offert, sans chicaner, deux millions cinq cent mille livres. Du reste, monsieur le gouverneur aura cinquante mille écus, M. de Lavardin quatre vingt mille francs, le reste des affaires à proportion, le tout pour deux ans.'† Thereupon, the king, wishing to reward the obedience of his Breton subjects, and not to be overcome in an act of generosity, made them a present of a hundred thousand crowns ; that is to say, in plain English, he consented to put up with 2,200,000 livres instead of 2,500,000. 'When the letter conveying this valuable piece of information arrived and was read, the cries of *Vive le Roi* resounded on all sides, and immediately they set about drinking, drinking, to what extent, heaven only knows.' 'Voilà une province !' exclaimed Madame de Sévigné.

The facility with which Louis XIV. had obtained from Britany the subsidies he wanted, led him to imagine that he could do there exactly what he liked. His agents began by introducing some vexatious measures, and then removed them on condition of a heavy payment. 'Savez vous,' said Madame de Sévigné, 'ce que nous donnons au roi pour témoigner notre reconnaissance ? Deux millions six cent mille livres, et autant de don gratuit : c'est justement cinq millions deux cent mille livres : que dites vous de cette petite somme ? Vous pouvez juger par là de la grâce qu'on nous a faite de nous ôter les édits.'‡ M. Mesnard would make us suppose that Madame de Sévigné meant to be ironical in describing the forced generosity of the Bretons ; we might perhaps admit such an hypothesis, even in spite of the lady's connexion with the governor of the province and his subordinates ; but the way in which she speaks of the riots of 1675 leads us to fear that she had not really that spirit of Christian kindness which one expects particularly from a woman. Heavy taxes and stamp duties had been imposed ; the Bretons, driven to madness, revolted ; castles were pillaged by the peasants, and noblemen were hung up at the top of the church steeples, with their sword at their side. The Duke de Chaulnes attempted by his presence to stop the riot, but he was received with a volley of stones. Of course excesses were committed during this rising, and it would have been hard to anticipate from the infuriated peasantry the moderation of which their rulers did not set them the example. Madame de Sévigné evidently failed to understand this. She saw that the king's

* August 5th, 1671.

† August 12th, 1671.

‡ January 1st, 1674.

authority was insulted, that Chaulnes, D'Harouys, Lavardin, and herself were running real danger. That was enough. 'On dit,' she said, 'qu'il y a cinq ou six cents bonnets bleus en Basse-Bretagne qui auroient bon besoin d'être pendus pour leur apprendre à parler.'* The punishment inflicted upon the province for its rebellion was most terrible. From the numerous accounts given by Madame de Sévigné, we shall quote the following, chiefly on account of the heartless piece of moral conclusion she draws from the whole scene. 'Il y a présentement cinq mille hommes à Rennes; car il en est encore venu de Nantes. On a fait une taxe de cent mille écus sur les bourgeois; et si on ne trouve point cette somme dans vingt quatre heures, elle sera doublée et exigible par les soldats. On a chassé et banni toute une grande rue, et défendu de les recueillir sur peine de la vie; de sorte qu'on voyoit tous ces misérables, femmes accouchées, vieillards, enfants, errer en pleurs au sortir de cette ville, sans savoir où aller, sans avoir de nourriture ni de quoi se coucher. Avant hier on roua un violon qui avoit commencé la danse et la pillerie du papier timbré; il a été écartelé après sa mort, et ses quartiers exposés aux quatre coins de la ville.... On a pris soixante bourgeois; on commence demain à pendre.' Now for the morality, the conclusion of the whole matter:— 'Cette province est un bel exemple pour les autres, et surtout de respecter les gouverneurs et les gouvernantes, de ne leur point dire d'injures, et de ne point jeter de pierres dans leur jardin.'† To us it seems evident that Madame de Sévigné was quite blinded by the prejudices, first, of her early education, and secondly, of the *entourage* amidst which she lived; the point of view from which, in common with the whole of the seventeenth century, she judged men and things, was that of absolutism. Having had the honour of dancing in the royal ballets, and of being complimented by his Majesty, she believed that both the king and his representatives could meet with no opposition whatever, that their mandates were beyond control; and she acted throughout her dealings with the people and the *bourgeoisie* strictly according to Bossuet's maxims as they are stated in the *Politique selon l'Ecriture*. The attentive perusal of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence will, we believe, convey the impression that she was essentially the creature of impulse. Her religious opinions were of the vaguest description; decidedly opposed to everything that savoured of dissent from the creed which it pleased Louis XIV. to adopt, she entertained on weightier matters a breadth of views consistent with Jan-

* July 3rd, 1675.

† October 30th, 1675.

senism on the one side and Jesuitism on the other. For her, as for all her contemporaries, the great question was, 'What will the king say?' This point once satisfactorily settled, she followed her own inclination; and when we consider that the king was a necessary actor in almost every episode of a Frenchman or Frenchwoman's life, we may judge how small was the latitude which the fair *Marquise* allowed herself.

Of her two children, the son appears to have been a kind of rake, left to do pretty much what he liked; kind-hearted, easily led astray, yielding to every temptation, he fell under the influence of Ninon de Lenclos, who corrupted the son, as she had corrupted the father. His redeeming quality was deep affection for his mother. 'His filial love,' says M. Mesnard,* 'was touching. Full of attentions and of kindness, he constantly endeavoured to amuse and please her. Full of wit, he often by his anecdotes made her die with laughter (*rire aux larmes*); he liked nothing so much as her company and her conversation; in her solitude he was her assiduous reader, her nurse, devoted as a girl, when she needed his care. Instead of being jealous of the excessive tenderness which Madame de Sévigné manifested towards his sister, he entered into that feeling with a generosity which never appeared constrained, and which remained always the same..... During the disorders to which he abandoned himself through weakness, not corruption, he never concealed any thing from his mother; it was to her that he told his ugly (*vilaines*) secrets, not for the sake of making a boast of his vices, but as a giddy young man whose heart was good and honest, who came to be scolded and to have a word or two said to him about God.'

Madame de Grignan, more guarded in her conduct, proper, decorous, and outwardly irreproachable, pleases us very little, nevertheless. She was selfish and haughty, and she never seems to have returned in an adequate manner that deep affection which breathes through all Madame de Sévigné's correspondence with her, and which caused Arnauld d'Andilly to call the fond mother '*une jolie païenne*.'

It has been sometimes insinuated that, like many of her contemporaries, Madame de Sévigné wrote with a view to posterity, and that she wanted to be considered as an authoress. Surely those who make such an assertion can never have studied the letters of Voiture and Balzac. With these gentlemen we are indeed plunged into the midst of professed book-makers. What care to appear under the best circumstances, 'to be witty and smart,' to throw off a sesquipedalian sen-

* *Notice Biog.*, p. 118.

tence, and to astonish society by the glitter of rhetoric! Here is a paragraph for Madame de Sablé, there an epigram which will astonish the circle at the Hôtel de Rambouillet! How Mademoiselle Paulet will laugh at this! How M. de la Rochefoucauld will admire that! Such is the uniform impression which the correspondence of both Balzac and Voiture leaves upon us. Exuberance of wit distinguishes the latter, polished verbiage characterizes the former; in both we find the traces of egregious vanity, and the consciousness that the fashionable world was standing by applauding. We do not say, that occasionally Madame de Sévigné's letters were not handed about; Madame de Thianges sent one day a *laquais* to borrow from a friend 'la lettre du cheval et celle de la prairie.' But we deny that this was a rule. 'En vérité,' said the *Marquise*, 'il faut un peu entre amis laisser trotter les plumes comme elles veulent; la mienne a toujours la bride sur le cou.' The correspondence we are now noticing reflects exactly the style of conversation which then prevailed, natural, spontaneous, called forth by the passing events of the day, and totally different from the pedantic disquisitions of the *précieuses*, or from the heavy sermonizing style of later times. The *Bélises* and the *Philamintes*, so admirably turned into ridicule by Molière, fancied they had the gift of *causerie*; it was nothing of the kind. They spun out endless theses about the sonnet of 'Job,' or the 'Carte du Tendre.' The Du Deffands and the De Launays of the eighteenth century imagined likewise that *causerie* was their forte; and to a certain extent, perhaps, their pretensions were legitimate. But when conversation becomes a business and a trade,—when it is considered as an opportunity for making a show of philosophy, science, sentimentalism, and irreligion,—surely its chief charm is gone. Madame de Sévigné, on the other hand, was an accomplished *causeuse*; and as her correspondence was a mere reflex of her conversational talents, it will live amongst the master-pieces of epistolary writing.

Most persons who attempt to appreciate Madame de Sévigné do so from the perusal of twenty or thirty of her letters,—those which figure in every collection of elegant extracts. This is scarcely fair. If we would judge her as she deserves; if we would study in her not only a model of style and of gracefulness, but one of the most entertaining historians of French society during the seventeenth century, we must follow M. Sainte-Beuve's opinion;* we must '*entrer et cheminer pas*

* *Portraits de Femmes*, p. 19, Edit. 1858, 12mo.

à pas' in the twelve volumes of M. Hachette's admirable edition; and if we have some taste left for what is really wholesome intellectual food, we shall find the task an easy one indeed.

ART. V.—*Life in Java: with Sketches of the Javanese.* By WILLIAM BARRINGTON D'ALMEIDA. Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1864.

THE information furnished by these two volumes will probably be new to most of their readers. Java, though one of the loveliest and most fertile islands of the Eastern hemisphere, and abounding in features of interest for the politician and the naturalist, has never been a favourite resort of travellers. Sculptured ruins which tell of a civilization vastly antecedent to that of Europe, scenery as grand as that of Switzerland, and not less charming than that of Italy, native industry as versatile and prolific as that of the Chinese, customs as curious as those of out-of-the-way lands scarcely accessible to the white man,—have failed hitherto to attract to Java the attention of those restless thousands, who, wearied with the monotony of home, are ever panting for new sensations, and venturing upon untried fields of travel. We dare almost predict that this will no longer be the case. Mr. D'Almeida has written such a story of his three months' holiday as will induce many to follow in his wake. And if they do not meet with stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes, they will at least find plenty to amuse and instruct.

The island of Java is the third in magnitude of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Its length from east to west is one hundred and sixty-six miles, and its breadth varies from fifty-six to one hundred and thirty-six. It has an area of upwards of fifty thousand miles, with a coast-line of fourteen hundred. The population, according to the last census, which was taken in 1853, is about ten millions and a quarter. With the exception of the officers of the Dutch government, and a fair proportion of merchants from all parts of the world, with a considerable number of Chinese settlers, the country is inhabited by the Sundas and the Javanese, the former occupying but a narrow slip of territory on the coast. Within the limited area of the country, it is possible to gather a great deal of information in a short time; and Mr. D'Almeida seems to have spent his three months in Java very industriously; though, while acknowledging his claim to having published 'a faithful account

of this valuable possession of the crown of Holland,' we cannot but wish that his sketch had been somewhat fuller and less discursive. His account of the natural features of the country, its industrial progress, its religion, and of some branches of its administration, might have been more perfect and distinct. On the other hand, he has furnished a very vivid picture of native manners and traditions, and made a valuable contribution to the literature of travel. He is not a book-maker, but a conscientious narrator of facts and incidents of personal experience and observation.

The geological formation of Java is volcanic. A chain of mountains, whose summits rise from four thousand to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, runs down the centre of the island. More than forty of these are volcanic, and at least twenty are active. The most important of these is the Bromok, which in form is 'something like a cone, from the summit of which about a third part, or even more, has been irregularly broken off.' From its side irregular masses of mud and sand, 'coated with a cake of baked clay like red lava,' project. 'Imbedded in these mounds are large blocks of lime and iron stone, also huge black stones veined like marble, and shining like granite.' These, which are scattered on all sides, were probably ejected at the last eruption of the Bromok, which took place a few years ago. 'The noise of the crater,' says Mr. D'Almeida,

'was quite terrific. The smoke, forcing its way through large apertures in the sides, made a hoarse, grumbling sound, like that of an impatient steam-engine; and sulphureous odours impregnated the air, almost choking us.....The crater, when we looked down into its dreadful abyss, seemed a perfect pandemonium; and one could well fancy, on beholding a spectacle so grand and appalling, what must have been the conjectures suggested to the minds of ignorant, superstitious natives. What more probable than that they should regard the sounds issuing from its profound depths as the shrieks, yells, and groans of a multitude of discontented spirits, calling in misery to be delivered from the prison-house in which they were suffering unutterable torments?'

The crater of the Bromok, which is shaped like a basin, and has a diameter of three hundred and fifty feet, with a depth of two hundred, is full of masses of a mud-like substance, which crumbles into dust when touched. One of the extinct craters of this chain of mountains is said to be the largest in the world, being nearly five miles in diameter. From the nature of its soil, as well as from its extent, it is called the Sand Sea. So vast is its extent, that heaps of stones are placed at certain dis-

tances to mark the proper track, and prevent travellers from losing themselves in the dreary waste. The volcanic eruptions are frequent, and sometimes on an almost incredible scale. A lake called the Tologo Warno, which is said to have been no less than eight hundred feet deep, and beautifully clear, is now diminished in depth to seventy-five feet, and its waters have been rendered thick and muddy in consequence of the quantity of stones and rubbish thrown into it during the eruption of a volcano which is now extinct.

The natives have some strange theories and traditions concerning volcanoes. They believe that the noise which the mountain makes is the voice of some departed gnome, giving utterance to his desire for human flesh. In their holy book it is predicted that in consequence of its volcanic nature, the island of Java will be the first place in the world to take fire at the last day. To this belief, however, a saving clause of great importance is added. The Javanese are not to be burnt, but transferred to some safe place until the catastrophe is over. They will then return to the island as its masters,—the Dutch, Chinese, and all others who have disputed their possession of it, having been disposed of in the fire. Stranger than any of their traditions is the ceremony of blessing or worshipping the Bromok, which is held regularly once a year, accompanied by great festal rejoicings. The pilgrims who flock to this festival are generally Brahmins of a not very strict type. Mr. D'Almeida gives a graphic picture of one of these occasions. At a short distance from the principal hut

‘were twenty mats placed on the Sand Sea, on each of which knelt a young priest, having before him a box of myrrh, aloes, frankincense, and other spices which are sold for offerings. At right angles with this row of mats was another row, with the same number of priests, all kneeling in the Arab fashion, their bodies partly resting on the calves of their legs.....The sacerdotal dress consisted of a white gown, over sarongs of batek, which were tied to the waist by broad red belts. Over the shoulders hung two bands of yellow silk bound with scarlet, with tassels and coins hanging from the ends. Round the head was a large turban, ornamented with gaudy silk scarves. Before each priest were small packets of plantain leaves, containing incense, chips of sandal-wood, and other preparations; wooden censers, from which arose clouds of aromatic perfumes; and a basket of plaited rattan, containing water, near which was a goupillon, made of plantain leaves, with flowers fixed at the top. Crowds stood within about six paces of the priests, waiting for the consecration of their various offerings, which were placed on stands made of bamboo. The offerings generally consisted of cocoa-nuts, plantains, pine-apples, mangoes, and other fruits; baskets of chickens recently

fledged; pots, prios, and baskets of rice; trays piled up with a variety of cakes exhaling incongruous smells; strips of calico and silk; coins of silver, gold, and copper; besides numerous other objects. After some minutes spent in prayer, the people going through all the external forms prescribed by their creed, which often constitute the whole extent of their knowledge of it, each priest dipped his goupillon into the basket of water, which he took into his left hand, and, muttering some words, sprinkled the offerings as they were brought to him. All the holy men then bowed down, and repeated a loud prayer, which was echoed by the young ponditas and some of the bystanders. The oldest of the priests next rose up, followed by all the others, repeating words which sounded like "Ayo! Ayo! Bromok!" probably meaning, "Forward, forward, to the Bromok!" This was the signal anxiously expected. The mass of human beings now made a tremendous rush for the volcano, the first who succeeded in gaining the ridge believing himself favoured by fortune, and certain of future good luck.....The various families and individuals then handed their offerings to the priests, who again mumbled a few words over them, after which their owners hurled them down the crater, repeating, as they did so, some prayer or wish.'

Not satisfied with offerings of cocoa-nuts and produce, the people proceeded to throw live fowls into the crater. Some of these, however, though more deficient in devotion, were less deficient in sense, than the votaries who sought to victimize them; and so they wisely took wing, and flew to some ridge on which they were safe. Stones found near the Bromok at the previous festival were offered for sale, and eagerly bought, as remedies against every possible disease.

Earthquakes are not uncommon in Java, but they are generally slight. The native theory regarding them is that the earth, which is in the form of a tray, rests on the horns of a great bull. Annoyed by its weight, the bull makes occasional attempts to displace it, and in so doing gives it a terrible shake. Hot springs, impregnated with carbon, are found in some parts of the island. In the centre of a lake called Chondero di Moeko, 'three or four jets like fountains' rise some four or five feet, and scatter their hot spray around. The margin of the lake consists of 'soft, hot mud, sulphureous deposits, and small blocks of limestone,' which have been ejected from the water. The Tologo Leri lake, the waters of which are of a milky colour, seems to be at boiling point, 'the steam rising thick and bubbling, as though over a large fire.' In the same district there is a small cavern which at certain seasons emits a noxious gas. The vapour happened to be escaping at the time of Mr. D'Almeida's visit. A fowl was thrown into the cavern. The

moment it regained its feet, 'it attempted to rush up the mountain side, as though some evil genie were at its heels. But before many seconds had elapsed, the whole neck and head seemed suddenly convulsed, and, flapping its wings in agony, it rolled over and expired.' The natives repair to this spot when they are afflicted with melancholy. 'If their low spirits arise from the frustration of any desired object, they sleep near the lake a whole night; and if they live to see the light of the following day, they feel assured of gaining the object of their wish. If, on the contrary, the poor credulous individual breathes his last before the morning breaks, his death is attributed, not to the gas, but to the vengeance of a pungooroo, or evil spirit.' Another lake, called Warno, which is about three hundred yards long, presents a diversity of colours truly extraordinary. 'One portion was bright yellow, another a beautiful emerald green, another light blue, then rose, orange, and milky white; the various hues gradually passing into each other.' This phenomenon cannot be attributed to atmospheric influence, inasmuch as the lake is always the same during the wet or dry seasons.

The lakes and rivers of Java, though numerous, are generally of insignificant size. In very few cases are the rivers navigable, but they are largely used for purposes of irrigation. The temperature of the island is singularly equable, ranging near the sea level from 70° to 90°. In the higher levels it is more various. There is no snow at any season. Even the loftiest mountain summits are clothed, in the coldest weather, with but a thin sheet of hoar-frost. In some districts there is a slight miasma, arising more perhaps from the want of proper sanitary precautions than from any unhealthiness of the soil; but, generally speaking, the climate is exceedingly healthy, and favourable to the growth of the produce of temperate latitudes. The flora and fauna are particularly rich and diversified. On the lower lands are found palms, bananas, amaranthaceæ, aroids, euphorbiaceæ, and papilionaceous legumens. Higher up are oaks and laurels, forests of gigantic figs and bamboos, ferns and orchids of almost every variety, and nepenthes. There are more than a hundred species of mammals, including tigers, leopards, bats, monkeys, several families of deer, and a white rhinoceros. Of birds there are nearly one hundred and eighty species. Snipes, storks, and herons are found in large quantities on the marshy lands; there are eight species of eagles, and seven of owls. Besides these, there are partridges, quails, pigeons, pelicans, and a very singular variety of the cuckoo. Fish are plentiful; there is a good supply of oysters; but fresh-

water fish are generally inferior. It is to be regretted that Mr. D'Almeida furnishes but little information respecting the natural history of the island. A story or two about alligators and tigers, with here and there an account of a wild-boar hunt, scarcely satisfy the scientific reader.

The early history of Java is lost in utter obscurity. No records are reliable until 1478, when the Hindu religion was overthrown, and the Mohammedan enthroned in its place. The Dutch, to whom the island now belongs, made their appearance first of all in 1595. In 1610 they had become powerful enough to build a fort, near the site on which the town of Batavia now stands. For a long time they were engaged in incessant war with the natives, who were compelled to succumb to a higher civilization. Province after province was ceded to the victors; and at the present time the native princes own scarcely one fourteenth of the island, and even they are tributary and dependent. The Dutch confine themselves mainly to the suburbs of the town of Batavia, which is a place of no mean pretensions. In the business quarter there are many stately warehouses, of red brick, liberally decorated with florid ornaments, and of immense size. In the European quarter there are 'fine, spacious-looking shops, occupied by European tailors, chemists, milliners, &c.,' and also 'elegant mansions situated in the midst of carefully-tended gardens, large government buildings, and a fine club-house, which goes by the name of the Harmonie.' An extensive green, a mile square, 'faced with fine large houses, and traversed by roads lined with rows of trees on each side,' and a race-course, which owes its existence to the enterprise of the English residents, give a European aspect to this quarter of the town. Another quarter is occupied by Chinese colonists, who are to be found here in swarms, as indeed in almost every other place in which money may be made. It must be up-hill work for them in Java, for they are heavily taxed by the Dutch. When they enter as settlers, when they assume the rank of citizens, and when they leave, they are mulcted most heavily. Notwithstanding, they manage to make their way, and some of them acquire considerable wealth. Among the many odd customs which distinguish the Chinese in Java is one which would startle the young ladies of England. Beneath the windows of their houses is often to be seen an empty flower-pot, 'lying horizontally on the portico roof.' Its position cannot be accidental, because it is seen in so many cases. Nor can it be looked upon as a religious symbol, for then there would probably be one on each house. It is nothing more nor less than a matrimonial advertisement.

the plain English of which is, 'A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.' The Chinese in Java are regarded with great jealousy both by the Dutch and natives, though they are far more tolerable than in their own country, or in Singapore and Penang. In 1740 a mob composed of soldiers and natives attacked the Chinese, and slaughtered ten thousand of them in a few days.

The interior of Java is peopled mainly by the natives, who are of the Malayan type, of short stature, high cheek bones, brown complexion with a shade of yellow, and keen, black eyes. The traveller who wishes to visit the Vorsten Landen, or country of the native princes, must provide himself with a passport, after satisfying the authorities as to his profession, his last place of residence, and the length of time he intends to spend in Java. For the convenience of travellers a system of posts has been established. These are generally at distances of ten miles. 'On ordering his first horses, the traveller is expected to state the intended day's journey, and the intimation to this effect travels from post to post.' Hence little time is lost, especially as the horses are kept at full gallop, and run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This pace, however, is only kept up by the efforts of the *lopers*, who, like the donkey-boys at Cairo, terrify the poor animals with their voices and whips. The *coucer*, or coachman, confines himself merely to volleys of that kind of whip-cracking which a Javanese driver alone can produce. The great drawback to the postal system is that you can never be sure of your horses when you have ordered them. Any government officer, who requires horses for the discharge of his duties, can countermand the orders of travellers, and use the horses himself. Sometimes the journey is varied by a sail on the canals, of which of course there are very many. A Dutchman could not exist without canals. Some of the canals in Java are from eighty to ninety feet in width, and walled on both sides with solid stone-work. In the canal boats the company is often more picturesque than pleasant. Groups of greasy natives, for want of something else to do, occupy themselves 'in examining minutely each other's flowing tresses,—men as well as women,—proclaiming ever and anon, by a dexterous movement of the finger and thumb, the capture made, the victim slain!'

The Javanese have no regular police force, and yet they contrive to maintain throughout the whole country the most perfect quiet and order. Instead of the complicated police systems of Europe, a plan of village government is adopted, which has the charm not only of simplicity and cheapness, but of the summary

administration of justice. The townspeople of Java constitute its police. Each town is divided into so many districts, the division being generally regulated by the localities of the various races. Each of these districts is 'under the supervision, and to some extent the jurisdiction, of the most influential man of the neighbourhood, who is generally of royal blood, or very high standing.' Under this official is the *Capalla*, whose duty it is to appoint the watches day and night, 'the male members of every family taking in turn the duty of watchman.' He occasionally visits the stations, reports to his superior, and supplies the night passes, 'without which none can stir out of their campong after eight in the evening.' All delinquents are brought first of all to him. If their offence is trivial, he disposes of the case. But when the offender has been guilty of a more serious criminality, the affair is placed 'in the hands of the *Tumungong*, or *Pangeran*, who, in turn, if the matter proves too intricate for him, sends it up to the European magistrate, who settles it according to Dutch law.' The grand advantage of this system is that every villager has a kind of responsibility for the good behaviour of his neighbour, as well as the motive of a personal ambition; for every sub-official may entertain the hope of promotion to more honourable office. The weapons employed in the constabulary service are unique. They are the *bunday*, the *kumkum*, and the *toyah*. The first of these is 'a short pole, about four feet in length, upon the top of which are tied two pieces of wood, so placed as to meet in an acute angle, and open towards the ends, like the distended jaws of an alligator; the resemblance being made greater by the addition of dried stems of sharp thorns, tied on the two pieces of wood, and looking somewhat like rows of teeth.' This formidable weapon is used for the capture of an escaped prisoner. The man into whose keeping it is confided runs at full speed after the hapless victim, and endeavours 'to fix the instrument round the neck, waist, arm, or leg of the pursued, who, as soon as he feels the sharp thorns encircling his body, generally comes to a full stop.' If the *bunday* should fail, recourse is had to the *kumkum*, which consists of a bar of iron in the shape of a small sword, attached to the top of a stave some five feet long.' The *toyah* is more humane in its construction. Its shape is that of a pitchfork with blunted points, and it is used for the purpose of stopping the runaway by bringing him down on his knees. No native is allowed to walk in any town or village of Java after seven in the evening without a light. Some carry torches made of small thin split bamboo, lighted at one end, or of bundles of wood 'rubbed over with ignitable compounds.'

Others have a tumbler of water, with oil on the top of it, on which a wick of pith floats, supported by corks. This they carry about in white pocket handkerchiefs, through which the light shines, without igniting them. The handkerchief has probably been dipped in some solution to render it fireproof.

Though the island of Java is held by the Dutch, a sort of native sovereignty is yet maintained in the Vorsten Landen. The Susuhunan, whose person is held sacred by the natives, is called Kaiser by the Dutch, and by the English the Emperor of Java. There is a second sovereign, of inferior power, who is called the Sultan. Both of these are spoken of as though they were independent princes. But they are almost nonentities, their only glory being titular, and their only independence being that they are allowed to manage their own affairs of state, and to let their lands to Europeans or Chinamen without enforcing the usual tribute of one third. They, as well as all the princes who hold landed property, are permitted to maintain a small army,—a kind of militia,—but each regiment must have a Dutch major, captain, and ensign. Between the emperor and the sultan there is some little jealousy, the latter having recently declined to offer the homage which his predecessors were wont to pay to the Susuhunan; but, on the whole, they seem very well satisfied with their position. The present Susuhunan, Pakoe Bewono VIII., who was seventy-six years old at the time of Mr. D'Almeida's visit, was 'so averse to filling the throne of the Bewonos, that on the demise of his father he steadily refused to occupy the vacant seat, giving up his right in favour of his brother.' The brother's reign was short, and again he waived his right in favour of another brother. On the death of this brother in 1859, the old man had no alternative but to take the reins, and he has managed them to the satisfaction of all parties. His native style and title runs thus:—Pakoe Bewono, Susuhunan of Soerakarta, Senopati, Ingalago, Ngabdoer, Rachman, Ponotogomo. With all these titles he is wretchedly poor, and cannot obtain credit from the tradespeople, without producing a written order from the Dutch resident. Indeed, the poor old man is so much under the authority of the Dutch, that he is not allowed to drive beyond a certain limit 'without acquainting the resident with his intention; and reporting, on his return, the places he has been to.' His private life is somewhat eccentric. He spends the day in a house adjoining his palace, and at night sleeps on a sofa which is never placed two nights consecutively in the same position or the same room. Sometimes, even when it is raining, he obstinately

insists on sleeping out of doors on a mat. The Dutch attribute these eccentricities to his fear of the treachery of the natives. The natives themselves say that 'he prefers the open air because he can commune, in the silence of night, with the spirits of by-gone monarchs, or hold converse with his temporal and spiritual adviser, Ngaisatomy, who by day hides herself in a large cannon covered with red cloth, and caged round by trellis-work of bamboo, and is only exhibited to the public on grand occasions.' It is believed that this modest and invisible counsellor warns the emperor of the approach of danger.

Mr. D'Almeida was honoured with an interview with his majesty. After passing through a vestibule, the floor of which 'was strewn with ends of cigars, roccos, tobacco, and other refuse,' and the walls 'daubed with red in patches, marking the spots where the careless inmates had expectorated the betel-nut, &c., after having chewed it,' the visitors waited until their arrival was announced by 'two dirty old women, who to their profession of cake-vendors to the court added that of porters also.' A native band having struck up a wild air, the procession, marshalled by some officers of the court, marched to the Pringitan, or Audience Hall.

'As we approached,' says Mr. D'Almeida, 'within a few steps of the Pringitan we bowed to his majesty, who graciously acknowledged this mark of respect by a slight inclination of his head. Mounting the steps, we stopped again on the top one, and all bowed, the officers saluting him with their swords. After advancing a little farther towards him, we came to a dead halt, for the third and last time, and, when about a yard from his royal person, lowered our heads once more..... All that remained now was the process of introduction, and Colonel J—— having presented us to his majesty, who shook hands with us, we all set down in a semicircle, in the centre of which, seated on a chair, cushioned with red velvet, was the Susuhunan..... His head-dress consisted of a black kerchief, to which were attached several diamond ornaments. In the middle, just above his forehead, was a yellow dahlia, cut and trimmed so as to look like a brooch, in the centre of which blazed a large diamond. He is the only native prince who is entitled to wear this flower on his head, the ornament being regarded as a distinctive emblem, showing that he is looked upon as the most sacred of native princes throughout the whole archipelago. Round his neck were three long collars of diamonds, emeralds, and gold, in addition to a massive gold chain; and on his left breast some orders, one of which was that of the Lion of Holland. He wore, likewise, a medal which, having sided with the Dutch, he had gained during the Java war. A Geneva watch, the back of which was covered with diamonds, and a number of splendid

rings, completed the list of the old monarch's jewellery.....Beside each individual present was placed a spittoon...in the form of a brass vase ornamented with flowers and filigree work. The one for the especial use of the Susuhunan, which was of solid gold, was placed on a stand.'

His majesty is a widower, and has never kept a seraglio. On the occasion of this interview 'his sister-in-law, niece, and two daughters, the latter looking almost as aged and wrinkled as their father, were seated on his right hand.' Behind these were dancing-girls and various female attendants, whose movements were very peculiar. 'Whenever they were required to minister to the wants of his majesty or the ladies, they crawled with knees doubled, so that the heels almost touched the nether part of the thighs.' They never touched the ground with their knees, and could only have acquired the ability to balance their bodies by long and painful practice. All the servants who came within a short distance of the Pringitan 'fell on their knees and made obeisance to the Susuhunan, by raising both hands, clasped as though in prayer, till on a level with their nose.' The same kind of salute was given to the sultan, and the same ceremonies were observed when Mr. D'Almeida paid him a visit. The sultan keeps a seraglio, which the lady of our traveller was permitted to enter. Her pen furnishes a vivid sketch of this visit:—

'In a low kind of bungalow.....were assembled several women, mostly very young, and all dressed in a costly native fashion. Some of the party were playing a Chinese game of cards. All looked up on our entrance, but soon resumed their occupation, alternately playing, chewing tobacco, betel, and seri-leaf, and using their spittoons, one of which was placed by the side of each person. Most of them were good-looking, with magnificent dark eyes, drooping lids, and long, curling lashes.....Their hair was dressed with care, being all drawn back from the face, and arranged in two loops behind, in which chumpaka and molor flowers were inserted by some, whilst others wore diamond pins. The ear was made unnaturally large by immense ear-rings, in shape exactly like a small cotton-reel, about the size of one of Clarke's number sixty, the centre of each end being studded with brilliants.'

We are bound to add, that the ladies of Java have very bad noses, and very black teeth. The latter distinction, however, is regarded as beautiful; and teeth naturally as bright as pearls are disfigured thus by a gradual process. The women of the seraglio, with the exception of one silent and sad-looking girl of some twelve or thirteen years, seemed cheerful and contented. The privilege of unlimited finery reconciles them to their lot.

With the exception of the fishing on the north coast, the industrial energies of the Javanese are mainly given to agriculture. The climate and the natural fertility of the soil offer peculiar facilities. There is a somewhat extensive tobacco culture, which has been prompted mainly by European enterprise.

'The tobacco plant is cultivated in rows, two or three feet apart, on flat ground. When it has attained the height of from four to five feet, it is cut down and defoliated. The leaves are then tied up in bundles of fifteen, twenty, or thirty, and suspended from bamboo poles running across the interior of the shed, where they are left to dry for twenty days or more, according to the state of the atmosphere..... When the leaves assume a yellow tinge, they are taken down, piled one over the other in bamboo frames, and left for a fortnight or three weeks to ferment. They are then examined, and, if found quite brown, are tightly pressed and packed up either in boxes or matting for exportation, or in the bark of the tree plantain for immediate sale.'

The natives are great consumers of tobacco; but their favourite mode of using it is not the pipe. The national taste is for chewing. They disfigure their under lip by a nasty habit of holding a large piece of tobacco on it for hours together, after having chewed it. This is even worse than the habit of the Malays, who keep the precious morsel under the upper lip, 'giving the ignorant stranger the impression that some hard body, which only a surgical operation could extract, is embedded in it.'

The common cotton-tree, the native name for which is cuppoo, is found in great abundance. It grows to the height of fifty or sixty feet, with but few leaves on its branches, from which the pods, in length four inches, and one inch and a half in thickness, hang. The pods, when ripe, split from top to bottom, showing the cotton, 'which runs in parallel lines like rows of pearls.' The natives have a superstitious regard for this tree. It is thought to be the abode of the Poontiana, or the spirit which destroys children, and which is supposed to possess a marvellous power of self-transmutation. Most frequently it appears in the guise of a female, but sometimes as a black dog, or as a human corpse, or as a cat. Many wonderful tales are told of the Poontiana, and almost every cotton-tree has a tuft of hair nailed to its bark, as a charm against the machinations of the evil spirit.

Sugar, indigo, maize, and coffee are cultivated to a considerable extent. For the preparation of coffee and sugar the natives make use of the most recent mechanical contrivances. At Boe-

doeran, Mr. D'Almeida saw a sugar factory worked by steam, in which all the most useful inventions were to be found. He also saw the process of preparing coffee. 'The fresh berries,' he says,

'when gathered, are thrown into a dentated cylinder, which is turned round by means of steam, and, as it revolves, grates the pulpy covering off the husk or shell in which the berry is contained. These fall into running rills or conduits, which convey them to reservoirs outside the factory, where, by means of rakes and brooms, they are washed clean. The reservoirs are then partially opened to allow the exuviae to escape into some neighbouring ditch. The coffee is afterwards taken out and carted to some two and three storied sheds, where it is strewn upon the floors, and left until all moisture is gone. In a day or two it is taken out and spread upon receivers of wood or brick in the open air; and when the husk is found to be thoroughly dry and brittle, it is carried away into another building to be shelled.'

But the principal produce of Java is rice. In an average year the country will yield ten millions of quarters; and if there be an abundant supply of water, two rice crops may be secured in one year. The growth of rice requires a very copious and efficient irrigation; hence

'sawahs, or rice reservoirs, are always to be seen in the valleys, or at the foot of hills; these situations being preferred on account of the greater facility they afford for keeping the fields under water. They are always so arranged as to follow one another consecutively, with embankments of mud around each. Situated on a slope, they look from a distance—before the paddy has attained to any height—like steps of shining mirrors; but a level view presents more the appearance of a marsh or swamp. The highest reservoir is fed from a spring by means of bamboo pipes, and at one corner of each embankment there is a small opening to conduct the water from thence to the next reservoir, and so on to the lowest ones.....When the reservoirs are filled with water, the husbandman ploughs his several fields, and then selecting an *ari slamat*, or lucky day, he throws the paddy broad-cast over one or two fields, which we may call nurseries. After the lapse of a month, when the paddy has grown to the height of half a foot, he cuts it out in sods, and separating the roots, he plants them in sawahs, whose waters he has by this time lowered considerably, leaving only such quantities as will prevent the ground from becoming hard and dry.....For the two ensuing months, he has no other occupation, until he is summoned to gather the rich yellow harvest by which his labour is rewarded.'

The cultivation of opium is strictly prohibited throughout the island; but as the demand for it is great, and the revenue

from its sale considerable, large quantities are imported from India and Turkey. It is due to the Dutch government to say that though the traffic in opium pours vast sums into their exchequer, they discountenance its use by almost all possible means. Vendors of it are bound 'not to sell above a given measure when it has to be taken beyond the precincts of their shops,' and licences for its sale are granted to localities which are chosen yearly,—a fresh selection of places being made each year. The idea of this arrangement is that as the places selected one year may be twenty or thirty miles from those chosen the next, the poorer natives, who cannot afford to travel that distance frequently, for the purchase of the fascinating but deleterious drug, are compelled to do without it. Still further to check the trade, the licences for the sale of it are rated at such prices, that none but the wealthiest merchants can afford to buy them. The day of the opium auction is one of the most exciting in the year. The auction takes place in the house of the regent, and the proceedings are opened by the secretary, who reads out the names of the towns and villages in the residency, at which opium may be sold that year. A certain value is then put upon the licence of each particular farm, and the bidding commences. At an auction at which Mr. D'Almeida was present, the sum of 180,000 rupees was bid for the privilege of selling opium for one year in the town of Ngwaie. The purchaser was a Chinese merchant,—the Javanese are rarely rich enough to engage in large speculations. The Chinese generally assist their calculations, at these sales, by the use of a sort of ready reckoner, which 'consists of an oblong frame of wood, divided lengthwise into two unequal compartments, with parallel wires fixed across, leaving equal spaces between each. On these wires are arranged balls, which can be shifted up and down, two being in each small division, and five in the larger one.' On the day of sale referred, to the government made no less than a million of rupees.

The native manufacturers are not on a level with the progress of the people in agriculture. Their mechanical skill is very inferior. All their agricultural implements are rude. Their weaving of cotton and silk fabrics is indifferent. They make a coarse, unglazed, and unartistic pottery. But they are excellent boat-builders, and are clever in particular departments of metal working. The celebrated *kriss*, or native dagger, which everybody wears, ladies and little boys as well as men, is often of very exquisite design and workmanship, and commands a high price in the market. The paper made in

Java from a sort of papyrus is very poor. Their architecture, too, is mean in the extreme. Nothing has been attempted in the way of buildings since the conversion of the Javanese to the Mohammedan faith. In many places are found the ruins of once beautiful structures, and yet beautiful even in their decay; but they all betray their relation to Hinduism, a religion far more poetical, and therefore more inspiring, than that of Mohammed. The temples of Java are unimposing and rude, partly because the people are not naturally inclined to their creed, and partly because there is nothing in it to call forth artistic taste.

The Javanese are very musical. Their music is always extemporary, but singularly sweet. The principal instrument used in their orchestras is the *gamalan*, which consists of several gongs of various sizes, fixed on a wooden frame with four legs. Sometimes these gongs are of enormous size, and might be used comfortably for a bath. When heard close at hand, their tone is noisy and deafening, but at a distance it is sweet and lulling. They are struck 'according to the fancy of the player, each producing a different tone.' Another instrument is something like a rude violoncello, 'about four feet long, with an oval back,—the finger-board, tail-piece, and pegs being of ivory.' Two wires compose the strings, which on being tightly drawn produce sounds far from pleasing. The drum is essential to a native orchestra; it is oblong in shape, and played with the hands instead of drum-sticks, the player sitting cross-legged on the ground, with the instrument on his lap. There is also a sort of hybrid fiddle, which the natives call *rabup*, the sounds of which are so faint, that when Mr. D'Almeida stood near and watched the fiddler attentively, as he bent his head 'to the motions of the fiddlestick, apparently rapt in enchantment,' he could not catch a single note, harmonious or otherwise. However much the Javanese fail in fiddles, they are the first nation in the world for gongs, the tone of which has been pronounced by one of the most eminent English musicians peculiarly sweet and deep.

They are exceedingly fond of dancing spectacles. Whenever a company of dancers appears, a crowd is sure to be attracted. A *danseuse*, whom Mr. D'Almeida saw, exhibited some natural grace in her movements. 'In one hand she held a Chinese fan, which in the dance she coquetted with as well as a Spanish donna might have done; whilst in some stages of the performance she concealed her face beneath a frightful mask, removing it occasionally with the unemployed hand.' The performance does not seem to have captivated Mr. D'Almeida, though it was

evidently appreciated by the natives, who clapped their hands, and gave utterance to hearty cheers. In more athletic sports the Javanese are very far behind the natives of India. The game of football, however, is a national sport, which the natives enter into with great enthusiasm. 'The ball is made of basket-work, with many apertures, so that it may be easily caught when falling or rolling.' They are also very fond of a more cruel sport, that of 'deadly combats between wild animals.' The *sensational* scene on such occasions is the fight between the tiger and the buffalo. Their hunting is of a very cowardly order. 'The sportsmen are perched up in little huts, secured to the upper part of the trunk of some large tree, where they wait in readiness to pull the trigger on the appearance of any bird or beast, frightened to the spot by a large number of the regent's men, who surround the forest, and by their loud shouts, yells, and cries, startle the animals from their lairs, compelling them to run, in a state of excitement and distraction, into the very teeth of danger.'

The Javanese are very polite. Their etiquette is strict and elaborate. Whenever a stranger approaches a native who happens to be riding on horseback, the latter immediately dismounts, and waits until the traveller has passed by, bowing continually. Peasants leading horses, on catching sight of strangers, 'suddenly check their animals, lead them off the main road, and, with hat in hand, stand uncovered' until the travellers have passed. Their respect for office is unbounded; it amounts to positive devotion. 'A young chief, son of the regent, was following close upon a deer, when a huntsman, in the act of plunging his kriss into the animal, accidentally inflicted a slight wound in the leg of the young man. As the only alternative left, in order to expiate what in the eyes of the natives is regarded as a dreadful crime, the huntsman immediately withdrew and committed suicide; thus averting, as they believe, the vengeance of Allah from the heads of his family and relatives.' They have a system of social visiting which more than atones for many of their national eccentricities. Visits are always paid in an evening; and if the inmates of any house wish to avoid seeing callers, 'the front verandah or reception-room is not lighted, in which case the visit of any but the most intimate friends would be considered an intrusion.' This custom, however, applies mainly to the Dutch colonists; and it might be imitated with great advantage in the homes of Europe.

As in all eastern lands, the marriage ceremony is protracted and imposing. Mr. D'Almeida took advantage of an oppor-

tunity that was offered him of witnessing a wedding in one of the native villages. His presence was welcomed by the family as a lucky omen. In the reception room, sitting cross-legged upon white mats, were 'the elders of the village, priests, relations, and acquaintances.' Cups of tea, *à la Chinoise*, betel nuts, and various native delicacies, were served up to the guests. In another room, which contained a low bed, with curtains 'of white calico, ornamented with lace, gold, silver, beads, and coloured bits of silk,' there was a platform raised at the foot of the bed, on which were spread several bronze trays laden with cakes. On the arrival of the bride, the attendants poured water upon her feet, and an elderly man, a relative, 'carried her in his arms to the inner room, and placed her on the platform,' at the left hand of the bridegroom. Her dress was simple, consisting only of a long *sarong*, which, passing under both arms, covered her chest, and reached nearly to her ankles, being confined round the waist by a silver *pinding*. Her face, neck, shoulders, and arms were dyed yellow,—a disfigurement which concealed her blushes, but did not enhance her beauty. A coronet of beads and flowers completed her costume. The bridegroom was also yellow-washed, and naked to the waist. Round his waist his sarong was fastened 'by a bright silk scarf, through the folds of which glittered the gilt hilt of a kriss.' On the top of his head, from which his hair fell in long thick masses upon his back, was a conical-shaped hat, 'made of some material resembling patent leather.' The picture of the bridesmaid is not fascinating. 'On the left side of the girl sat an old haggard-looking woman, the *waksie*, or bridesmaid, on whose shoulders, according to the wedding etiquette of the Javanese, rests no small share of responsibility. Before the marriage is arranged, she acts as a go-between, to settle matters for all parties, though it does not always follow that she becomes the bridesmaid on the occasion; but as the natives have a superstitious belief that ill-luck will surely fall upon the young pair, unless everything is done with becoming propriety, a woman of this profession is very frequently selected to act as *waksie*.' Her functions are numerous; she has not only to superintend the bride's toilet, so as to make her attractive to the bridegroom and guests, but to overlook the arrangements of the entire wedding, and, above all, to see that the bride gets plenty of betel nut. The bridegroom has also his *waksie*, who is a boy dressed generally like himself.

The language of the Javanese has three dialects, the vulgar, the polite, and the learned. The structure of each is simple. Their literature is abundant, and is generally metrical in its

form. It is made up mainly of traditions and romances, but possesses little of the spirit of poetry. There is little origina- tive power in the Javanese mind. Intellectually the people are below the oriental level, as, indeed, the Mohammedans generally are. There is a curious story connected with the Javanese alphabet, which may have some foundation in fact, but which seems to have been devised 'to impress the letters on the minds of juvenile pupils.' A priest, walking through a forest, lost his kriss. Feeling too fatigued to return for it, he despatched a woodman to seek it for him, while he and his servant sat down to refresh themselves. As the woodman did not return, the priest sent his servant in quest of him. He soon found him, and the two quarrelled so violently that both were killed. This story 'serves as a sort of mnemonic aid to the young Javanese learning their letters :—

Ho no tjo ro ko—He sent them both.

Dho to so wo lo—Who fell out and quarrelled.

Po do djo jo njo—They were equally courageous.

Mo go bo tho ngo—Both were killed.'

We have not space to go into the question of the relation of Java to the kingdom of Holland. The Dutch have only acquired their possession by prolonged struggles and a vast out- lay. They have yet to reap the harvest. Java provides them with little but the glory of conquest, and an outlet for mercan- tile enterprise. The country is capable of improvement, but it is too densely populated to hold out the prospect of large remuneration. The temporary occupation of the island by the British between 1811 and 1816 was of incalculable advantage to it. The policy of Sir Stamford Raffles led to many improve- ments in labour and trade, though his scheme of taxation is open to objection. The rule of the Dutch has been in the main enlightened and salutary. They have a vast responsi- bility, and one to which they are equal. With the immense resources at their disposal, and with their natural industry, the Javanese ought to rise to the level of European civilisation ; and with the many facilities which it offers, Java ought to become one of the most fertile fields of travel, and of mercantile labour. As the sphere of a yet grander toil, it should command the holiest sympathies of the church. The true secret of its future prosperity and glory lies in the raising, through the length and breadth of the land, of the standard of the Cross.

- ART. VI.—1. *Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman: a Correspondence, &c.* Longmans. 1864.
2. *What then does Dr. Newman mean? A Reply, &c.* By the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. Fourth Edition. Macmillans. 1864.
3. *Apologia pro Vita sua; being a Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, 'What then does Dr. Newman mean?'* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. Longmans. 1864.

A THEOLOGICAL controversy between Professor Kingsley and Dr. Newman cannot but have a special interest. They are two of the greatest living masters of English; and they are men of strongly contrasted characters and opinions. Mr. Kingsley excels in insight—insight into the hearts of men, into the power of principles, into the life and meaning of past ages; and possesses, in consequence, notwithstanding certain heretical or eccentric tendencies, a living truth of apprehension, which often lights him to the innermost philosophy of history and of life, so far as this may be attained by the feebleness of human thought. Dr. Newman excels in detailed exposition and analysis, in subtlety of hypothesis, in logical fence, in intellectual persuasion—being of all living men, perhaps, the most fitted by gifts of understanding to be the expounder and apologist of an ecclesiastical party. Mr. Kingsley, again, represents a school of thought most profoundly, and at the same time intelligently, opposed to Popery; while Dr. Newman has been essentially a Papist almost from the first; would seem indeed to have been a predestined Papist.

But a higher interest than any merely or necessarily involved in such a controversy actually emerges in the one which we have undertaken to review. Dr. Newman gives us his own autobiography during the most critical years of his life, and in so doing furnishes the natural history of the Tractarian movement at Oxford from its rise about 1833 to his final and complete absorption in Romanism about twelve years later. It is this which constitutes the chief value of this controversy; and which will make Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita sua* one of the cardinal authorities to be consulted hereafter by the historian of Britain in the nineteenth century.

With so important a matter awaiting our attention, we must be as brief as possible in our notice of the merely personal dispute between Professor Kingsley and Father Newman. In the main we hold Mr. Kingsley not to have committed wrong in

this matter. Where he was mistaken, it was scarcely possible that he should not have been mistaken. Dr. Newman, indeed, has convincingly established his own personal truthfulness. Whatever in his course or his teaching may have seemed inconsistent with personal sincerity we now see must be attributed partly to the very difficult circumstances in which he was placed, which at a certain period rendered a policy of reserve the only one possible for him, and partly to the singularly subtle power of casuistry which is not only possessed by Dr. Newman, but by which he is himself not unfrequently mastered and possessed. Dr. Newman himself is still a truthful man, after all his saturation with Popish doctrine; not, we fear, altogether superior to artifice, certainly not superior to the influence of self-delusion, but yet incapable of conscious and deliberate untruth. Considering the intellectual character of the author of Tract XC., and of the *Lectures on Anglicanism*, this is much to say. It is surprising that one whom Tractarian casuistry had carried so far in 1839, should not by the moral theology of Rome have been drifted much farther during the last twenty years. It is hardly, however, to be expected that a pre-eminently outspoken Protestant Englishman like Mr. Kingsley should himself have been able to furnish the solution to whatever in Dr. Newman's character and writings might seem inconsistent with strict and earnest truthfulness, which Dr. Newman has now furnished; and therefore we cannot consider Mr. Kingsley to blame for the mistakes and misconstructions in regard to this point which, on Dr. Newman's showing, he has committed. It now appears from Dr. Whately's remains, as published by his daughter, that he had put a much more unfavourable construction on Dr. Newman's character and policy than Mr. Kingsley appears to have done. And yet, as Dr. Newman fully states in his *Apologia*, Dr. Whately had been his intimate friend at Oxford, and had had peculiar opportunities of knowing his character. Whately, too, lived through all the Tractarian movement in full conversance with its history. He is, moreover, the last man to be suspected of an ungenerous or uncharitable habit of construction, in judging of other men and opposite parties. Nevertheless he had arrived at the settled conclusion, which, as Dr. Newman admits, was shared by nearly the whole world, then and since, that the Tractarian leader at Oxford deliberately pursued a policy characterized by deep design and conscious duplicity. Such being the state of the case, we cannot sympathize in Dr. Newman's indignation against Professor Kingsley because of his imputations. Dr. Newman's intellec-

tual perversity is much more to be blamed than Mr. Kingsley's uncharitableness. In truth, all the world must know—Dr. Newman is a recluse, as he tells us, and lives out of the world—that Mr. Kingsley is less likely than most men to be guilty of uncharitably construing other men's character and motives. But the truth was long ago expressed by Archdeacon Hare, whom neither Dr. Newman nor any man will venture to charge with want of generosity or of charity, in Note T. to his *Contest with Rome*, relating to a passage in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on Anglicanism*. 'There, in that Lecture, you see Dr. Newman, the priest of the Church of Rome. *What!* you ask, *has a moral paralysis struck him?* Alas! so it must be. His intellect is keen and bright as ever. What then can have thus paralysed him? The gripe of Rome.* Mr. Kingsley expresses the same judgment in other words when, in reference to Dr. Newman's sermon *On the Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine*, he says, 'And yet I do not call this conscious dishonesty. The man who wrote that sermon was already past the possibility of such a sin. It is simple credulity, the child of scepticism. Credulity, frightened at itself, trying to hide its absurdity alike from itself and from the world by quibbles and reticences which it thinks prudent and clever; and, like the hunted ostrich, fancying that because it thrusts its head into the sand, its whole body is invisible.' †

But so far as Mr. Kingsley is concerned, the first and chief questions are—Was he to blame morally or intellectually in his original imputation against Dr. Newman? and, so far as he was mistaken in that imputation, did he make suitable and sufficient amends? The other questions are—Has he, in his defence against Dr. Newman's criticism and rejoinder, substantially exculpated himself? and has he, or has he not, furnished Dr. Newman in that defence with new and substantial ground for complaint?

Mr. Kingsley's original charge against Dr. Newman in *Macmillan's Magazine* was, that 'truth, for its own sake, need not, and on the whole ought not to be, a virtue with the Roman clergy; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage.' Now, if instead of the word 'cunning' the diplomatic word 'prudence' had been used, we apprehend that there are few of our

* Hare's *Charges*, &c., vol. iii., p. 185.

† *What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?* p. 41.

readers who would not, with 'X. Y.,' the mutual friend of Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley, 'confess plainly' that they would 'not even have thought that Dr. Newman or any of his communion would think it unjust.' That, however, is not now the question, but whether from the tenor of Dr. Newman's writings Mr. Kingsley was justified in attributing such a sentiment pointedly and specifically to him. When challenged by Dr. Newman on this point, Mr. Kingsley stated, in effect, that he conceived himself justified in what he had said by 'many passages' in Dr. Newman's writings, but that he particularly referred to one of the Sermons on *Subjects of the Day*, (1844,) entitled, *Wisdom and Innocence*. Now, in our judgment, this sermon, though it may not fully and beyond exception demonstrate precisely what Mr. Kingsley has founded upon it, does, especially when taken in connexion with much in Dr. Newman's other writings, fairly justify his inference. That is to say, it affords such a basis of moral probability for that inference as nearly all persons would regard as conclusive, though a subtle and critical logician might be able to devise an interpretation which would save the credit of Dr. Newman's conscious teaching and intention on the subject of truth.

Dr. Newman, indeed, in the representation of the case as between Mr. Kingsley and himself, attempted to foreclose the question by speaking of this as a 'Protestant' sermon. This is a specimen of the sophistical adroitness which has gained Dr. Newman a dubious reputation as to the matter of truth. How far Dr. Newman was and at that time had been for many years from even supposing himself, or desiring to be thought, a Protestant, is now confessed and explained in this *Apologia*. That he had for many years scorned and abjured the name of Protestant is indeed notorious. Still, he continues to urge that in a generic sense he may fairly describe himself as being at that time a Protestant, inasmuch as he was still a clergyman of the Established Church. But surely this poor quibble may not serve him. The proof is now complete that in 1843 when he preached, and in 1844 when he published, the sermon in question, he was in all essential points of theological dogma and ecclesiastical taste and principle a Romanist at heart. In truth, as Mr. Kingsley urges, the evidence of the sermon itself is decisive. 'The humble monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars' are held forth as exemplary instances of Christians, 'Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture,' who 'continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible.' 'Who but these,' asks the preacher, 'give up home and friends,

wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the kingdom of heaven?' In these monks and nuns, elaborately described as the very ideals of Christian purity, tenderness, and meekness, he finds 'the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter (!), or St. John, or of Mary the mother of Mark (!).' And yet Dr. Newman has the courage to uphold this as the sermon of 'a Protestant.' Moreover, 'sacramental confession and the celibacy of the clergy' are spoken of as characteristics of the Christian Church which 'tend to consolidate the body politic in the relation of rulers and subjects,' and yet Dr. Newman complains that Mr. Kingsley should quote this sermon in evidence of the tenets which he holds and has long held as a Romish priest.

We know of nothing in the way of quibbling more abjectly poor, more puerile and sophistical, than many of the attempts which Dr. Newman makes to fasten 'blots' on Mr. Kingsley in regard to this sermon. Dr. Newman, as we have seen, has referred to sacramental confession and celibacy as characteristics of the Church which expose it to misconstruction by the world. Hereupon Mr. Kingsley, in his defence of himself and the position he had taken up, (*What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?*) argues that Dr. Newman makes 'sacramental confession and the celibacy of the clergy "notes" of the Church,' and that he 'defines what he means by the Church in these two "notes" of her character.' Dr. Newman, however, has not in this immediate context used the word 'notes,' although, as the readers of the *Apologia* will find, and as all readers of Dr. Newman's writings—especially his contributions to the *British Critic*—must know, this is a favourite word of his, one, indeed, which he has used in a precisely equivalent sense in another part of this very sermon. Because, however, Mr. Kingsley, using the word here, has placed it between inverted commas, intending no doubt to intimate that it was a sort of technical word, and perhaps also intending to imply that he had Dr. Newman's own sanction for employing it in this sense, he is charged with *garbling*. Had Mr. Kingsley said 'characteristics,' instead of *notes*, Dr. Newman could not thus have charged him; and yet this word would equally have served his purpose. Dr. Newman, indeed, will say, as he does say at p. 58, that the special sense of the word 'notes,' as signifying 'certain great and simple characteristics which He who founded the Church has stamped upon her,' is inapplicable in this place. But surely Mr. Kingsley is not restricted from using the word in its ordinary sense. No point of argument or inference

depends on this particular word, or its special sense. Nay, Dr. Newman (will it be believed?) has himself in this very sermon used the same word in more than the latitude of meaning given to it by Mr. Kingsley. 'Priestcraft,' he says, 'has ever been considered the badge, and its imputation is a kind of Note, of the Church.' But this is not all. There is a famous passage in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on Anglicanism*, in which he undertakes to show that the deep demoralisation of Popish countries is a sort of indirect result of the superior light, faith, and spirituality of the Romish Church, on the principle *Corruptio optimi pessima*. With reference to this passage Mr. Kingsley says in his pamphlet, that 'Dr. Newman with a kind of desperate audacity digs forth such scandals as notes of the Catholic Church.' Here it is evident that Kingsley's use of the word is precisely parallel with Dr. Newman's in the sentence we have quoted. Nevertheless, Dr. Newman turns round upon him in high indignation, brings forth his definition of the word *Note* as 'a great and simple characteristic,' &c., and taxes him with we know not what audacity of assertion and abuse of words. Yet it is Dr. Newman himself who styles the 'imputation of priestcraft' 'a kind of Note of the Church.' Verily quibblers need to have long memories!

More than once elsewhere Dr. Newman repeats the same charge of garbling. Whoever will be at the pains to examine will find that in each case there is no real foundation for it. Indeed, whoever has any acquaintance with Mr. Kingsley's character as a writer will deem such an accusation simply incredible. It is something unique for Dr. Newman to charge Mr. Kingsley with garbling. Dr. Newman is himself incapable of deliberate garbling. Nevertheless, there are not many men from whom such an accusation against such a man could come with a worse grace than from the author of Tract XC.

In the same strain of infinitesimally small quibbling Dr. Newman objects to Mr. Kingsley's statement that he (Dr. Newman) 'defines what he means by the Church' in these 'two notes of her character.' It is plain enough that the Protestant Professor uses the word *define* here, most properly, in the sense of *marking out*. By these two notes of the character of the Christian Church Dr. Newman shows that the Church which lies distinctly before his view as the ideal Church is the Church of Rome. Nothing can be more certainly true than this. Nevertheless, Dr. Newman chooses to understand the verb in its strictly logical sense, and perpetrates the following comment.

'He says that I teach that the celibacy of the clergy enters into

the definition of the Church. I do no such thing; that is the blunt truth. Define the Church by the celibacy of the clergy! Why, let him read 1 Tim. iii.; there he will find that bishops and deacons are spoken of as married. How, then, could I be the dolt to say or imply that the celibacy of the clergy was a part of the definition of the Church? Blot six.'—*Appendix*, pp. 6, 7.

'Blot six,' indeed, just as speaking of sacramental confession and celibacy as among Dr. Newman's 'notes' of the Church was 'blot five.' At this rate blots may be multiplied to any extent. Let the word *define* be understood in the plain, usual, proper sense we have explained, and *blot six* will disappear from the fair surface of Mr. Kingsley's credit, whether moral or intellectual, as *blot five* has already disappeared. But the extract we have now given is really so rich, such a mine for a critic to work in, that we are tempted to linger upon it. We can almost imagine, as we read, that for one brief instant the touch of his early Calvinistic training had come back fresh upon Father Newman. There is a positive glow in the words with which he vindicates the non-celibacy, the married estate, of the bishops and deacons of the apostolic church—vindicates this, *mirabile dictu*, against his Protestant antagonist, Professor Kingsley. He actually writes as if this were a point on which Mr. Kingsley needed illumination. 'Let him read,'—he sends Mr. Kingsley to his New Testament,—'and he will find;'—what then will Mr. Kingsley discover if he follows the guidance of Dr. Newman? Verily, that 'bishops and deacons are spoken of as married.' Surely 'this passes.' Can anything be more exquisite?

But now says Father Newman, 'How could I,' things being so, 'be the dolt to say or imply that the celibacy of the clergy was a part of the definition of the Church?' 'How could I!' Is not this simplicity amazing? We shall really have to send Father Newman to school to the author of the '*Essay on Development of Doctrine*.' There he may learn how the due development of doctrine, ritual, and discipline, ever adapting itself to the progress and changes of the church and of the world, under the guidance of Papal infallibility, may in the course of ages bring many points into the definition of the church, which were not included in the definition of either the doctrine, the ritual, or the discipline of the apostolic Church. Surely in this instance Dr. Newman, in his eagerness to clutch at a chance of damaging Mr. Kingsley, has very emphatically, very literally, *forgotten himself*.

Let us test one or two more of Dr. Newman's logical hits,

all bearing upon the question as to whether or not this sermon may be fairly quoted as a Romanist sermon. He affirms, as we have seen, monks and nuns to be 'Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture;' and he asks, '*Who but these* give up home and friends, &c.? *Where but in these* shall we find the image of St. Paul, &c.?' Hence Mr. Kingsley infers that, according to his teaching, 'monks and nuns are the only perfect Christians;' and also says, 'This is his definition of Christians;' of course meaning, of perfect Christians, ideal Christians, 'Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture.' Yet Dr. Newman condescends to find 'blot *one*' in Mr. Kingsley's saying that such is 'his definition of Christians,' because, forsooth, he has not thus defined logically the essential idea of a Christian, under any or all circumstances. He finds 'blot *two*,' 'a second fault in logic,' (how characteristic an indictment!) in Mr. Kingsley's affirming that according to Dr. Newman 'monks and nuns are the only perfect Christians;' and 'bad logic again,' 'blot *three*,' in the assertion that 'monks and nuns are the only true *Bible Christians*.' Yet surely in all these cases Mr. Kingsley is justified by Dr. Newman's own words.

We conclude, then, after all that Dr. Newman has said, that the sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence' was in fact a Romanist sermon, and may fairly be quoted in evidence of the doctrine which Dr. Newman has taught as a Romanist. It was the sermon of a convert from Protestantism to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. If in any respect Dr. Newman's views are now different, they will have yet more largely diverged from the Protestant standards and be more completely saturated with the doctrines and the casuistry of Rome.

We are prepared now, therefore, to entertain the question whether this said sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence' warrants the inference that truth for its own sake on the whole neither need nor ought to be counted a virtue with the Roman clergy, but that 'cunning is the weapon given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage.' It must be admitted that, after his manner, Mr. Kingsley has here expressed himself very forcibly; it may not be denied that there is a touch of exaggeration in the phrasing; but whether Mr. Kingsley was not substantially warranted in what he wrote, or at least may not be very fairly excused for having understood Dr. Newman's words in the sense he has indicated, may be judged from the following extracts from the

sermon in question. The text being Matt. x. 16, the preacher, in answer to the question, How Christians, not being allowed to fight, are to defend themselves, answers, 'They were allowed the arms, that is, the arts, of the defenceless.' After adducing a number of analogies from the cases of 'captives' and 'slaves,' 'ill-used and oppressed children,' and 'the subjects of a despot,' of whom it is said that they 'exercise the inalienable right of self-defence in such methods as they best may,' he adds, 'The servants of Christ are forbidden to defend themselves by violence; but they are not forbidden other means; direct means are not allowed, but others are even commanded. For instance, foresight, avoidance, prudence and skill, as in the text, "Be ye wise as serpents."' He says further, 'It is as if the more we are forbidden violence, the more we are exhorted to prudence; as if it were our bounden duty to rival the wicked in endowments of mind and to excel them in their exercise.' 'If there be one reproach,' he says, 'more than another which has been cast upon the Church, it is that of fraud and cunning.' He insists, indeed, that the 'wisdom' of Christians is to be '*harmless*;' but this, and not its *truthfulness*, is the one and only mark which he specifies as 'the correction of wisdom, securing it against the corruption of craft and deceit.' He says, more specifically, that 'it is very difficult to make the world understand the difference between an outward obedience and an inward assent.' He then refers in illustration to the relations between the early Christians and the heathen magistrates; and adds 'that when religious men outwardly conform, on the score of duty, to the powers that be, the world is easily led into the mistake that they have renounced their opinions, as well as submitted their actions; and it feels or affects surprise to find that their opinions remain; and it considers or calls this an inconsistency or duplicity.'

Surely we need quote no more. Enough has been cited to show that Mr. Kingsley may be fairly held excused for the construction he has put on Dr. Newman's sermon.

Dr. Newman, indeed, now comes forth with his explanations. He professes to disclose to us something of the secret history and special meaning of the sermon. He shows us how it was intended as a sort of apology for his own reticence, under many imputations and provocations. So be it; and be it also conceded that the preacher could deliver such doctrine in all personal sincerity and truthfulness of spirit; that he intended to teach nothing inconsistent with integrity and

honesty; that his unlucky 'analogies' were suggested merely by his intellectual subtlety, and must be held to imply no moral obliquity. All this we are ready to concede; we would make every allowance for the idiosyncrasy of the author of Tract XC. and of the *Lectures on Anglicanism*. Still we have a right to ask, Was Mr. Kingsley to blame for the interpretation which he put upon the tone and teaching of this sermon? We echo Mr. Kingsley's own question, 'How was he to know that the preacher did not foresee' the probable effect of his sermon upon the admiring disciples who would hear or read it in making them 'affected, artificial, sly, shift, ready for concealments and equivocations?' Dr. Newman, indeed, tells us that the sermons in this volume of 1844 are rather to be regarded 'as essays than as preachments,' and accuses Mr. Kingsley of '*suppressing* (blot *nine*) an important fact stated in the advertisement,' viz., that 'a few words and sentences' have here and there been added; censuring him at the same time for not presuming, what Dr. Newman's 'memory, *so far as it goes*, bears him out' in affirming, that the particular passage, quoted some four pages back, in relation to Sacramental Confession and Celibacy, was not *preached* at all. This, however, is a wretchedly lame reason for demanding that 'this volume of sermons' should 'not be criticized at all as preachments.' The substance of the sermon in question cannot have been materially changed; the doctrine is the same, and proves the same as regards Dr. Newman, whether it be regarded as preachment or essay: at most, indeed, but 'a few words or sentences have been added.' The effect, too, of the sermon in 1844 would be the same on Dr. Newman's followers and admirers whether it be regarded as an essay or a sermon. Surely, also, it is a trifle too much for Dr. Newman to expect, considering all his antecedents, and especially considering the tone and tenor of this very sermon, that Mr. Kingsley should have known, 'by that common manly frankness, if he had it, by which we put confidence in others till they are proved to have forfeited it,'* that Dr. Newman meant nothing like artifice, or slyness, or deceit.

This controversy, indeed, is in proof that 'common manly frankness' is a quality but ill-employed when used in dealing with Father Newman. Had Mr. Kingsley been less frank, had he shown less 'confidence,' in his acceptance of Father Newman's denials, the latter would not have enjoyed the advantage

* *Appendix*, p. 20.

which Mr. Kingsley's concessions have given him, and which, in our judgment, he has somewhat ungenerously used. We have given our reasons for concluding that Mr. Kingsley was fairly justified in the construction which he put on Dr. Newman's sermon, and therefore substantially justified in the passing reference which, in his article on *Froude's History* in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he made to Dr. Newman's teaching on the subject of truth and the morals of church controversy. We are further of opinion that on Dr. Newman's challenging and denying with apparent earnestness Mr. Kingsley's inferences, the latter did all that a Christian gentleman was bound to do in the partial retraction which he publicly made. This, however, did not satisfy Dr. Newman. He saw that he had his opponent at a disadvantage, a disadvantage arising out of the 'manly frankness' of his too ready concession; and he determined to push his own advantage to the utmost. Hence the infinitely clever, but not very creditable, 'reflections' with which he closes the correspondence between himself and Mr. Kingsley, as published by himself. As a specimen of lawyer-like fencing, these reflections cannot be surpassed; hence, perhaps, the unbounded admiration with which they were received by such congenial critics as the writers in the *Saturday Review*, and indeed a large portion of the daily and weekly press. If, however, these reflections be analysed, it will be discovered that they appear to secure an easy victory for Dr. Newman, only by an easy assumption of the very points in question. Dr. Newman assumes, (1.) That the sermon preached at St. Mary's was the sermon of a Protestant, because the preacher—himself—was at the time vicar of St. Mary's. Yet the preacher at the very time had utterly renounced and was ready to anathematize all that is intended in the word Protestant; and, moreover, was, *although* vicar of St. Mary's, in every essential point a Romanist. He assumes, (2.) That Mr. Kingsley was not at liberty to state his own impression as to the general doctrinal tone and tenor of a certain sermon without being prepared, at the first challenge, either to draw out in detail all the grounds and reasons of his impression, or else publicly and completely to confess, recant, and apologize. But would Dr. Newman himself or any man consent to be bound by this rule? Is no man at liberty to give an opinion or an impression, however carefully and conscientiously formed, except under the liability of being compelled to satisfy such a demand? If this were the case, condensed criticism would become impracticable—condensed history would be equally impracticable; the

burden of the critic's or historian's office would be far too heavy to be borne. Mr. Kingsley had surely a right to state his views as to the general tone and tendency of Dr. Newman's teaching on this or any other point; and, when challenged, he had undoubtedly the right to point to this particular sermon, and say,—‘There is sufficient evidence; I am content to be judged by that.’ It is altogether unreasonable for Dr. Newman to contend that Mr. Kingsley was bound actually to prove his point, in the first instance, or at the first challenge, by an analysis of the sermon, and by elaborate argumentation. In reply to Dr. Newman's earnest denial, Mr. Kingsley had every right to say,—‘I retain my opinion notwithstanding as to the tone and tendency of that sermon, as preached and printed. You may not have meant it so—in the face of your earnest denial, your affirmation of your own unaltered and old English sense of truthfulness and honour, I am fully prepared to believe, and therefore publicly to declare that I believe, that you did not so mean it; that the artfulness you commend means nothing inconsistent with sincerity, the prudence of which you speak nothing akin to evil cunning, that your casuistry though subtle has nothing in it of what the general world, including many Papist writers and speakers, would call Jesuitical. So much I am prepared frankly to concede, and publicly to admit; and, doing as I would be done by, to declare my regret at having mistaken your meaning. But I refuse to say more than this; to take any *blame* to myself for what I have thought or written, or to declare that your words will not bear the sense which I was led to put upon them.’ We maintain that Mr. Kingsley had every right to take up such ground as this;—that he was not bound beforehand to enter into detailed quotation and proof, where the question was of the tone and moral complexion of a whole sermon; and that in accepting Dr. Newman's personal assertion, he did all that, as a gentleman and a Christian, he was bound to do; reserving to himself of course a final appeal to the sermon *in extenso*, if Dr. Newman should refuse to accept his qualified amends, and should resolutely prolong the controversy. Dr. Newman by his ‘reflections’ has provoked Mr. Kingsley to make his appeal. The Oratorian Father chose to throw away the scabbard—to defy to battle *à Poultrance*. The Protestant Professor has been compelled to accept the challenge and answer the defiance. The result is his pamphlet, entitled, *What then does Dr. Newman mean?*

‘Whether,’ he says, ‘Dr. Newman lost his temper, or whether he

thought that he had gained an advantage over me, or whether he wanted a more complete apology than I chose to give, whatever, I say, may have been his reasons, he suddenly changed his tone of dignity and courtesy for one of which I shall only say that it shows sadly how the atmosphere of the Romish priesthood has degraded his notions of what is due to himself; and when he published (as I am much obliged to him for doing) the whole correspondence, he appended to it certain reflections, in which he attempted to convict me of not having believed the accusation which I had made. There remains nothing for me, then, but to justify my mistake, as far as I can.'

Mr. Kingsley, we venture to think, has fully excused, has even warranted, his own 'mistake.' Having been ungenerously used and publicly defied, he has dealt heavy blows. His hands were indeed muffled and restrained by his own concessions. Nevertheless he has made strong fight. He was bound to respect throughout the postulate which he had himself admitted—that Dr. Newman never intends, either in the sermon in question or elsewhere, anything inconsistent with veracity, that he is never positively and consciously untruthful. Had his hands not been thus restrained; had he been at liberty to use the ordinary weapons of a controversialist, to take words in the most unfavourable construction, when that construction seemed fairly to fit in with the context of the passage, and the general scope of the argument, and to interpret Dr. Newman's casuistry and moral teaching *in malam partem* by the analogy of the most approved Romanist authorities; he would have been able to do much more conclusive execution. As it is, however, he has well defended himself and greatly damaged his opponent. Occasionally, indeed, in the heat of the controversy, he seems unawares to have forgotten his postulate, and so to have dealt some strokes scarcely within the accepted conditions of the argument. He is by nature a generous opponent; but he felt that he had already shown too much generosity to Dr. Newman, and could not afford to throw away on him any more of that fine quality. Occasionally, too, he misses his aim. He falls into a few mistakes as to minor questions of authorship or of chronology, of which his astute adversary knows how to take the full advantage. But on the whole we repeat that in our judgment he makes out a good case for himself and a damaging case for his antagonist, whom, in acquitting of conscious dishonesty, he convicts of intellectual obliquity and self-delusion.

Such a pamphlet as Mr. Kingsley's made for Dr. Newman at once a necessity and an opportunity. A necessity—for, if

left without a reply, a manifest victory would remain for Mr. Kingsley, and Dr. Newman's power of self-delusion and extraordinary quality of 'frantic honesty,' would have acquired an unenviable celebrity. Such a result of the controversy, on the whole, for the purposes of his Church, would have left Father Newman even more damaged and with less of moral influence than when he was chiefly known as the author of *Tract XC.*, of the *Theory of Development*, and of the *Lectures on Anglicanism*. But besides the necessity of the case here was for a subtle and practised logician and controversialist a great opportunity. Now, at length, for the first time within the last twenty years, and to a greater extent than even in 1839 or 1845, Dr. Newman commands the attention of the whole British public—of the whole Protestant world. 'Shall he not now say what is to be said for himself, that he may be more than reinstated in moral power and influence, and for his Church, that he may exhibit to his sympathetic and admiring readers—to an unequalled circle and auditory—the claims of his adopted Church to their confidence and their affections? Dr. Newman is too devoted, too enterprising, too energetic, a son and servant of his Church not to avail himself of such an opportunity as this.

In the *Apologia*, accordingly, after some preliminary discussion with Mr. Kingsley as to his 'method of disputation,' and the 'true mode of meeting him,' he gives a 'history of his religious opinions,' 1. 'Up to 1833,' when the Tractarian movement commenced. 2. From '1833 to 1839,' when *Tract XC.* was written, and having been written was successively condemned by most of the bishops, and the series of *Tracts for the Times* stopped. 3. 'From 1839 to 1841,' during which time he was becoming more and more alienated from the Church of England, until the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric brought matters to a crisis, and completed in him the conviction that the Church of England was degraded and altogether adrift. 4. From 1841 to 1845, when he cut the last cable that bound him to his Anglican moorings, and went over bodily—his spirit had been long gone—to the Church of Rome. Then follows a 'general answer to Mr. Kingsley,' and then an appendix containing an 'answer in detail to Mr. Kingsley's accusations.'

So far as the specific reply to Mr. Kingsley is concerned, we have very little more to say. Here and there he convicts him of an incidental error; but he does not, as we think, shake his main positions. How, in some cases, he hits Mr. Kingsley's 'blots' we have seen. The greater number of his hits are of the same class; though sometimes they are true and strong.

Whatever may be the bitter earnest with which Mr. Kingsley writes, Dr. Newman excels him in acrid sarcasm. Unfortunately, however, he is ignorant of the personal character of his opponent—ignorant, also, we imagine, of his writings. Hence he indulges in sarcastic insinuations as to his uncharitableness and his lack of power to enter into the views and to understand the motives of other men, which are ridiculously inapplicable to the author of *Yeast*, of *Hypatia*, and of *The Saint's Tragedy*.

Leaving the personal controversy between Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley, we desire now to avail ourselves of the disclosures contained in the *Apologia*, in order to attain to a better comprehension of Dr. Newman's own character and case, and of the movement with which his name is indissolubly associated. More than twenty years ago the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, whom Dr. Newman mentions in the *Apologia* as one of the first company of Tractarian leaders, published 'a collection of papers connected with the theological movement of 1833;' in which much interesting information was afforded respecting the origin of that movement, information as to some particulars more full and precise than is now given by Dr. Newman. To that publication the present volume by Dr. Newman may be regarded as in some sort a supplement. Mr. Perceval was more particular in his disclosures with regard to the earliest steps in the definite formation of the party; Dr. Newman dwells at length chiefly on the preparatory influences and the after stages. His in fact is an autobiography, and shows how he became, first, a Tractarian, and afterwards a Romanist. A full authoritative history and elucidation of the *Tracts for the Times* is all that is now wanting to complete our knowledge of the Tractarian party and movement.

We cannot enter upon this part of our task without reminding ourselves and our readers that J. H. Newman, now of the Oratory at Birmingham, and F. W. Newman, the spiritualistic deist, were born of the same parents and brought up in the same home. How widely these two brothers have diverged is known to all men; but perhaps could not be more emphatically indicated than in one sentence of these autobiographical revelations of Dr. Newman's. 'From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery.' (P. 120.) Whereas, F. W. Newman's religion has long been a religion without dogma; mere devotional sentiment and sublimated aspiration. Nevertheless, with this fundamental difference, there are very noteworthy points of

agreement between the brothers. Both believe in 'conversion,'—this being a leading fact in the experience of Dr. Newman, as stated in this volume, and a leading fact also in the experience of the author of *The Soul* and of *Phases of Faith*. Both have, step by step, receded from the evangelical school in which they received their early Christian nurture; and although they have receded in opposite directions, yet beneath the contrariety there has been a deep agreement. F. W. Newman, yielding to 'free thought,' to sceptical tendencies, has unbound coil after coil of dogma and of ecclesiastical tenet, until his religion has been reduced to sentiment. Through the stages of Anabaptism, Plymouth Brotherism, and we know not what more, he has arrived at that region of pantheistic abstraction and illusion in which he has long been wandering, seeking rest and finding none. Father Newman, no less intellectually sceptical than his brother, dreamy, enthusiastic, idealist, from a child, has found refuge from his critical and consuming unbelief only by recoiling into the arms of Papal infallibility, and has persuaded himself that there is no possible medium in logic between atheism or pantheism and Popery—i.e., between his brother's position and his own. (P. 329.)

'I was brought up,' says Dr. Newman, 'from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had perfect knowledge of my Catechism.'.....

'I used to wish the Arabian tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans..... I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels, by a playful device, concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.' 'I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion, (when I was fifteen,) used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark.'—Pp. 55, 56.

On the first page of his first Latin verse book, Dr. Newman, after a lapse of some thirty years, found, he tells us, 'a device which almost took his breath away with surprise.' His name is written in the first page in his 'schoolboy hand,'—'John H. Newman, Feb. 11th, 1811, Verse Book.'

'Between "Verse" and "Book,"' he says, 'I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old.'—Pp. 57, 58.

In the childhood of such a man these indications are cer-

tainly remarkable, especially as his home was perfectly free from anything which savoured of Popery, and his school altogether 'free,' as he says, 'from Catholic ideas.' We cannot but note a natural affinity, manifesting itself thus early, at the same time for a kind of idealistic scepticism, and for all kinds of sentimental superstitions. It is likely enough, indeed, that he had got some of his quasi-Popish sentimentalism or superstition 'from some romance,' as he himself suggests, 'Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's;' but this does not in the least invalidate the inference we have just drawn.

At fourteen, he read Tom Paine; also 'some of Hume's Essays, and perhaps that on Miracles.' 'At least,' he testifies, 'so I gave my father to understand; *but perhaps it was a brag.*' (P. 58.) This last clause gives a hint of intellectual vanity, as having been one of his ruling characteristics as a boy. His account of his conversion is so interesting that we must quote it at length.

'When I was fifteen, (in the autumn of 1816,) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, who was the human means of this beginning of Divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a Divine source, viz., the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious, (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet,) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz., in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator;—for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, I thought others simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself.

'The detestable doctrine last mentioned is simply denied and abjured, unless my memory strangely deceives me, by the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom

(humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul,—Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an undergraduate, I thought of making a visit to his parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition, even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death in 1821 came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow. I hung upon the lips of Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, as in two sermons at St. John's Chapel he gave the history of Scott's life and death. I had been possessed of his *Essays* from a boy; his *Commentary* I bought when I was an undergraduate.....

'Calvinists make a sharp separation between the elect and the world; there is much in this that is parallel or cognate to the Catholic doctrine; but they go on to say, as I understand them, very differently from Catholicism,—that the converted and the unconverted can be discriminated by man, that the justified are conscious of their state of justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. Catholics, on the other hand, shade and soften the awful antagonism between good and evil, which is one of their dogmas, by holding that there are different degrees of justification, that there is a great difference in point of gravity between sin and sin, that there is the possibility and the danger of falling away, and that there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is simply in a state of grace, and much less that he is to persevere to the end: of the Calvinistic tenets the only one which took root in my mind was the fact of heaven and hell, Divine favour and Divine wrath, of the justified and the unjustified. The notion that the regenerate and the justified were one and the same, and that the regenerate, as such, had the gift of perseverance, remained with me not many years, as I have said already.'—Pp. 58-62.

It appears that the dogmatic faith which he then received, permanently to retain, included the doctrine of the Trinity, the necessity of pardon and holiness, the doctrines of eternal punishment and eternal blessedness.

There are some inconsistencies in what we have now quoted, of which it is proper to take notice. He tells us that he could more easily doubt whether he had hands or feet than whether he was really converted at this time. And yet he states the 'Catholic' doctrine to be that 'there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is in a state of grace.' We wish more particularly, however, to note that Dr. Newman, by his own repeated confession, was truly and 'inwardly converted,' and brought into a state of justification, to the saving of 'his soul,' through the influence of Calvinistic doctrine, of Protestant evangelical teaching and preaching. This conversion Father Newman shows no disposition whatever to disown or discredit,

but much the contrary. This is a fact which we gladly recognise. It is hardly, however, as we think, consistent,—and on this account it is the more noteworthy,—with those views respecting salvation within or without the pale of the so-called Catholic Church, which prevail in the Romish communion. For it must be observed that the admission is, not merely that a Protestant may possibly obtain mercy, on the plea of ‘invincible ignorance or prejudice,’ but that the work of personal salvation may be, that in the case of Dr. Newman himself it was, effectually done in the heart, soul, life, of a sinful man, not by means of any priestly intervention, or sacramental efficiency, or office or ministration of the true Church, but by means of the doctrine preached by a Calvinistic ‘heretic.’ (See p. 251.) Whether such a concession as this can be made to quadrate with the dogmas of apostolical succession and sacramental efficacy, or the pretensions of an exclusive Church, we more than doubt.

In the same year of his conversion (1816) young Newman ‘read Joseph Milner’s Church History, and was nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St. Augustine and the other Fathers which he found there.’ Simultaneously he read ‘Newton on the Prophecies;’ and so became convinced that the Pope was Antichrist. The influence of these two works he represents as being ‘each contrary to each,’ and as ‘planting in him the seeds of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled him for a long course of years.’ (P. 62.)

In the same year, a great year in his life, influenced chiefly by the ardour of a missionary spirit, (how the same spirit took hold of his brother Francis is well known,) the enthusiastic youth conceived the idea that he was called to consecrate himself, in leading a single life, to the active and unfettered service of Christ and His kingdom. In this respect his feeling coincided with that of the founder of Methodism a century earlier, between whose course and his own indeed other and striking analogies will presently be pointed out, the more striking because of the yet more remarkable contrasts by which they are set off. This conviction retained its hold on Newman, with very little intermission, throughout his career at Oxford, and found its final consummation and satisfaction in his admission into the celibate priesthood of the Romish church.

In 1822, when Newman had been a year or two at Oxford, he came under high and potent influences. His Calvinism had soon begun to melt away at the University. The first person of great weight and importance who took him in hand was Dr. Hawkins, then and now provost of Oriel, who schooled his

intellect, occasionally 'snubbing him severely,' who helped him in sermonising, from whom he learnt the doctrine of 'Baptismal Regeneration,' who taught him to magnify the office and worth of tradition, especially as in the first instance the one primitive and oral teacher of Christian doctrine. One ominous result of Dr. Hawkins's teaching and influence was that Newman lost his interest in the Bible Society, and after a time withdrew his name from the subscription list.

Opposite and sceptical influences concurring from the first with the high ecclesiastical tendencies of some leading minds at Oxford, we find that from Blanco White Newman learned 'freer views on the subject of inspiration than were usual in the church of England at the time.' (P. 65.) In 1823 he learned 'the doctrine of apostolical succession' from the Rev. William James, Fellow of Oriel, to whose teaching, however, he listened at first with some impatience.

In 1825 Dr. Whately, being Principal of Alban Hall, made Newman his Vice President. He taught Newman 'to see with his own eyes and walk with his own feet.' The two, however, before very long began to part company. Their minds were 'too different to remain long on one line.' Newman, however, was strongly attached to Whately; and has always cherished 'a real affection for his memory,' notwithstanding 'the sharp things about him' which Whately 'inserted in his later works.' What Whately mainly did for Newman, besides helping to train his understanding, was to fix in him anti-Erastian views of Church polity,—i.e. to teach him that the Church ought to be aloof from and superior to political control. (P. 69.)

One temporary effect of Newman's intercourse with such thinkers as Blanco White and Whately seems to have been a certain tendency to 'liberalism,' intellectual and political, which now for a few years (1825–1827) made some impression upon him. He speaks of 'a certain disdain for antiquity which had been growing on him for several years,' and which even showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. He also, at this period, was one of the petitioners for the relief of the Romanists from their disabilities, being at the same time in theological views very decidedly opposed to Popery.

At the end of 1827, however, 'two great blows, illness and bereavement,' reclaimed him from intellectual liberalism, and filled him with the spirit of a religious devotee, whose views, at no time well-balanced, and liberalised only in proportion as the spirit of an intellectual criticism grew upon him,—never by

a true moral and religious largeness and breadth,—were from this time forth steadily to narrow and harden, until he found his final and congenial home in Popery.

'In 1829 came the formal break between Dr. Whately and him,' on occasion of Mr. Peel's attempted re-election after the passing of Catholic Emancipation. Newman, having now (within a brief twelvemonth) recanted his short-lived liberalism, took part in opposing the too convincing statesman. Whately exacted his revenge with characteristic humour. He asked Newman to meet at dinner a set of the least intellectual port-bibbers of Oxford; placed him between 'Provost This and Principal That, and then asked him if he was proud of his friends.' (P. 73). Already Newman had come under the influence of Keble and Froude. From this time forth these two men had much to do with moulding his character. (P. 73.)

Newman, however, was himself growing to be a power at Oxford. Less original than Whately, or Keble, or Froude, he had more persuasive power, more of the qualities of a teacher, more potency of intellectual fellowship, than either of them, or than any man of the ecclesiastical party with which he came to be identified. In 1825-6 he wrote some Essays by which he became known—one especially on the Miracles of Scripture; he became about the same time a tutor in his College; in 1826 he preached his first University sermon. 'He came out of his shell, and remained out of it till 1841.' During these fifteen years he moulded many minds at Oxford. We have already referred to Keble and R. H. Froude (of the *Remains*) as having, before 1829, acquired influence over Newman. Besides these two, must be named R. J. Wilberforce, (afterwards arch-deacon,) with whom he was particularly 'intimate and affectionate.'

'Thus we discern,' says the autobiographer, 'the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.' Of the relation of Keble (Froude's tutor, be it remembered) to this movement he speaks in a passage of so much importance that we must quote it in full.

'The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower, to shake hands with the Pro-

vost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my undergraduate years. "I had to hasten to the Tower," I say to him, "to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's Keble!" And with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then too it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding, that somehow he was unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1838; it is one of the sayings preserved in his *Remains*,—"Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."—Pp. 75-77.

Keble's *Christian Year*, with its symbolism and its sacramental spirit, its intense and all-pervading devotion, and its transformation of all material phenomena into spiritual types; and Keble's teaching as to the nature of religious faith; are especially referred to as having given a colour and character to Newman's theology, and as having developed his ecclesiastical tastes and sympathies.

Of Hurrell Froude Newman speaks as might be expected. There were a few men, but few we imagine, who really loved Froude. Foremost of this number was Newman. Keble loved him as a tutor loves a devoted and enthusiastic pupil. But upon Newman he seems to have had the influence of a daring yet congenial spirit, upon one much more subtle and cautious. He eulogizes him highly, as 'a man of the highest gifts' and the most various ability, withal as 'gentle,' 'tender,' 'playful,' 'patiently considerate in discussion,' and 'winning.'

(P. 84.) He further says, 'His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. (!) He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants;" and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity, and he considered the blessed Virgin its great pattern. He delighted in thinking of the saints; he had a keen appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive.' (P. 85.) Here is a pleasant picture of a 'gentle,' 'tender,' 'playful,' Fellow of a Protestant University. After this, can we doubt that Newman's sermons published in 1844 were 'Protestant sermons?' Newman was 'in the closest and most affectionate friendship' with Froude from 1829 till his death in 1836, and, as we know, took part with Keble in editing his *Remains*.*

Under such influences Mr. Newman had returned to his early love for the 'Fathers.' Under far other lights than that of Milner's evangelical Calvinism, he now undertook the systematic study of them. He began in 1828 with Ignatius and Justin. From 1830 he was for two or three years engaged on his History of the Arians, at the instance of Mr. H. J. Rose, of whose influence on Newman we shall soon have more to say. His studies of ante-Nicene church history deepened his sympathy with the dogmatic teaching, the philosophy, and the traditions, of the Church of the third and fourth centuries. In particular, he was attracted to the Alexandrian philosophy and theology, of which he gives an eloquent description. 'Nature was a parable; Scripture was an allegory; pagan literature,

* 'I have read Froude's volume,' says Dr. Arnold in 1838 in a letter to Dr. Hawkins, referring to the first volume of the first part of the *Remains*, 'and I think that its predominant quality is extraordinary impudence. I never saw a more remarkable instance of that quality than the way in which he, a young man, and a clergyman of the Church of England, reviles all those persons whom the accordant voice of that Church, without distinction of party, has agreed to honour, even perhaps with an excess of admiration.'—*Arnold's Life*, vol. ii., p. 111.

philosophy, and mythology, properly understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. The Greek poets and sages were to a certain extent prophets; for "thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given." There had been a Divine dispensation granted to the Jews; there had been in some sense a dispensation carried on in favour of the Gentiles.' Such are the central touches of his description. With this passage before us we can understand the sympathy with Dr. Newman's teaching which, Mr. Kingsley testifies, was felt by himself among a multitude of others, until, by such preaching as that contained in the sermons of 1844, Newman had estranged from himself the moral sympathy of all who, like Kingsley, held fast by a true and plainspeaking Protestantism. The following passage strikingly harmonizes with those glimpses of Newman's boyhood which we noted some pages back:—

'I suppose it was to the Alexandrian school and to the early Church that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the angels. I viewed them, not only as the ministers employed by the Creator in the Jewish and Christian dispensations, as we find on the face of Scripture, but as carrying on, as Scripture also implies, the economy of the visible world. I considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of those elementary principles of the physical universe, which, when offered in their developments to our senses, suggest to us the notion of cause and effect, and of what are called the laws of nature. I have drawn out this doctrine in my Sermon for Michaelmas day, written not later than 1834. I say of the angels, "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." Again, I ask, what would be the thoughts of a man who, "when examining a flower, or an herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing His wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and ornaments those objects were, which he was so eager to analyse?" and I therefore remark that "we may say with grateful and simple hearts with the three holy children, 'O all ye works of the Lord, &c., &c., bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'"

'Also, besides the hosts of evil spirits, I considered there was a middle race, *δαμόνια*, neither in heaven, nor in hell; partially fallen capricious, wayward; noble or crafty, benevolent or malicious, as the case might be. They gave a sort of inspiration or intelligence to

racés, nations, and classes of men. Hence the action of bodies politic and associations, which is so different often from that of the individuals who compose them. Hence the character and the instinct of states and governments, of religious communities and communions. I thought they were inhabited by unseen intelligences. My preference of the personal to the abstract would naturally lead me to this view. I thought it countenanced by the mention of "the Prince of Persia" in the Prophet Daniel; and I think I considered that it was of such intermediate beings that the Apocalypse spoke, when it introduced "the Angels of the Seven Churches."

'In 1837 I made a further development of this doctrine. I said to my great friend, Samuel Francis Wood, in a letter which came into my hands on his death, "I have an idea. The mass of the Fathers, (Justin, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, Sulpicius, Ambrose, Nazianzen,) hold that, though Satan fell from the beginning, the Angels fell before the deluge, falling in love with the daughters of men. This has lately come across me as a remarkable solution of a notion which I cannot help holding. Daniel speaks as if each nation had its guardian Angel. I cannot but think that there are beings with a great deal of good in them, yet with great defects, who are the animating principles of certain institutions, &c., &c.....Take England, with many high virtues, and yet a low Catholicism. It seems to me that John Bull is a spirit neither of heaven nor hell.....Has not the Christian Church, in its parts, surrendered itself to one or other of these simulations of the truth?.....How are we to avoid Scylla and Charybdis and go straight on to the very image of Christ?"'—Pp. 90-93.

What now have we here? The calm philosopher? the profound divine? the wise and true expositor? Assuredly neither of these. Here is fancy, susceptibility, genius, dreamy speculation; here is beauty and eloquence; but, after all, the philosophy is at best but poetry, while the exposition is weak and absurd. This man may be a persuasive teacher, an eloquent preacher; but he is not a safe thinker, a sound biblical scholar, or a wise divine. From his boyhood, at once fanciful, sceptical, and superstitious; never brought into contact with the various strife and life of the outer world, or the practical claims and duties of home-life; the child has now become a cloistered enthusiast,—a student, a scholar, a controversialist, with many accomplishments, with such faculties as are the instruments of discussion and persuasion, most highly cultured, most fully developed; but without that calm, steadfast, self-suppressing, devotion to the study of history, for its own sake, as the record of humanity, to the study of nature and science, for their own sake, as the unerring revelation of the God of the universe, and,

above all, to the study of the Word of God, in its own simplicity, as the revelation of the God of holiness and love,—without which speculation cannot but degenerate into fancy, controversy into word-play, and theology into traditional error and priestly invention. Prejudice, in such cases, is too likely to furnish the premiss, fancy the speculative power, and self-interest the logic, by which an ecclesiastical and theological system is constituted and compacted.

And now we approach the starting-point of the Tractarian movement. It was the epoch of 1832-3. The great Reform agitation was going on. 'The Whigs had come into power; Lord Grey had told the bishops to set their house in order, and some of the prelates had been insulted and threatened.' (P. 94.) The revolution had been consummated in France. Revolutionary principles seemed to be in the ascendant, both in England and almost throughout Europe. The Church appeared to be in danger. The hierarchy must now rally the aristocracy to its aid, and in return the Church must throw its aegis around the aristocracy. The new school in Oxford was, in fact, a reaction from the rising liberalism of that University. Its members had already adopted the Divine-right doctrines and the high-Church maxims of 1687. Now was the time, when Toryism throughout the country was rallying to its strongholds, for the new school to take the tide of reaction at its flood, and so to float themselves onward to 'fortune' and to victory. The *British Magazine* had already begun its work under the able editing of Mr. Rose. From December, 1832, until the following Midsummer, Newman was on a continental tour, much of the time in company with Froude. At Rome they began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. At Rome, also, when the friends were taking leave of Monsignore Wiseman, and 'he had courteously expressed a wish that they might make a second visit to Rome,' Newman answered with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' With this impression deeply and passionately in-fixed in his mind Newman returned to England.

By this time the Reform Bill had for some time been law. Serious ecclesiastical 'reforms' were threatened. Newman reached his mother's house, having travelled from Lyons day and night, on Tuesday, July 9th, 1833. His brother Francis had arrived from Persia only a few hours earlier. 'The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of *National Apostasy*. 'I have ever considered and kept the

day,' says Father Newman, 'as the start of the religious movement of 1833.' (P. 100.)

Here, then, we are at the very origin of the proper and full Tractarian movement. It is curious to think that this Rome-ward tendency derived its earliest impulse from that rising opposition to 'liberalism' in 1828-9, which showed itself in the rejection of Mr. Peel from the representation of his University, because of his part in the measure of 'Catholic Emancipation.' Notwithstanding the influence of Froude, indeed, Newman for some years after this period retained more or less the spirit of antagonism to Popery which he had derived from his early teachers. He could not, as yet, quite give up either his evangelical doctrine and sympathies or his antipathy against Rome. The idea rising within him, one which he has since had the satisfaction of holding up to ridicule for its intrinsic absurdity, was that the Church of England, with its primitive doctrine and apostolical succession, is the true Catholic Church, the western representative, in the direct line and without bar or forfeiture, of apostolic Christianity, and entitled to claim precedence even of the Eastern orthodox Church; and that the Roman Church was in a state of heresy and schism. The last thing which at this time he would have thought possible would have been, that he himself should abandon the Church of England for Romanism. He earnestly desired, however, to see the Church of England completely and harmoniously developed and freed from the trammels of State control, in a word, to see accomplished what he contemplated as 'a second Reformation.'

'With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval Mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognised the movement of my spiritual mother. "*Incessu patuit Dea.*" The self-conquest of her Ascetics, the patience of her Martyrs, the irresistible determination of her Bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to Myself, "Look on this picture and on that;" I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that if liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which

she was but the local presence and organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation.'—Pp. 94-95.

On his return from the Continent Newman found the movement already beginning to take form. Keble, Froude, W. Palmer of Dublin and Worcester College, (not W. Palmer of Magdalen, now a Romanist,) Perceval and Rose, were of the company. Dr. Hawkins seems never to have been of their counsels. With these leaders * Mr. Newman was immediately joined.

Mr. Rose took a chief part in the first organization of the party, (which, indeed, may be said to have been constituted at a conference held at his house at Hadleigh,) and continued, we believe, to edit the *British Magazine* till his death in 1838. To him Newman, in 1838, dedicated a volume of sermons, as the man 'who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother.' (P. 105.) He appears, on the whole, to have been by far the largest and most loveable spirit of the fraternity; and Dr. Newman has given a beautiful sketch of his character. He was, however, a Cambridge, not an Oxford, man, and he died before the movement came to its crisis. It seems plain, from Dr. Newman's testimony, that, if he had lived, he would rather have retired—as others have done—from the position he had been led to occupy than have gone forward with the movement to its proper end. Rose was 'a practical man' and a 'conservative;' therein contrasting strongly with Froude.

These pages do not reveal as much as might have been expected in regard to the commencement, conduct, and various authorship of the *Tracts for the Times*. From Mr. Perceval's pamphlet it might have been inferred that the well-known 'Churchman's Manual,' on which so much pains was bestowed by Perceval, who drew the first sketch, and by Rose, Newman, Froude, and the rest, was the first of the *Tracts for the Times*, in which case Perceval rather than Newman might have been regarded as their first originator. Dr. Newman, however, claims the origination of the series of Tracts as entirely his own affair. 'I had out of my own head begun the Tracts; and these, as representing the antagonist principle of personality, were looked upon by Mr. Palmer's friends'—including, as it would seem, (p. 110,) Mr. Perceval—'with some alarm.' Keble and Froude, however, supported Newman, and

* For a full view of the constituents of the party at this particular moment we may refer to Mr. Perceval's pamphlet.

presently Pusey came up to his help, bringing a large accession of authority. The relation of Dr. Pusey to them and to the movement is thus set forth:—

‘It was under these circumstances, that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827–8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him *ὁ μέγας*. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the Movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connexions, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the Movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the Movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. R. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman were but individuals; and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significancy to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them.

‘Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked,

"What of Dr. Pusey?" When I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in his position is, (as it is,) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this, was his statement, in one of his subsequent defences of the Movement, when too it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

'Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the Tracts and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines which occur in the Series, though projected, I think, by me, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers:—but I must return to myself. I am not writing the history either of Dr. Pusey or of the Movement; but it is a pleasure to me to have been able to introduce here reminiscences of the place which he held in it, which have so direct a bearing on myself, that they are no digression from my narrative.'—Pp. 136-139.

Meantime we have some very curious glimpses of the character and style of Newman himself, at this time the chief agitator and by far the most fertile and active writer connected with the movement, which he promoted by personal influence and interviews, and by correspondence, both private and public, including a series of letters published in the *Record* newspaper.

'I did not care whether my visits were made to high Church or low Church; I wished to make a strong pull in union with all who were opposed to the principles of liberalism, whoever they might be. Giving my name to the Editor, I commenced a series of letters in the *Record* Newspaper: they ran to a considerable length; and were borne by him with great courtesy and patience. They were headed as being on "Church Reform." The first was on the Revival of Church Discipline; the second, on its Scripture proof; the third, on the application of the doctrine; the fourth was an answer to objections; the fifth was on the benefits of discipline. And then the series was abruptly brought to a termination.....The Editor sent a very civil letter, apologizing for the non-appearance of my sixth communication, on the ground that it contained an attack upon "Temperance Societies," about which he did not wish a controversy in his columns. He added, however, his serious regret at the character of the Tracts. I had subscribed a small sum in 1828 towards the first start of the *Record*.

'Acts of the officious character, which I have been describing, were.....the fruit of that exuberant and joyous energy with which I had returned from abroad, and which I never had before or since. I had the exultation of health restored, and home regained.....My health and strength came back to me with such a rebound, that some friends at Oxford, on seeing me, did not well know that it was I, and hesitated before they spoke to me. And I had the consciousness that I was employed in that work which I had been dreaming about, and which I felt to be so momentous and inspiring. I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well nigh faded away out of the land, through the political changes of the last 150 years, and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second Reformation:—a better reformation, for it would be a return not to the sixteenth century, but to the seventeenth. No time was to be lost, for the Whigs had come to do their worst, and the rescue might come too late.....I despised every rival system of doctrine and its arguments. As to the high Church and the low Church, I thought that the one had not much more of a logical basis than the other; while I had a thorough contempt for the evangelical. I had a real respect for the character of many of the advocates of each party, but that did not give cogency to their arguments.....There was a double aspect in my bearing towards others, which it is necessary for me to enlarge upon. My behaviour had a mixture in it both of fierceness and of sport; and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many; nor am I here defending it.

I wished men to agree with me, and I walked with them step by step, as far as they would go; this I did sincerely; but if they would stop, I did not much care about it, but walked on, with some satisfaction that I had brought them so far. I liked to make them preach the truth without knowing it, and encouraged them to do so. It was a satisfaction to me that the *Record* had allowed me to say so much in its columns, without remonstrance. I was amused to hear of one of the Bishops, who, on reading an early Tract on the Apostolical Succession, could not make up his mind whether he held the doctrine or not. I was not distressed at the wonder or anger of dull and self-conceited men, at propositions which they did not understand. When a correspondent, in good faith, wrote to a newspaper, to say that the "Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist," spoken of in the Tract, was a false print for "Sacrament," I thought the mistake too pleasant to be corrected before I was asked about it. I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man, who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the Wise man, "Answer a fool according to his folly," especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about

me; and, when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. Also I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact-men would not see what I meant.

'This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the imprudence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the opposite charge of fierceness in certain steps which I took, or words which I published. In the *Lyra Apostolica*, I have said that, before learning to love, we must "learn to hate;" though I had explained my words by adding "hatred of sin." In one of my first Sermons I said, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be." I added, of course, that it would be an absurdity to suppose such tempers of mind desirable in themselves. The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to "more fierce," and then he put in the margin a *query*. In the very first page of the first Tract, I said of the Bishops, that, "black event though it would be for the country, yet we could not wish them a more blessed termination of their course, than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom." In consequence of a passage in my work upon the Arian History, a Northern dignitary wrote to accuse me of wishing to re-establish the blood and torture of the Inquisition. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, I had said, "The latter should meet with no mercy; he assumes the office of the Tempter, and, so far forth as his error goes, must be dealt with by the competent authority, as if he were embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity. It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself." I cannot deny that this is a very fierce passage; but Arius was banished, not burned; and it is only fair to myself to say that neither at this, nor any other time of my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto-da-fe* would have been the death of me. Again, when one of my friends, of liberal and evangelical opinions, wrote to expostulate with me on the course I was taking, I said that we would ride over him and his, as Othniel prevailed over Chushan-rishathaim, king of Mesopotamia. Again, I would have no dealings with my brother, and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, "St. Paul bids us avoid those who cause divisions: you cause divisions: therefore I must avoid you." I dissuaded a lady from attending the marriage of a sister who had seceded from the Anglican Church.'—Pp. 111–118.

This picture is certainly not attractive. Here is a combination of intellectual and hierarchical pride and ambition, from which it was not likely that the fruits of truth and peace would grow. The man who has since had so much to unlearn, nay, who at that very time had changed and unlearned so much, is here

depicted by his own hand as full of an overweening self-confidence, as a sort of hierarchical champion proud of his Church and his orders, but prouder still of his logic, and in this spirit conceiting himself to be the destined leader of a greater and a second Reformation. We cannot read of his 'fierceness' and 'sport' without being reminded of what is written in Scripture respecting the man who 'scatters firebrands and arrows,' and asks, 'Am I not in sport?' We cannot think of a 'second Reformation' headed by such a spirit, without being reminded of the 'first,' without contrasting Newman and Luther. Fierce indeed was the latter often, but withal how humble before God, how exercised in prayers and agonies, how far from any mere gladiatorship, from play, or show, or 'sport;' how solemnly, fearfully, awfully, in earnest; compelled to face the whole world by the unconquerable convictions of his conscience, doing violence to himself in doing battle with the Princes, the Emperor, the Prelates, the Pope, all the great ones of the earth; constrained to stand forth in the ever-famous Diet with the grand word on his lips: 'Here I stand, God help me, I can do no other!' That is a truly sublime spectacle; not so the view which Father Newman has given of himself as he was at Oxford thirty years ago. It is but too evident that in Newman at this time there was more of the 'knowledge' that 'puffeth up' than of the 'charity' which 'edifieth;' that personal, and especially intellectual, vanity was from the beginning a ruling element in his character; and that the pettiness which besets the cloistered and settled denizens of a mere University, a society of 'heads,' and 'fellows,' and tutors, and graduates, and under-graduates, a mere aggregation of schools, and schoolmasters, and overgrown, and for the most part daintily and imperfectly educated, schoolboys, clings throughout to the ideas, the tactics, all the ways, of the Tractarian coterie. Their estimate of themselves, of the work they were doing or could do, of their influence on the nation, of their relations to the Church of England, and to the Churches of Christendom, were ridiculously exaggerated. Of the forces of the national life, of the motive powers of the world's progress, of the character of England's Protestantism, they knew nothing truly. They could influence their pupils; but knew not that they could beyond this produce no profound impression. They could imbue a school of clerical neophytes, and prepare many for going over to Rome; but most vain and absurd was their expectation that in this way they could reform the temper of English Protestantism, reverse the set and current of its sympathies, and impregnate the nation with the ecclesiastical and

political principles of the Church and State of the Stuarts. They could bring back the cavalier frenzy to Oxford, as a modern antique fancy, as the latest fashion, the newest rage; but they could not revolutionise the advancing policy of the British nation and empire. They could bring back again the 'old style' to a somewhat antiquated University; but they could not put back the calendar of Time, or the hand of Divine destiny on the horologe of the world. Their Anglo-Catholicism was an abnormal growth and a hot-house plant; it was a mere *lusus scholarum*, the product of the forcing-houses of Oxford. It could not live in the soil or atmosphere of English liberty and progress; it had no rooting in the national sympathies, no community with the national life. Hence it withered before the breath of public opinion, and collapsed under the unfriendly touch of a feeble episcopal finger. Even such a man as Bishop Bagot was able to suppress the Tractarian movement, because, weak and wavering in himself, his word yet represented the rising majesty of English Protestantism.

We have already referred to the case of Wesley at Oxford in 1735 as affording some analogies to that of Newman at the same University in 1835. Both men were deeply religious; both intellectually critical and sceptical;* both, at the same time, in regard to matters of faith and testimony, especially in relation to the unseen world, were liable to the imputation of credulity; both were Fellows of the University; both pre-eminent as masters of logic; both college tutors and University examiners; the personal influence of both with their juniors, and especially their pupils, was singularly potent; both felt persuaded that they had a special work to do, a mission to accomplish, and that in order to accomplish their work and mission they must act upon the mind of the clergy by means of their position and influence at Oxford; both men also believed themselves to be called to serve God and His Church in a single life; and finally both were wedded to an extreme high-church theory of discipline and doctrine, John Wesley being quite as far gone in this respect in 1735 as Newman himself was in 1835,—and indeed carrying his rigid rubricism and his asceticism very much farther than the Tractarians at any time carried theirs: and yet the one became the founder of a new semi-Dissenting, substantially Nonconformist, Church, while the other 'developed' and 'developed' till he has finally become Father Newman of the Oratory at Birmingham. The parallel

* We hope to take an early opportunity of showing how Wesley's intellectual character has been misunderstood.

is very remarkable and complete up to a certain point, and for a great distance; and yet how wide the ultimate divergence! The reason of the final disparity, however, is not far to seek. John Wesley began as a High Churchman, having been educated under the highest Church influences at home. He was led by a remarkable chain of providential events, and after he had left Oxford far away, to become conversant with the professors, the examples, and the teachers, of a truly spiritual religion, a religion which laid the chief stress on the doctrines of faith and holiness. From the lips of a man not in the 'apostolical succession,' so called, he received the scriptural doctrine of salvation by faith, and through his instrumentality was brought to the enjoyment of a power and fulness of religion which he had never before known. From that time ceremonies and hierarchical theories lost their empire over his mind and heart; and holding fast to the doctrines, the work, the spread, of evangelical religion, as the one main and sure thing for him, he found a clue which brought him forth into the clear field of Gospel truth and labour in which he spent the remainder of his life. Whereas Newman, beginning as a dogmatic Calvinist, deeply persuaded of the truths of the Trinity, heaven, hell, and his own personal election, by a 'conversion' in connexion with which we hear nothing of self-abasement, or deep contrition, found himself at Oxford in an atmosphere of doctrinal dialectics and ecclesiastical sympathies utterly unfriendly to the form of evangelical doctrine which he had imbibed from such men as Thomas Scott and Daniel Wilson. There his clerical destination, in combination with the influences of the place, speedily warmed into life hierarchical predilections and high-church tendencies which had hitherto been latent. He unlearned the doctrine of election, and adopted the dogma of baptismal regeneration, without, as it would seem, a single struggle, and under no very constraining force of argument, on the strength of the late Archbishop Sumner's representation of 'apostolic preaching.' That his doctrine of 'baptismal regeneration,' however, has ever been the same with that taught by the late venerable Primate, may well be doubted. In a listless walk round Christ Church Meadow, (p. 67,) he learnt the dogma of Apostolical Succession. Thus he dropped without difficulty, one after the other, the peculiarities of Calvinism, and adopted the tenets of High Churchmanship. He had embraced the former through the force of sympathy. Through the force of sympathy he adopted the latter. With Newman, as with people of a commoner sort, feelings, prepossessions, prejudices, have determined the creed; his logic has ever been an after-

thought and a mere instrument of defence or of persuasion. In this, as in many other respects, Newman's is eminently a feminine mind,—poetic, impressible, receptive and reproductive, rather than original and commanding. It is evident from what he himself tells us that he grew inevitably to be a Romanist, that his changes were the result not so much of any clearly defined or definable arguments as of the influences which continually surrounded him. And he has also told us what a paramount sway was exerted over his own spirit by that of his far bolder friend Froude. In one sentence of his description of Froude's character and opinions we have the key to all that Newman afterwards became. 'He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power and of full ecclesiastical liberty.' (P. 85.) Such was Froude so early as 1828 or 1829. Such was Newman's master. We need not wonder at the subsequent development of Newman's own opinions. They went in the direction of sacerdotal power, of hierarchical dignity and completeness. Hence the dogma of apostolical succession, somewhat wearily and reluctantly imbibed by the graduate, who had scarcely laid aside his Calvinism, and had not as yet given up the doctrine of justification by faith, became presently the leading tenet of himself and all his school, from which the authority of tradition, the doctrine of 'the keys,' sacramental efficacy *ex opere operato*, and in due course all the essential doctrines of Popery must follow. From the day that this became the great polar principle of his school, all the steps of his subsequent course were already decided, and his final arrival at Rome became a mere question of time and logical consistency. Wiser men than himself saw this almost from the beginning, and foretold it. In nothing was the real shallowness of Newman and his school more manifest than in their inability for so many years to discern the inevitable tendency of their own doctrines, and the direction of their own progress. Theirs was throughout the progress of mere sciolists, who are spelling out, syllable by syllable, the meaning of the lessons they are learning; they lived from hand to mouth; they learnt and proved in their own disastrous experience what a comprehensive theological science would have foreseen and foreknown from the beginning. This book of confessions, this misnamed *Apologia*, fully establishes the personal honesty and veracity of Newman; but it does this at the expense of his intellectual reputation. It is a humiliating tissue of disclosures; it reveals an acute, subtle spirit, penned up within narrow limits, and exercising its faculties in a dim and darkling sphere, groping its way from premiss to consequence, often from fallacy to

fallacy, and only discerning the truth of the latest fallacy through which it has passed in order to plunge into a new, subtler, deeper, and more perilous, error, until at last utterly wearied out it sinks down, self-blinded, to find its rest henceforth within the arms of Popish tyranny and superstition. Wesley shook himself finally free from Popery and Popish tendencies, because he came forth from the cloister, to preach to the mixed and outside multitudes Christ's free Gospel, the Gospel of a conscious salvation from sin through faith in Christ. Newman went on from an ill-grounded and presumptuous Calvinism, through Tractarianism, into Popery, because he remained in the cloister, and, conceiting himself to be a priest, was enamoured of priestly prerogative and ecclesiastical power.

Here, however, we must hold our hand. We cannot, in the present article, farther pursue the outline of this momentous and instructive history. The development of Anglo-Catholicism; the polemics of the *British Magazine* and *British Critic*; the solemn trivialties, the perverted conscientiousness, the weak subtleties, of the Tract-writers; the casuistry of Tract XC.; the collapse which came upon the whole party, especially Newman, when the unsophisticated Protestant feeling of the nation compelled at length even feeble and temporising Bishop Bagot, of Oxford, to condemn that notorious piece of special pleading, and impose an inhibition on the series; the steps by which Dr. Newman gradually discovered his own true character and position as a churchman and theologian; the long agony of doubt and reluctance through which he was at length forced to the conclusion, that in sympathy, in doctrine, in heart and life, he was and long had been a Romanist; his struggles with Protestant prepossessions, with social influences, with the authority and affectionate remonstrances of friends, with the considerations of personal credit and interest, and nearly every motive that could sway a man in his position, before he could bring himself to the conviction that it was his duty to join the Church of Rome; the manner in which, finally, the necessities of his perverted spiritual state, powerfully seconded by the clamorous requirement of the organs of public opinion, constrained him to quit the communion of the Church of England for that of the Pope of Rome: all this invites and would well repay criticism, but must be passed by.

Nor can we even attempt to examine the argument by which Dr. Newman endeavours to justify his own present position as a Romanist. There are many questions of the highest interest and of fundamental importance, of which we must postpone the discussion. The definition of the Christian Church, and the

nature of the Church's organic unity, are points which lie at the foundation of the whole controversy; and in a radical fallacy respecting these points, we should expect to find the logical *πρώτον ψεύδος*, as in hierarchical self-seeking we should undoubtedly find the moral *πρώτον ψεύδος*, the fundamental error, from which the whole Tractarian misgrowth was developed. According to Newman's own representation, indeed, the two principles which have been truly fundamental in his own mind ever since his conversion, and have constituted, so to speak, his intellectual identity as a theologian, are those of a definite dogmatic teaching, as needful to a true faith, and of the apostolical succession. The former of these is not peculiar to Tractarianism or to Popery; the latter, therefore, constitutes the *differentia* of what we may, after Arnold, call Newmanism.

But we must not dwell upon this fundamental point, much less pursue the controversy which centres here into its many branches. Two things only will we note in this last paragraph of the present article. The first is, the singular and supreme instance and evidence of the essential narrowness and pettiness of the 'Anglo-Catholic' party, which is afforded by the bigoted and fanatical intensity of abhorrence with which Newman viewed the establishment, by the conjoint action of the British and Prussian monarchies, of the Bishopric of Jerusalem. That which Hare regarded, with some pardonable exaggeration, as the happiest omen of union for the great Churches of Protestantism, and of progress for Christianity, Newman regarded as nothing less than a disgrace, a degradation, a profanation. With the consummation of this calamity, his last hope of reform, resuscitation, or spiritual glory, for the 'Anglo-Catholic' Church faded into settled and unmixd darkness. From that moment he was death-stricken as an English churchman. Having sent to his Bishop, and published to the world, his solemn Protest against this heinous sin, he betook himself to a more deeply cloistered life than ever, and evidently felt that his predestined place must sooner or later be Rome. This was the drop too much of bitterness in his cup. The spirit of the whole of his Protest is condensed in two sentences: 'Whereas the recognition of heresy, direct or indirect, goes far to destroy such claim, [to be considered a branch of the Catholic Church,] in the case of any religious body advancing it; and whereas Lutheranism and Calvinism are heresies, repugnant to Scripture, springing up three centuries since, and anathematized by East as well as West.....On these grounds, I in my place, being a priest of the English Church, and Vicar of St. Mary's, by way of relieving my conscience, do hereby solemnly protest, &c.'

The other matter which we desire especially to note is, that, in his general apology for Romanism, contained in Part VII., Dr. Newman never once refers to that which is the central and most pestilent abuse and corruption of Popery, that *corruptio optimi* which is indeed *pessima*, that perversion of the instincts of Christian sympathy and fellowship, in which lies the essential power of Popery as a yoke of bondage and engine of oppression and demoralisation,—we mean the doctrine of auricular confession. If this were eradicated from Popery, it would be a comparatively innocent system, and might even perhaps be trusted to reform and presently revolutionise itself. But with this the boasted *semper eadem* of the Romish usurpation becomes a hopeless bond of tyranny, falsehood, and universal and inevitable corruption. With this in view, the truth-loving philosopher or critic is constrained, the more he studies the whole subject, the more absolutely to approve and adopt, in regard to the Romish communion, the terrible words of Coleridge, whom none can brand as a Protestant bigot: ‘When I contemplate the whole system, as it affects the great fundamental principles of morality, the *terra firma*, as it were, of our humanity; then trace its operation on the sources and conditions of national strength and well-being; and, lastly, consider its woful influence on the innocence and sanctity of the female mind and imagination, on the faith and happiness, the gentle fragrantcy and unnoticed ever-present verdure of domestic life,—I can with difficulty avoid applying to it what the rabbins fable of the fratricide Cain, after the curse, that the *firm earth trembled wherever he strode, and the grass turned black beneath his feet.*’ *

We can but pity the infatuation of a gifted man who, brought up an English Protestant, can now uphold the infallibility of the men or the conclaves, the Popes or the Councils, that are the organs of such a system as this. Still more profoundly must we compassionate such a man when he confesses that for him there is no medium between the belief in Papal infallibility, and the position of an atheist or pantheist.

ART. VII.—*Enoch Arden, etc.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon. 1864.

THE appearance of a new volume of poems from the pen of the Laureate affords little scope for criticism. It would be a vain attempt to try to convince the lovers of English verse that its

* *Biog. Lit.*, vol. i., pp. 131, 132.

greatest living master in his latest effort had failed to reach the level of the expectations which certain announcements had from time to time excited. Equally Quixotic would be the endeavour to persuade his admirers that the qualities which gained for him so lofty a station on the mount of song were not the very choicest which a minstrel can possess. Again, as Mr. Tennyson is a master in Ethics no less than a prince in Poetics, and as he never neglects to bestow time and labour on his productions, there is little chance of his new poems laying him open to a charge of looseness of morals, obscurity of thought, or feebleness of expression. The task of the critic, then, seems to be narrowed to sketching an outline of the story treated by the poet, pointing out signal beauties of conception or diction, and measuring the advance, if any, made upon former efforts.

In *Enoch Arden*,—the poem which figures first in this volume, and gives title to the whole, though occupying less than a third of it,—the Laureate breaks new ground. There is in it no return to the enchanted precincts of King Arthur's court. Gallant knights, potent magicians, errant ladies, no longer crowd the canvas. The Round Table is left far up the stream of time: the golden days of the *Idylls* fade away, and give place to the iron age of a hundred years ago, with the joys and troubles of common people like ourselves.

The plot of *Enoch Arden* is briefly this:—A pretty little girl, in a small seaport, has two playmates and sweethearts,—Enoch Arden and Philip Ray. The former, a rough, dauntless sailor boy, has the larger portion of her love, and at last gains her hand; but not before he has won, by his hearty energy, a snug little nest for Annie, and a boat wherewith to earn bread for them both. A few years glide away in the quiet happiness of wedded life; but at length a cloud intercepts the sunshine, and darkens the rest of Enoch's days. He receives severe bodily hurt, when busy at his work; and while he is laid by, his own special walk of trade is invaded by others, and seems to be henceforward blocked up. Looking at the future in the gloomy light of the sick-room,—doubly gloomy to an active man who has never known illness before, and whose utmost strength is daily needed to procure food for his family, and to clear off the debts incurred while lying helpless,—Enoch is almost in despair; and in a dark hour resolves to sell his boat, to stock a little shop for his wife, and to accept a situation just then pressed upon him, as boatswain on board a ship. This hasty step, though taken with the best intentions,—partly, indeed, from an intense wish to give his children education and a better start in the world than he has had,—leads but to misery. The ship in which

he sails is wrecked; and Enoch spends long, long years of solitude on an out-of-the-way island. When at length, a worn, heart-sore wanderer, he nears his home, it is to learn that his wife, after waiting more than eleven years for his return, has at last married her other playmate and suitor, Philip Ray, now a well-to-do miller. Thus Enoch finds himself face to face with the great crisis of his life. What shall the good man do? Shall he claim his wife, and so reduce her, and the children he loves better than life, to hunger and wretchedness?—Mr. Tennyson wastes no words in describing the conflict of the poor sailor's soul: his decision is betokened by his silence, when the sad tale is told him which involves the wreck of all his hopes. His firm resolve, after peeping stealthily through Ray's window, and glancing at the happy faces of his wife and children, is, '*Not to tell her, never to let her know.*' So he labours wearily and hopelessly, yet with a 'strong heroic soul,' being satisfied that he is doing what is right, and what is best for others, though not best for himself. At length he droops; and, fearing that his wife may still be harassed with the possibility of his return to claim her, and destroy her comfort, he, single-hearted to the last, enjoins on his landlady to make known the sad truth after he is gone. So

'he who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet
For such a gentle soul and sweet,'
Now 'finds an undisturb'd retreat
Near what he loved, at last;
That neighbourhood of grove and field
To him a resting-place shall yield,
A meek man and a brave!
The birds shall sing, and ocean make
A mournful murmur, for *his* sake.'*

Such is an outline of the story, the main points of which have often been used by tale-writers. Were we to give it in greater detail, we should be in danger of equalling the poem itself in length: for it is concise to a fault, and in parts bare and meagre. We do not doubt that the author has fulfilled the exact task which he set himself. His design may have been to tell the story in as few words and with as little poetic adornment as possible. If so, he has certainly succeeded; for *Enoch Arden* is a model of straightforward narration. It is

* Wordsworth's poem *To the Daisy*, in memory of his sailor brother. It is interesting to compare the elder Laureate's treatment of a somewhat similar story to *Enoch Arden*, near the close of the second book of *The Excursion*. We are even inclined to think that he bears the palm in rhythm and pathos, as well as in freedom from the objectionable dilemma and decision which disfigure the ending of Mr. Tennyson's tale.

fringed with none of those phylacteries of sentiment or wisdom which usually grace the solid form of a blank-verse poem : it is hung with no festoons of melody,—fragrant phrases that linger long and sweetly in the memory. Indeed, the piece might be regarded as a sketch, a study, to be elaborated and filled up at leisure ; and some will prize it just as they prize Turner's first draughts or slight water-colours,—trifles marked with genius, but not to be compared with the finished productions of many a less famous artist.

The poem opens with a cabinet picture of the little port and the tiny lovers.

' Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a grey down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

' Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

' A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
" This is my house and this my little wife."
" Mine too " said Philip " turn and turn about : "
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out " I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.'

—*Enoch Arden*, pp. 1-3.

Here we have the crowning scene of courtship,—Enoch's success, and Philip's discomfiture.

'Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With back and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large grey eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.'—Pp. 4, 5.

When Enoch has been absent from home eleven long years, and Philip, who has cared like a faithful friend for the lost sailor's children, presses Annie at last to give him a right to protect and provide for herself and her family; the poor perplexed woman resorts to a method of augury which was common a hundred years ago, and is even now not quite obsolete.

'At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under a palm-tree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone" she thought "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him [Philip]

"There is no reason why we should not wed."
 "Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

'So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew.'—Pp. 27-29.

The beginning of Enoch's voyage, and the features of the island on which he is cast, are sketched thus beautifully:—

'And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
 The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvert
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.'—Pp. 29, 30.

'The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail;
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts

Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.'—Pp. 32, 33.

When Enoch can no longer resist the desire which haunts him to see his wife's sweet face once more, his eyes light upon a scene of comfort and peace, 'which he better might have shunned.' For,

'When the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

'He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

'And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."—Pp. 41-43.

Among minor beauties, we call attention to the following illustrative similes,—the second of which is a repetition of a thought familiar to the readers of *In Memoriam*.

‘So now that shadow of mischance appear’d
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing.’

‘She heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.’

‘One, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together.’

‘His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro’ all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.’

Such are some of the more striking passages in this fine poem; which is masterly in its fresh and lively presentment of an old story, and full of a homely tenderness, that will endear its author still more to his English admirers, though evinced not in the wire-drawn pathos of the novelist, but in the rough manly sadness natural to many a sailor.

Though, as we have already said, the critic must abdicate his chief functions when he approaches a new work by Mr. Tennyson, the right remains notwithstanding of grumbling at a few of its characteristics. First, then, though *Enoch Arden* is never ‘prosy,’ it is often extremely like prose. In fact, some parts of it, if they were not divided into lines of the proper length, would, with the simple transposition of a word or two, read as prose, and rank accordingly. Such a sin in a young poet would be accounted mortal, and the offender be consigned to the dungeons of the *Dunciad*. In a poem, indeed, we are justified in looking for something more than mere ten-footed matter of fact. The line between poetry and prose must be drawn somewhere; and if the former name implies play of imagination, freedom of fancy, honeyed stores of wisdom, and easy flow of melody, then this latest poem of our Laureate in certain places barely clears the boundary which fences off Parnassus from the plains below.

But, as we have hinted above, it is quite possible that there

is a design in all this. Perhaps the poet, in that scorn of shams which flashes out in his *Maud*, has put forth this little poem as a test for some of his critics; knowing well how offensively ready they are to give unqualified praise to the weakest works of any man who has become a power in the republic of letters. Or perhaps he has written it to show that the composer of that immortal monotone, the *In Memoriam*, can eschew all sentimental sorrow, and rival an almanack in brevity. Or, finally, it may be intended as a contrast and a rebuke to the school of the popular author of *Proverbial Philosophy*,—a work which certainly contains some gold, but it is the gold of the Book of Proverbs beaten into thinnest leaf with the mallet of dulness.

We have no indictment to prefer against the habits and dispositions of the chief actors in this poem. They are all good Christian people. Enoch, in his sorest trouble, looks to Heaven alone for strength to bear it. Philip is throughout kind, patient, thoughtful; and deserves the happiness which seems at last to fall to his lot. Annie clings to her widowhood long after her husband's return has ceased to be probable; only yielding her hand to Philip for the sake of her two children, and when she feels satisfied, from her own interpretation of her dream, that Enoch is no longer upon earth. The personages being all so good, the more is the pity that the poet has chosen such a plot, and has left them in such a dilemma,—committed to that form of bigamy of which Miss Braddon's heroines are so fond, but here rendered more mischievous by the actors being all portrayed as innocent, and protected by the silver shield of a great poet.

We will not say that Annie Arden was wrong, criminally wrong, in accounting herself free to marry again, after so long an interval from Enoch's going to sea. Yet it was her duty still to have waited on: her conscience would then have enjoyed an ease which her dream could not bestow; she would not have listened with dread for a coming footstep; and Enoch,—good, unselfish man that he was,—would not have been placed, on his return, in that doubtful position in which the poet leaves him,—midway between a hero and a fool. Was he right in resigning all so quietly,—lapsing at once into wretched nonentity,—giving up, without the faintest protest, all the sweet immunities of home, the endearments of wife and children? Was he justified in sealing his lips about wrong-doing of such a nature? We do not wish to judge him harshly. Without doubt he did that which mortals find it most difficult to do,—spurned all selfishness; sacrificing himself and his dearest hopes,—all that appeared worth living for,—all the sweet longings that had made

the lingering years of solitude endurable,—to what he supposed to be the good of others. He saw at a glance the difficulties of the situation, and made his choice at once; preferring to pass his remaining days in spiritless toil, a down-hearted solitary, to snatching his loved ones from their nest of peace and comfort, and breaking up in horror a happy household. Such self-denial is too rare for us to judge it with severity. If the good man erred in conniving at an unlawful connexion, he erred from no sinister motive.

•But the poet is to blame for so putting the story as to present a great crime against household purity without allowing us to fix upon any one as the criminal. All the actors are made to appear the sheer victims of circumstance: like the characters of Grecian tragedy, the Fates govern them, and impel them forward to the catastrophe. Perhaps it is this repugnance of the tale to the dictates of the highest morality which has prevented the author from clothing the bare outline with the graceful drapery of perfect verse.

Let us look at the juncture at which the poem breaks off. Enoch is buried,—with such ‘a costly funeral’ as ‘the little port had seldom seen,’—and there is an end of his troubles. But the secret is out: with one touch of weakness, yet one final stroke of self-denial, the dying man has imparted his story to his garrulous landlady, with injunctions to make it known to his wife after his death. He wishes her then, and not till then, to look once more upon his face, and so to be delivered from the fear that he may yet return from the sea to claim her as his own. He fails to see the legacy which he thereby bequeaths her,—the scandal furnished for the tattling little port, whose gossips will be able at any time to taunt Philip and Annie’s child with being illegitimate, and to flout at the ill-starred couple. He does not realise the remorse which must perforce rend his wife’s tender heart, when she learns too late that her best loved one *did* return, found her plighted troth to have failed, and for her dear sake wasted silently away, not far from the door of her prosperity. Surely the whole woman would turn aghast from her own illegal comfort; and her dead husband’s worn face would haunt her to her dying day.

It was scarcely worthy of a great poet to leave the story thus half told; and so to throw away not only the artistic openings which its prolongation would have presented, but also the opportunity of justifying his use of such an objectionable *dénouement* by tracing its results to some instructive end. But we have dwelt long enough on the first poem in this volume, and must now pass on to the next, *Aylmer’s Field*, which is

nearly its equal in length, and has throughout a certain force and fire of which there is not one gleam in *Enoch Arden*.

Like its predecessor, *Aylmer's Field* is founded on a not uncommon phase of English life. The fair and gentle daughter of a proud baronet is loved by, and loves, the brother of the village clergyman. So far as ancestry is concerned, the latter has the advantage; but socially he stands lower than the haughty Sir Aylmer Aylmer; who lets him, while a boy, play and roam with his daughter, but scorns to believe for a moment that anything like love can exist when there is such a chasm between the two in the eye of the world. The lover works with heart and soul at the study of the law, and bids fair to make his way to the woosack. He keeps up correspondence with the young lady, and loves and labours on. She meanwhile refuses rich or noble suitor after suitor; till at length Sir Aylmer, his eyes having been unsealed by an officious visitor, bars all communication between the hapless pair, and so fences in his daughter from her gentle round of charity among cottages and hovels that she pines away, and is at length stricken with mortal sickness. Her lover, mad with grief at the news of her death, stabs himself with a dagger which his lost love had given him long before; and the clergyman, deprived, at one fell stroke, of his only brother and of the fairest flower of his charge, preaches a funeral sermon on both at the same service. This discourse forms one of Mr. Tennyson's finest passages. He shakes off for a while the clever little niceties which too often fetter him, gives full rein to his genius, and displays such a talent for dramatic composition as he has scarcely shown anywhere else. We give a few lines of this impassioned *éloge*.

‘If one of these,
Thy better born unhappily from thee,
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—
Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said “hail” she seem’d,
Who entering fill’d the house with sudden light.
For so mine own was brighten’d : where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
Dawn’d sometimes thro’ the doorway ? whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled in her lap,
Warm’d at her bosom ? The poor child of shame,
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,

As with the mother he had never known,
 In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes
 Had such a star of morning in their blue,
 That all neglected places of the field
 Broke into nature's music when they saw her.
 Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
 Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
 Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—
 The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers
 Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones;
 How often placed upon the sick man's brow
 Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!
 Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?
 One burthen and she would not lighten it?
 One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?
 Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
 How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,
 And steal you from each other! for she walk'd
 Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
 Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!
 And one—of him I was not bid to speak—
 Was always with her, whom you also knew.
 Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.
 And these had been together from the first;
 They might have been together till the last.
 Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
 May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
 Without the captain's knowledge: hope with me.
 Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame?
 Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
 I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,
 "My house is left unto me desolate."—Pp. 86-88.

The poem abounds with beauties, and we would fain quote more, but must confine ourselves to the following extracts, which our readers will recognise as truly Tennysonian. The first is a delineation of the lovers; and the second presents such a scene of rural beauty as the poet's fancy delights to revel in.

'Sanguine he was: a but less vivid hue
 Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
 Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still
 Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,
 Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold,
 Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers,
 Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
 But subject to the season or the mood,
 Shone like a mystic star between the less

And greater glory varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
And these had been together from the first.
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers :
So much the boy foreran ; but when his date
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he
(Since Averill was a decad and a half
His elder, and their parents underground)
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting : make-believes
For Edith and himself : or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial ; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.'—Pp. 54-56.

' A whisper half reveal'd her to herself.
For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By fallow rims, arose the labourers' homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them : here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad ; and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle :
One look'd all rosetree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars :
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
About it ; this, a milky-way on earth,

Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
 A lily-avenue climbing to the doors ;
 One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
 A summer burial deep in hollyhocks ;
 Each, its own charm ; and Edith's everywhere ;
 And Edith ever visitant with him,
 He but less loved than Edith, of her poor :
 For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
 Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
 Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
 Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
 That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
 Of comfort and an open hand of help,
 A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
 Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
 To ailing wife or wailing infancy
 Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored ;
 He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp
 Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
 A childly way with children, and a laugh
 Ringing like proven golden coinage true,
 Were no false passport to that easy realm,
 Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,
 Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
 The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
 Heard the good mother softly whisper " Bless,
 God bless 'em : marriages are made in Heaven."—Pp. 58-61.

Our next illustration will be a mystery to many of Mr. Tennyson's readers, who yet may think themselves familiar with every aspect of our island scenery. But to those who are at home amongst the farmsteads of Kent and Sussex, it will be hardly necessary to point out how skilfully the poet has here marked, and heightened with a choice comparison, the special features of a hop country.

' There, when first
 The tented winter-field was broken up
 Into that phalanx of the summer spears
 That soon should wear the garland ; there again
 When burr and bine were gathered.'

Many more felicities might be quoted ; but we must content ourselves finally with a few lines descriptive of the parting of Edith and Leolin.

' So they talk'd,
 Poor children, for their comfort : the wind blew ;
 The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
 Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt

Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.'

In *Aylmer's Field* there is no dearth of melodious phrases. Sombre as is the close, the poet seems to have dashed the piece off in one of his happiest moods. We regret the more that he should have committed such a blunder both against ethics and æsthetics as to make Leolin commit suicide. Far more poetic, as well as more truth-like, would it have been for him to have sought solace by devoting all his life to those blessed services to the poor and sick in which his angelic Edith had taken such delight.

We must not omit to mention another blank-verse poem,—*Sea Dreams*: but we need not dwell upon its beauties, and the lesson of forgiveness which it so admirably inculcates, because it is already in part familiar to the public through another medium. It contains a few lines of rhymed lullaby which will be a treasure precious to many a mother, and the melody of which will be tried on the ears of many a 'little birdie.' We prize it too,—as showing that our accomplished poet can so utterly rout on their own field the mob of petty rhymesters, who are so fond of singing to all the world the beauties of their babies.

Perhaps the most remarkable piece in the volume is that entitled *The Grandmother*. It is a master-piece of art,—a wonderful embodiment in verse of the thoughts and feelings of an old woman, wandering backwards and forwards amongst the memories of near ninety summers, mingling new and old joys and sorrows in one plaintive strain. As in his *May Queen* the poet pictured so truthfully the guileless gladness of a village maiden on the eve of her triumphal May day, and then sang so sadly the rustic queen's farewell to life and all its little vanities; so in this short poem, with unrivalled tact and grasp of character, he sails along the mazy stream of the aged woman's reminiscences, and produces a small but perfect picture that may survive some of his more pretentious works on a wider canvas.

Another curious realistic effort is the talk of *The Northern Farmer*; who, on the brink of death, refuses to give up his daily allowance of ale; and thinks that the higher powers are scarcely aware what an injury they will do if they take away such a useful earth-tiller as himself,—one, too, so necessary 'to Squoire.' Not only is the dialect well presented, but the heathenish style of thought is only too exact to the life. It is unfortunately one not peculiar to the northern farmer in some

benighted dale, but could be matched in too many picturesque homesteads of the midland and the south.

Among some minor pieces of small worth, the classic lines on the misfortune of Tithonus stand forth as claiming special note. They are imbued with a certain dash of the cold spirit of paganism, yet modified, almost against the poet's intention, by a tinge of the warmer life of Christianity.

We have here also a short specimen of Homeric translation. So far as it goes, it is admirable; but the two tasks are quite different,—to fill a few lines with words so 'picked and packed' as to rival the spirited old Greek,—and to translate with equal force and picturesqueness the thousands of lines contained in the twenty-four books of the *Iliad*. The latter task is one which Mr. Tennyson should have commenced some twenty years ago.

We have said and quoted enough to prove to our readers that *Enoch Arden* is a volume to linger over long, and to part with reluctantly. Rich in home scenes and home feelings, it might well have borne the name, with which it was christened before its birth, of *Idylls of the Hearth*. England is rightly proud of the poet who can so touch and so adorn the details of domestic life: and if some of our observations on these charming pieces have seemed severe, we can only justify them by expressing our deep sense of his merits, and our jealous desire that his great powers should never produce a line that may appear to side with folly.

Perhaps we shall be accounted presumptuous if we go somewhat farther than this, and point out to the poet the course that we should like him yet to run. We do not forget that it is much easier to write criticisms than to make good poetry. We are mindful of a remarkable illustration of this axiom, which was given to the world by that excellent critic, Professor Wilson, when he published his famous analysis of Byron's apostrophe to the ocean, and so showed—all unwitting of the moral of his labour—how many faults could be found in a piece which, nevertheless, far surpasses in beauty and grandeur anything that he himself, though no mean poet, had ever written. Still poets are but men, and may sometimes get an idea from the reviewers whom they despise, and whom our Laureate styles—though only, as we think, in friendly banter—'presumptuous and ignorant,' but who, nevertheless, must to a certain extent express the opinions of that large public of cultivated readers whom the best writers wish especially to propitiate. We will, therefore, venture to tell Mr. Tennyson, that we expect from him some-

thing more than he has yet given us. His powers are at their ripest; his ear is as exquisitely tuned as ear can be; his knowledge of men should be tolerably perfect. We would fain receive from him some longer poem, with higher purpose, than any of those we find in this volume. Casting aside the pretty delicacies of expression which often, in the mid career of a burning thought, seem to arrest him in order to file and polish them, let him take some great hero, Christian or ethnic, and throw his own large soul into the embodiment of his spirit and deeds. We know with what an artistic brush he would fill in the costume of the age; with what unerring chisel he would mark out the lineaments and attitude of the giants of former days. But, for success in a grand heroic poem, he wants, we fear, the daring, the self-reliance of Dante or of Milton; still more does he lack their moral earnestness; and we almost despair, when we find, amongst Mr. Tennyson's *Experiments in Quantity*, the following 'Alcaics' on the great English master, which, beautiful as is their diction, are chiefly important as showing the deep sense which our author entertains of the disparity, or rather dissimilarity of taste, between himself and the blind poet of Paradise.

'O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

'Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.'

ART. VIII.—*The Competition Wallah.* By G. O. TREVELYAN.
Macmillan and Co. 1864.

THIS book contains a reprint of a series of clever and amusing letters contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* by Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, who, under the slang name of a Competition 'Wallah' (fellow),

describes to an old college chum his first impression of India. First impressions, only, they are, and of a young man; therefore they claim no credit for profound or extensive knowledge of the subject. Indeed the character of a civilian is an assumed one; for Mr. Trevelyan seems just to have been making what is a part of the modern Grand Tour, by a year's visiting among his Indian acquaintance. The son of Sir Charles Trevelyan, and the nephew of Lord Macaulay, he has had every opportunity of travelling to advantage, seeing the best society, picking up such information as can be acquired in a few months, and hearing all sorts of opinions; and he has inherited, too, no mean power of turning his knowledge to account. He imitates his uncle's style; but it is an imitation which aims at the spirit, and not merely at the ring of the sentences, and occasionally recalls its model by a rapid command of felicitous illustration. He is a well-informed and observant traveller; and his letters abound in bright sketches and ready 'chaffing' wit, and take that free yet not careless way of looking at things which is carried to its highest, if not best, development in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. Calcutta, from the ex-University point, is a novelty; and though these effusions might perhaps call down severe treatment from grave persons who have spent their lives and lived in the country, and wonder at Mr. Trevelyan's impudence; yet they are well worth reading, because they are readable, and, in great part, cannot be wrong; and because, apart from truth or mistake, they vividly present the sort of view which is likely to be taken of Indian subjects by the young men who are now going out to rule there.

For India is to be ruled, in future, by the young gentlemen who, from college and school and cramming-house, are mustering at the competitive examinations; and their opinions (bating, we hope, certain freedoms about Sunday, and Colenso, and such like points of the young England creed) will take pretty much the stamp which the external view of her administration has impressed on Mr. Trevelyan. He has as much enthusiasm for the profession as if he were himself a sucking collector, and describes in glowing terms its attractions to every young Englishman who has time and ability to carry on a severe education up to the age of eighteen or nineteen. Too much was undoubtedly expected at first from the competitive system. The race of men who hope to succeed to the leadership of English business and society are not to be tempted from the Western to the Eastern side of the world,—from stirring Europe to sleepy Asia. And our insular affections, while they do not check the restless spirit of adventure, seldom permit us to trans-

fer our home, or easily to encounter the prospect of striking root through all the growing period of life into a soil which will ever be to us alien and temporary. India is a splendid workshop, school, and office; but one likes to come home at night for company and rest. Nevertheless, to a youth strong in body and mind, there is no such career open, the world over, as in the Presidencies. And the opening of their administration to all worthy comers, the new place which India has taken among our interests since its reconquest and assumption by the Crown, the rising prosperity of the country and the certain increase of its public business, all contribute to the importance of pressing its claims upon men who aspire to nobler duties than those of the exchange or the counting-house, and can forego the tranquil pleasures of society for high stations, labour, responsibility, and usefulness. Mr. Trevelyan speaks of a 'collector' in his thirty-first year, in charge of a population as numerous as that of England in the time of Elizabeth. 'His Burghley is a joint magistrate of eight-and-twenty, and his Walsingham an assistant magistrate, who took his degree at Christ Church within the last fifteen months. These, with two or three superintendents of police, and last, but by no means least, a judge, who, in rank and amount of salary, stands to Tom in the position which the Lord Chancellor holds to the Prime Minister, are the only English officials in a province a hundred and twenty miles by seventy.'

'Work in India is so diversified as to be always interesting. During the cold season the collector travels about his district, pitching his camp for a night at one place and for three days at another, while at the larger towns he may find sufficient business to occupy him for a week. Tent-life in the winter months is very enjoyable, especially to a man who has his heart in his duties. It is pleasant, after having spent the forenoon in examining schools and inspecting infirmaries, and quarrelling about the sites of bridges with the superintending engineer in the Public Works Department, to take a light tiffin and start off with your gun and your assistant magistrate on a roundabout ride to the next camping-ground. It is pleasant to dismount at a likely piece of grass, and, flushing a bouncing black partridge, to wipe the eye of your subordinate, and then to miss a hare, which your bearer knocks over with his stick, pretending to find the marks of shot in its fore-quarter. It is pleasant, as you reach the rendezvous in the gloaming, rather tired and very dusty, to find your tents pitched, and your soup and curry within a few minutes of perfection, and your kitmutgar with a bottle of lemonade just drawn from its cool bed of saltpetre, and the headman of the village ready with his report of a deadly affray that would have taken place if you had come in a day later.

'The life of a collector in the Mofussil is varied and bustling even in the hot weather. He rises at daybreak, and goes straight from his bed to the saddle. Then off he gallops across fields bright with dew to visit the scene of the late dacoit robbery; or to see with his own eyes whether the crops of the zemindar who is so unpunctual with his assessments have really failed; or to watch with fond parental care the progress of his pet embankment. Perhaps he has a run with the bobbery pack of the station, consisting of a superannuated foxhound, four beagles, a greyhound, the doctor's retriever, and a Skye terrier belonging to the assistant magistrate, who unites in his own person the offices of M.F.H., huntsman and whipper-in. They probably start a jackal, who gives them a sharp run of ten minutes, and takes refuge in a patch of sugar-cane, whence he steals away in safety, while the pack are occupied in mobbing a fresh fox and a brace of wolf-cubs, to the delight of a remarkably full field of five sportsmen, with one pair of topboots among them. On their return, the whole party adjourn to the subscription swimming-bath, where they find their servants ready with clothes, razors, and brushes. After a few headers, and a chota hasree, or little breakfast of tea and toast, flavoured with the daily papers and scandal about the commissioner, the collector returns to his bungalow, and settles down to the hard business of the day. Seated under a punkah in his verandah, he works through the contents of one dispatch-box, or "bokkus," as the natives call it, after another; signing orders, and passing them on to the neighbouring collectors; dashing through drafts, to be filled up by his subordinates; writing reports, minutes, digests, letters of explanation, of remonstrance, of warning, of commendation. Noon finds him quite ready for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the favourite meal in the Mofussil, where the tea-tray is lost amid a crowd of dishes—fried fish, curried fowl, roast kid and mint sauce, and mango-fool. Then he sets off in his buggy to Cutcherry, where he spends the afternoon in hearing and deciding questions connected with land and revenue. If the cases are few and easy to be disposed of, he may get away in time for three or four games at rackets in the new court of glaring white plaster, which a rich native has built, partly as a speculation and partly to please the sahibs. Otherwise he drives with his wife on the race-course, or plays at billiards with the inspector of police; or, if horticulturally inclined, superintends the labour of his mollies. Then follows dinner, and an hour of reading or music. By ten o'clock he is in bed, with his little ones asleep in cribs enclosed within the same mosquito curtains as their parents.

'I know of no better company in the world than a rising civilian. There is an entire absence of the carping, pining spirit of discontent which is so painfully apparent in able men at home, who find themselves kept in the background for want of interest or money.....An Englishman cannot be comfortable if he is in a false position; and he never allows himself to be in a true position unless he is proud of his occupation, and convinced that success will depend upon his own efforts. These agreeable sensations are experienced to the full by

an Indian civil servant. It is impossible for him to have any mis-giving concerning the dignity and importance of his work. His power for good and evil is almost unlimited. His individual influence is as great as that arrogated by the most sublime of Dr. Arnold's favourite præpostors during his first term at the university. He is the member of an official aristocracy owning no social superior; bound to no man; fearing no man. Even though he may be passed over once and again by a prejudice in the mind of his commissioner, or some theory on the subject of promotion held by his lieutenant-governor, he is well aware that his advancement does not hang upon the will and pleasure of this or the other great man, but is regulated by the opinion entertained of his ability and character by the service in general. In order to rise in India, it is not necessary to be notorious. In fact, notoriety is rather a clog than otherwise. People out here are not easily bamboozled, and like you none the better for trying to bamboozle them. A civilian who is conscious of power does not seek to push his way into notice by inditing sensation minutes, or by riding a hobby to the death; but makes it his aim to turn off his work in good style, trusting for his reward to the sense and public spirit of his chief. There is nothing which men in power out here so cordially abominate as solemnity and long-winded pedantry. A ready, dashing subordinate, who, to use a favourite Platonic phrase, "sees things as they are," is sure to win the heart of every resident and chief commissioner with whom he may have to do. I have observed that, if ever a young fellow is spoken of in high quarters as an able and promising public servant, he is sure, on acquaintance, to turn out a remarkably pleasant and interesting companion. A collector or under secretary will sometimes get a little maudlin over his cheroot, and confide sundry longings for literary society and European topics; but he never speaks of his duties except in a spirit of enthusiasm, or of his profession without a tone of profound satisfaction. He no more dreams of yearning for a "sphere," than for a pentagon or a rhomboid. A magistrate had been mildly complaining to me that he found no time for scientific pursuits. "But, after all," he said, "who can think about butterflies or strata when there are embankments to be raised on which depends the famine or plenty of a thousand square miles; and hundreds of human beings are waiting their trial in jail; and millions are living and dying in ignorance, for want of schools and teachers?" He must be a happy man who can talk of his daily occupations and responsibilities in such terms as these.

'Any one who wishes to preserve a high tone of thought, and a mind constantly open to new impressions, must look for a calling which is an education in itself,—that is, a calling which presents a succession of generous and elevating interests. And such is pre-eminently the career of a civil servant in India. There is no career which holds out such certain and splendid prospects to honourable ambition. But, better far than this, there is no career which so surely inspires men with the desire to do something useful in their

generation; to leave their mark upon the world for good, and not for evil. The public spirit among the servants of the Government at home is faint compared with the fire of zeal which glows in every vein of an Indian official. During a progress through his province, a lieutenant-governor is everywhere followed about by magistrates, who beg with the most invincible pertinacity for a thousand rupees more towards this infirmary, for another one per cent. on the court fees towards that cutcherry. Our modern quæstors are every whit as grasping and venal as the satellites of Verres and Dolabella; but it is for the benefit of their district, and not for their own pockets.

‘It is a rare phenomenon this of a race of statesmen and judges scattered throughout a conquered land, ruling it, not with an eye to private profit, not even in the selfish interests of the mother country, but in single-minded solicitude for the happiness and improvement of the children of the soil. It is a fine thing to see a homely old proconsul retiring from the government of a region as large as France and Austria together, with a clear conscience and a sound digestion, to plague his friends about the Amalgamation Act and the Contract Law; to fill his villa on the Thames or the Mole, not with statues and bronzes snatched from violated shrines, but with ground-plans of hospitals, and markets, and colleges, and translations of codes, and schemes for the introduction of the Roman character.

‘Whence comes this high efficiency and public virtue among men taken at random, and then exposed to the temptations of unbounded power and unlimited facilities for illicit gain? It cannot be peculiarly the result of Haileybury; for that institution, from its very nature, united the worst faults of school and college. The real education of a civil servant consists in the responsibility that devolves on him at an early age, which brings out whatever good there is in a man; the obligation to do nothing that can reflect dishonour on the service; the varied and attractive character of his duties; and the example and precept of his superiors, who regard him rather as a younger brother than as a subordinate official.’

These pictures are over-coloured; but they are perhaps not more deceptive than the early prospects of other professions. And, to a colder temper, the solid rewards of Indian service are attractive enough to supply the place of ambition:—

‘A joint magistrate and deputy collector who marries on nine hundred a year, may count on being a full magistrate and collector at one or two and thirty, with an income of two thousand three hundred. In five years more, with industry and ordinary parts, he will be in receipt of three thousand a year, as a civil and sessions judge; or, if he prefers to wait his time, he will have charge of a division, with a commissioner’s salary of three thousand six hundred. Then there are the quartern loaves and the plump fishes; the chance of Bombay or Madras; the lieutenant-governorships, with an income of ten thousand pounds; the Council, with an

income of eight thousand; the chief commissionerships, with an income of six thousand; the secretariat and the board of revenue, with something under five thousand a year.'

These are larger prizes than are to be got elsewhere by open competition; and their value is not destroyed by the expenses of living, which are certainly high, but have no wide range. A family, it is said, cannot live up the country in comfort much under fifteen hundred pounds a year, or spend much more than two thousand pounds; because, beyond comfort, there is nothing to spend money upon. But the dark side of the picture is, that the family cannot long live in India. Mr. Trevelyan speaks strongly of the lassitude and *ennui* which must beset ladies for whom no stress of work fills up the sultry days. We are apt to think that ladies are beginning to find their way to India who will cut out work for themselves. The wives of missionaries are not usually a prey to *ennui*. It is not found that school-keeping destroys the frame of an English girl; and if interesting employment be the one thing necessary, a Hindoo village seems, from its description, to present enough to keep both husband and wife in the best of health and spirits. It is to the wives of the new race of civilians that we must look for very much of the improvement of the native people, for which English minds hope more eagerly than for growing budgets. The same influence which alone can reach the root of social mischief at home is the most direct, if not the most powerful, agent in the task of the Christian race in India; and if a competition wallah knew where to choose, he need not count it among the drawbacks to his profession that his wife must pine for want of something to do. The real hardship, and it is a bitter one, is that the children must, one after another, go home at a tender age; until often the mother comes to follow, and the house is desolate, and the career loses its interest; and, unless the rising civilian has fortitude to wait out weary years of loneliness, he is constrained to retire to an after-life which can hardly offer him excitement enough to work, or interest enough to be amused. 'It is a severe trial for a leader of Calcutta society to become one of the rank and file in the pump-room at a watering-place; to sink from the council-board to the vestry, and from the High Court to the Petty Sessions. It is a severe trial, when settled down at Rugby or Harrow, seeing that his boys learn their repetitions, and get up in time for morning school, quarrelling with their tutor, and requesting the head master to publish his confirmation sermon, for a man to look back to the days when he coerced refractory rajahs,

bearded the secretariat, and did the finance minister out of a lac and a half for his favourite cotton-road.' And though he escape the breaking-up of his home, and serve out with honour and success the measured years of work, it is a delusive benefit, this pension and repose, which counted for so much at the outset, a life to begin over again on the wrong side of forty; weak health at the worst; and perhaps at the best, a somewhat listless ease, without much mixture of dignity.

These, however, are not the considerations which press most heavily on a young and confident mind. A far more practical check upon the exportation of a sterling class of English youths is imposed by want of familiarity with the service and the preparation for it; or even with the idea of going to India at all. The profession is limited; and time must elapse before the path to its honours will have become easy, well-beaten, and obvious to general society. And though special classes and training-schools do much to smooth the way; yet trades are so hereditary, and choice is made at so early an age, and parents are so naturally inclined to pursuits which will keep the household together, that it takes some spirit of ambition and adventure to strike into the new track, and bid high for the sacrifices and rewards of an oriental satrapy.

Among the sacrifices, these letters speak of the loneliness of the novice's first months in India. Under the old system, Haileybury bound the young writers to each other and to the whole order of civilians by those strong ties of good fellowship which soften even the discomforts of freshmanship, and enable an English boy to pass from school to college almost as easily as from form to form. Landed in Calcutta, the modern griffins have no other bond of union, perhaps no other link to their new home, than may have sprung from the hurried sympathies of the examination-room or the chance acquaintanceship of the 'P. and O.' deck. It is a serious trial for a man at three-and twenty to find himself alone and 'fresh,' to set himself to unaccustomed work under the same indifferent stare which greets the 'new boy.' But it is a trial common to all who make a push for a position; many a member of Parliament stands it every year; and the competition system is essentially a push by the middle class in England for the prerogatives of Indian government. The natives are not so far wrong if they believe, as is said, that a new caste of Englishmen has come out. India, like the British government, was long the private property of a few great houses. Its lucrative posts were the patrimony of men destined from early youth to their enjoyment, and trained not only by family connexion and definite prospects, but directly

in close and special colleges, to some knowledge of each other and of their paternal estate. It has now become public; and is rapidly undergoing the same revolution which more slowly throws open even the Treasury and the Foreign Office; nay, may some day unlock the Cabinet itself to all ranks of society. It is well that the course should not be quite so facile as from the school to the counting house; that the spirit of self-reliance, and the determination to risk much labour and meet untried duties and modes of life, should fence off weaklings.

It is easy to write up the attractions of India to English youth. But, after all, the civilian is made for the service, and not the service for the civilian; and it is not so simple a task to estimate the advantages of examination to the government of India. Although the main principle of the competitive system is too great a boon to the strongest class in England to be easily displaced; yet, as to all details, the new *régime* is on its trial. We cannot say that Mr. Trevelyan throws much light on the probable result; and perhaps the experiment has not yet been carried on long enough to warrant a decided opinion one way or the other. Our sympathies are trained to take sides with an open system as against a close one; and there was at least sufficient abuse of the right of nomination to justify the experiment. We have certainly got rid of the class of 'loafers,'—men secure of a competent provision, and too lazy to take interest in their work. And with the influx of steady industry, frugality, ambition, and ability, which, if not talent, is at least cleverness, we have a firm guarantee that the moral tone of the service will be much higher than it has proverbially been. It will outweigh many losses, if all idling, drinking, and contempt of the natives go out, and a serious aim at success come in their place.

At the same time, the prejudice against the 'Wallahs' is founded upon solid objections. Uncouth habits, shyness, want of *savoir faire*,—all characteristic of many reading men,—do not detract from their competitive qualities, but tell forcibly upon their aptitude for administration. The Indian service is not like the government offices at home. Examination may test a clerk, but not a magistrate. The proconsulate demands extensive general information, the power of acquiring facts rapidly, and presenting them readily, sound judgment, and prompt decision;—above all, the knowledge of men. And these matters do not count under the method of question and answer; though it may be said that they did not count under that of patron and cadet.

Still graver doubts hint of the lofty sense of honour secured by the gentle birth, and fostered by the *esprit de corps*, of the

old civilians. Sprung from aristocratic families, highly connected and lavishly paid, and trusted with authority almost irresponsible, the men of the old school kept up a standard of professional morality which perhaps can hardly be expected from a system of demand and supply. Of course, good salaries will secure an average of integrity and fidelity; but what payment will give us the character of an English judge?

Mr. Trevelyan notes a lighter defect to which the pupils of a successful crammer are no doubt liable:—

‘A common complaint among the magistrates and commissioners up country is, that many of the young men who have lately joined, lack the physical dash and the athletic habits that are so essential in India. When some three or four Englishmen are placed over a province as large as Saxony, an officer who cannot drive a series of shying horses, or ride across country, is as useless as a judge who suffers from headache in a badly ventilated court-house. A commissioner of police told me that on one occasion, when a district in Bengal was in a very inflammable state, on account of the indigo troubles, he marched up in hot haste with a strong force, and requested the civil officer to meet him on the way. To his ineffable disgust, that gentlemen came to the rendezvous in a palanquin. It was not by travelling about in palanquins that Wake, and Mangles, and their fellows, in the midst of a hostile population, with small hope of succour, bore up against frightful odds through the long months of the great mutiny. It is impossible to believe that any class of Englishmen are deficient in natural courage; but familiarity with arms and horses can only be acquired by men constantly exercised in field-sports; and to field-sports the new civilians are not addicted as a class. The individual members of an imperial race, settled in small numbers throughout a subject population, must be men of their hands. What the Enniskilleners were in Ireland, what the soldiers of Cortes were in Mexico, that are our countrymen in India. It is well for a Mofussil civilian that he should have cultivated tastes and extended views; but it is well likewise that he should be ready at need to ride fifty miles on end without seeking for road or bridge, and that in villages and bazaars of the most evil reputation he should feel secure with a favourite hogspoor in his hand, and a double-barrelled Purdey slung across his shoulders.’

Let this be thoroughly understood, and we do not think there is any danger that English lads will be found unwilling to qualify themselves for an active outdoor life. They take kindly enough to the saddle in Australia and Canada; and shooting of any kind is the joy of a schoolboy.

But whether such fears as these for the success of competition prove well-grounded or not, the step from the close to the open system of appointment is, we think, irrevocable; and it

is not easy to see how an open system could proceed without examination, or how an examination could be devised, whose meshes would exclude awkward manners, weak presence, or a hard conscience. Nomination which merely confers a right to compete, may be warped into absolute patronage; or, if disinterestedly exercised, easily lapses into mere formality. Perhaps the most profitable turn which inquiry can take, will be to accept the raw material, as sifted by intellectual tests, and consider what is the best polish which can be put upon it. But unless the men can be kept in England to a much later age than they now are, no time can be found for preliminary training; and it seems too expensive to keep a supply of servants several years in advance. And if time could be found, education can only be conducted by careful supervision;—that is, close colleges, with all their old defects,—or by examination, which leaves us where we were. So that we do not see the feasibility of any plan for the substantial improvement of the competition system.

And, certainly, we cannot, either for the sake of the physical activity or the social intimacy of the future magistrates, judges, and secretaries, concur in Mr. Trevelyan's proposal, to found a college at Cambridge or Oxford for the successful candidates. Such a plan would throw back the examination to so early an age, as to shut out all general education; for the examination for a profession can never be thoroughly general. It would determine a boy's course before his mind or body was mature enough for the decision. Besides, the college must either confine its studies to professional subjects, or lose its best men in the current of academical life. In the latter case, the scheme must fail of its object; in the former, little beyond the name of a University course would be secured; for the bond of common study and interest is too strong to open and admit a sect of men, whose present habits and future career would be equally peculiar. Let the private Halls of Oxford be examples.

Soon after landing in India, our author finds himself on his way to visit an up-country collector; and the former produces some interesting descriptions:—interesting not only because the writer condescends to the smallest particulars, but because he sees with our eyes, and is constantly amused by the grotesque likeness or unlikeness of Indian and English things. Here are the conquering and subject races brought together not to much purpose by that great leveller, the railway:—

'A station on an Indian line affords much that is amusing to a curious observer. Long before the hour at which the train is expected, a dense crowd of natives collects outside the glass doors,

dressed in their brightest colours, and in a wild state of excitement. The Hindoos have taken most kindly to railway-travelling. It is a species of locomotion which pre-eminently suits their lazy habits; and it likewise appeals to their love of turning a penny. To them every journey is a petty speculation. If they can sell their goods at a distance for a price which will cover the double fare and leave a few pice over, they infinitely prefer sitting still in a truck to earning a much larger sum by genuine labour. A less estimable class of men of business, who are said to make great use of the railway, are the dacoits, who travel often sixty or seventy miles to commit their villainies, in order to escape the observation of the police in their own district. Every native carries a parcel of some sort or kind, and it often happens that a man brings a bundle so large that it cannot be got in at the door.

At length the barrier is opened, and the passengers are admitted in small parties by a policeman, who treats them with almost as little courtesy as is shown to Cook's tourists by a Scotch railway official. When his turn comes to buy a ticket, your true Hindoo generally attempts to make a bargain with the clerk, but is very summarily snubbed by that gentleman; and after an unsuccessful effort to conceal a copper coin, he is shoved by a second policeman on to the platform, where he and his companions discuss the whole proceeding at great length and with extraordinary warmth.

Natives almost invariably travel third-class. At one time a train used to run consisting entirely of first and third-class carriages. Every first-class passenger was entitled to take two servants at third-class prices. It was no uncommon thing for well-to-do natives to entreat an English traveller to let them call themselves his servants for the sake of the difference in the fares. The most wealthy Hindoos would probably go first-class, if it were not for a well-founded fear of the Sahibs, and therefore they share the second-class with our poorer countrymen. In fact, in spite of the fraternity and equality which exists in theory between the subjects of our beloved queen, the incompatibility of manners is such that English ladies could not use the railway at all, if native gentlemen were in the constant habit of travelling in the same compartment. If you ask how our countrymen manage to appropriate to themselves the first-class carriages without a special regulation to that effect, I ask you in return, How it is that there are no tradesmen's sons at Eton or Harrow? There is no law, written or unwritten, which excludes them from those schools, and yet the boys take good care that if one comes he shall not stay there very long.

To return to the scene at our station. Suddenly, in the rear of the crowd, without the gates, there arises a great hubbub, amidst which, from time to time, may be distinguished an imperious, sharp-cut voice, the owner of which appears to show the most lordly indifference to the remarks and answers made around him. A few moments more, after some quarrelling and shoving about, the throng divides, and down the lane thus formed stalks the Sahib of the

period, in all the glory of an old flannel shirt and trowsers, a dirty alpaca coat, no collar, no waistcoat, white canvas shoes, and a vast pith helmet. Behind him comes his chief bearer, with a cash-box, a loading-rod, two copies of the *Saturday Review* of six months back, and three bottles of soda-water. Then follows a long train of coolies, carrying on their heads a huge quantity of shabby and non-descript luggage, including at least one gun case, and a vast shapeless parcel of bedding. On the portmanteau you may still read, in very faint white letters, 'Calcutta—Cabin.' The Sahib, with the freedom and easy insolence of a member of the imperial race, walks straight into the sacred enclosure of the clerk's office, and takes a ticket at five times the price paid by his native brethren. Meanwhile, his bearer disposes the luggage in a heap, rewards the coolies on a scale which seems to give them profound discontent, and receives a third-class ticket from his master's hand with every mark of the most heartfelt gratitude.

'At length the train arrives. As the traffic is very large, and there is only a single line (though the bridges and viaducts have been built for a double line), the trains are necessarily composed of a great number of trucks. First, perhaps, come eight or ten second-class carriages, full of pale, panting, English soldiers in their shirt-sleeves. Then one first-class, of which the *coupé* is occupied by a young couple going to an appointment up country. They have become acquainted during the balls and tiffins of the cold season at Calcutta, and were married at the end of it.....The next compartment is filled by a family party—a languid, bilious mother; a sickly, kindly, indefatigable nurse; and three little ones sprawling on the cushions in different stages of undress. In the netting overhead are plentiful stores of bottles of milk, bread and butter, and toys. Poor things! What an age a journey from Calcutta to Benares must seem at four years old! In the third compartment are two Sahibs smoking; who have filled every corner of the carriage with their bags and trunks, the charge for luggage in the van being preposterously high out here. Our Sahib, who is too good-natured to disturb the lovers, and who has no great fancy for children as fellow-travellers through the dust and glare of a journey in India, determines to take up his quarters with the last-named party. The two gentlemen object very strongly to being crowded; although there is full room for eight passengers; but our Sahib is a determined man, and he soon establishes himself, with all his belongings, as comfortably as circumstances will admit, and before very long the trio have fraternized over Manilla cheroots and the indigo question. Behind the first-class carriage come an interminable row of third-class, packed to overflowing with natives in high exhilaration, stripped to the waist, chattering, smoking hubble-bubbles, chewing betel-nut, and endeavouring to curry favour with the guard;—for your true native never loses an opportunity of conciliating a man in authority. Though there does not appear to be an inch of room available, the crowd of new-comers are pushed and heaved in by the

station-master and his subordinates, and left to settle down by the force of gravity. In an incredibly short space of time the platform is cleared; the guard bawls out something that might once have borne a dim resemblance to "all right behind;" the whistle sounds, and the train moves on at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages.'

That is a fair specimen of the light and easy description which is scattered through these letters, and brings home to our imagination a picture, perhaps too vivid, of the far-off East. We must pass by the native village, the civil station, the collector's house, and the Mohammedan college, with an *excursus* on native fanaticism. Apropos of the Government school, our correspondent remarks, as every one has remarked, on the extraordinary quickness of the Hindoo mind, and its early decay. He is disgusted with the 'slouching, flabby, spiritless' physique of the first class, or sixth form, who are clad in 'the native tunic and ridiculously tight European trousers.' His gravity is most severely tried by hearing from the lips of Bengalee youth a grand and highly classical English, which must sound much as the Ciceronian Latin of our schools would ring in the ears of a Roman supper-party. 'One youth, at the bottom of the class, on being requested for a definition of what Goldsmith meant by "unwieldy wealth," amused me much by replying, "Dazzling gawds and plenty—too much elephants."'

A more comic specimen still is furnished by a sepoy who had got into trouble, and persuaded a Government-trained friend to write for him a letter of excuse to the commanding officer of his regiment. The letter told how the soldier and a companion, out on leave in a neighbouring town, 'set forth from our lodging and traversed the streets with unwearied steps. By chance I discerned, at a window, a pleasing dame, from whose eyes shot the dart of love. Not being able to resist the dart, I approached the lattice, and courted and wooed her as a lover should. While we were engaged in our dalliance, there came by a banker who had formerly been her swain. The banker, seeing his Phyllis smiling on another, could not contain his ire, but passed on, breathing immediate vengeance.' Of course, English learned from standard authors, and not from ordinary speech, will be stilted enough; but the Hindoos who live much in intercourse with Europeans are quick at conversation; and the ridiculous bombast which often finds a place in Calcutta journals, is perhaps as much due to oriental hyperbole as to an overdignified model of the English language.

The facility with which the Bengalees get up mathematics and grammar is a symptom of that weakness of character which

tries so severely the hopes of their instructors. Their minds will assume with impartial facility the view of morals, of philosophy, of facts and opinions, which suits the passing moment. Conviction, truth, reality, seem little more than names to them.

‘The Bengalee journalist will adopt the tone which he has reason to believe may suit the greatest number of Sahibs. All the great discoveries in political and social science which have been wrought out by successive generations of European thinkers, he picks up and appropriates with almost pathetic simplicity and conceit. He never writes an article on Trade or Taxation which, as far as the opinions are concerned, might not have been the work of John Stuart Mill. He never writes an article on Creeds or Subscription which might not have been the work of Goldwin Smith or Maurice. He has his choice of all the theories which have ever been current, and he finds it just as cheap to take the most advanced and the most recent, as to borrow one which already has been a little blown upon. In the hardy, rugged minds of northern men, liberality is a plant which springs from seed sown amidst doubt and fond regret; which strikes root downward, and bears fruit upward. Here, it lies on the surface, and sprouts to right and left with easy profusion; but its produce is mighty tasteless and surfeiting. In the days of the Reform Bill, when the great soul of England was in woful anxiety and misgiving as to the course which it behoved her to pursue, every little Hindoo bachelor of arts was most glib and positive about the absurdity of Gattton and Old Sarum returning members, while vast marts of industry, gigantic emporia of commerce, cities teeming with a countless population, remained still unrepresented.’

Such an inappreciation of reality is inconvenient enough in ordinary life. ‘It is hopeless,’ sighs the Wallah in despair, ‘to attempt to get a true idea of what these people think, and wish, and love, and hate.’ Here, for instance, is a pretty story :—

‘The first Mofussil town at which I spent any time was Patna. When my servant heard that we were going thither, he appeared to be in high glee, and said that he had a papa and mamma at Patna. Pleased at his filial piety, I gave him some hours’ leave in the course of every day, little dreaming that his parents were represented by a hideous venal sweetheart of eight-and-thirty. At Mofussilpore his papa and mamma were succeeded by his brother and sister, at Chupra by his uncle and aunt. As we went from station to station he had reason to regret that he had been so extravagant with his relations at first setting out. By the time we came to Gya he had exhausted the whole connexion, and was reduced to the clumsy expedient of transporting the author and authoress of his being from Patna in search of employment.’

But when it comes to the attempt to administer justice on the credit of their testimony, we are lost in a sea of untruth.

Law to the Hindoos is a game of skill, an intellectual battlefield where their feuds may be fought out. Perjury is no discredit, and the word of a European is worth the oaths of a whole native village. 'India,' says our author, 'is the country for a conscientious barrister who has doubts about the morality of advocating a cause which he believes to be unfounded. He would be utterly unable to make out whether his client was the wronged or the avenger, guilty or not guilty,'—not an uncommon predicament, by the by, in less perjured climes. 'He might say to himself, "We employ perjury, it is true; but the other side employ both perjury and forgery. We bring forward fifteen witnesses, who would not speak truth if they could; but the other side bring forward as many who could not speak truth if they would."' Stories of the Indian courts are plentiful; perhaps the most striking told here is of a planter who, in default of game, fired at a sheep, and accidentally killed a native who was lying hid from view in the grass behind. 'The relations of the poor fellow prosecuted the planter for murder, and swore that he had tied the deceased to a tree, beaten him cruelly, outraged him in the most foul manner, and finally put him out of his misery by deliberately firing at him from the distance of a few yards. This vindictive wicked lie was supported in every particular by a number of the villagers.' Happily the accused man was in the company of friends who could disprove it. No wonder if they should resolve, 'if on a jury, never to convict a European of a capital crime on native testimony.' And no wonder that a rascally European can by a false statement make the magistrate a tool of the blackest oppression and perfidy.

Mr. Trevelyan has fished up and printed for the first time a state paper from his uncle's pen, on the subject of Indian Education. A dispute arose in the Committee of Public Instruction, in 1835, whether a certain annual Grant of £10,000 should go to the encouragement of Oriental or English literature; and Macaulay laid his opinion before the Council in a minute of so much interest and brilliancy, as to justify a somewhat lengthy citation. After discussing the competency and justice of the appropriation, he puts boldly the question, which language is best worth knowing:—

'I have no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic; but I have done what I could to form a correct estimate of their value. I have read translations of the most celebrated Arabic and Sanscrit works, I have conversed both here and at home with men distinguished by their proficiency in the Eastern tongues. I am quite ready to take the Oriental learning at the valuation of the Orientalists themselves.

I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia. The intrinsic superiority of the Western literature is, indeed, fully admitted by those members of the Committee who support the Oriental plan of education.

‘It will hardly be disputed, I suppose, that the department of literature in which the Eastern writers stand highest is poetry. And I certainly never met with any Orientalist who ventured to maintain that the Arabic and Sanscrit poetry could be compared to that of the great European nations. But, when we pass from works of imagination to works in which facts are recorded and general principles investigated, the superiority of the Europeans becomes absolutely immeasurable. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say, that all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in the Sanscrit language, is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy, the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same.

‘How, then, stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminently even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, increase the comfort, or expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows this language has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth, which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said, that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia;—communities which are every year becoming more important and more closely connected with our Indian empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of

all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

'The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse; and whether, when we can patronise sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier—astronomy which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding-school—history abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long; and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter.

'We are not without experience to guide us. History furnishes several analogous cases, and they all teach the same lesson. There are, in modern times, to go no further, two memorable instances of a great impulse given to the mind of a whole society; of prejudices overthrown; of knowledge diffused; of taste purified; of arts and sciences planted in countries which had recently been ignorant and barbarous.

'The first instance to which I refer is, the great revival of letters among the Western nations at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time almost every thing that was worth reading was contained in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Had our ancestors acted as the Committee of Public Instruction has hitherto acted; had they neglected the language of Cicero and Tacitus; had they confined their attention to the old dialects of our own island; had they printed nothing and taught nothing at the universities but Chronicles in Anglo-Saxon and Romances in Norman-French, would England have been what she now is? What the Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India. The literature of England is now more valuable than that of classical antiquity. I doubt whether the Sanscrit literature be as valuable as that of our Saxon and Norman progenitors. In some departments—in history for example—I am certain that it is much less so.

'Another instance may be said to be still before our eyes. Within the last hundred and twenty years, a nation which had previously been in a state as barbarous as that in which our ancestors were before the Crusades, has gradually emerged from the ignorance in which it was sunk, and has taken its place among civilized communities. I speak of Russia. There is now in that country a large educated class, abounding with persons fit to serve the State in the highest functions, and in no wise inferior to the most accomplished men who adorn the best circles of Paris and London. There is reason to hope that this vast empire, which in the time of our grandfathers was probably behind the Punjab, may, in the time of our grandchildren, be pressing close on France and Britain in the career of improve-

ment. And how was this change effected? Not by flattering national prejudices: not by feeding the mind of the young Muscovite with the old woman's stories which his rude fathers had believed: not by filling his head with lying legends about St Nicholas: not by encouraging him to study the great question, whether the world was or was not created on the 13th of September: not by calling him "a learned native," when he has mastered all these points of knowledge: but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass of information had been laid up, and thus putting all that information within his reach. The languages of Western Europe civilised Russia. I cannot doubt that they will do for the Hindu what they have done for the Tartar.'

The whole of this Minute, which is found on pp. 410-424 of the book under review, is well worth reading; not only for its arguments, which are almost rendered irrelevant by the complete success of the English education, but for its sound sense of the high ends of the English dominion. The Supreme Council may in years gone by have erred grievously in their views of what was necessary for the maintenance of order and the enlightenment of their subjects; they may have been foolishly and mischievously jealous of European immigrants; but their policy has not been that of mere extortioners of rupees. Their public spirit has been fanned by the contrast and the opposition of a class of Europeans, whose views of India are by no means so disinterested. The official men stand as a body for the protection of the natives; and for doing so, they receive their share of abuse. They view the Hindoo as a subject; and governments now-a-days know that they ought to be the servants as well as the masters of their subjects. To the planter, the native gentleman is too often a rival trader who must look to himself; and the ryot a 'hand' who ought to be made to work on fair terms. It is the nature of the superior and conquering race to despise and oppress the inferior; and only a high self-respect, or a strong sense of public responsibility, will counteract the tendency. It is their nature to be bitterly exasperated against the officials of their own flesh and blood, who resist oppression with authority, and enforce equal rights. We find the same kind of conflict in all our Eastern settlements. Such is the prejudication which an Englishman at home will bring to the questions of Indian policy; questions which mostly turn more or less upon the respect and consideration due to the native races, and which divide, in Calcutta at least, officials and settlers into camps of uncompromising hostility.

On such questions, these letters take a very decided stand.

Indeed, we do not suppose it is possible to be long in Calcutta without choosing one side or the other. Mr. Trevelyan is very anxious, in his Preface, to disclaim partiality; and, indeed, he is able to assure us that he left England too ignorant for prejudice, and that his first months, spent in the indigo districts, left him 'a rabid Anglo-Saxon.' He ascribes his conversion to the savage spirit of some of the Calcutta papers, and the influence of general society, and may perhaps be regarded as biassed only by hereditary sympathies which do not include the topics of the day, and probably amount to no more than a noble view of the duties which Providence has attached to our possession of the country. At any rate, his opinions are, as we said, decided; and are backed up by some very ugly facts and quotations.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Trevelyan has allowed himself to be led by hasty impressions into the error of identifying the whole mercantile community of India, and its sympathizers in England, with an extreme party, whose scandalous speeches he freely quotes. And he is partly led into this by identifying the questions on which the Government and the merchants are at issue, with the single question whether we hold India for our own profit, or the benefit of the natives. No doubt rowdies are plentiful in Calcutta, and a thorough selfish contempt for niggers leads to a strong opinion on indigo contracts; but it is not the less true, though Mr. Trevelyan's conversion is too thorough to allow it, that there is something to be honourably said on both sides of the ryot question. It is natural enough that rulers and traders should look at matters from their own points of view, but it is not wise to brand all difference of opinion with disgraceful imputations. Mr. Trevelyan admits that the *Hurkaru* itself has moderated its rancour, and India is not without publications of as high a tone as the most zealous political philanthropist could wish. With this qualification, we cordially agree with his indignation at the sentiments of the journals he attacks, and the practices of the party who support them.

The events of the great mutiny and its suppression were not calculated to soften the feelings of the English party. The 'damned nigger' sentiment ran riot not only in India, but at home, and among all classes. Civilians and 'interlopers' alike executed a grim justice, which at least imitated the form of ferocity, and were justified and urged on by our own press. The insult was deep, and the necessity pressing; and we said and thought things which it is not in these days found convenient to recall. Still more dreadful, of course, was the

sentiment on the scene of terror. Many of the utterances of the Indian press of 1857 were nothing short of fiendish ; and their denunciations fell with equal vigour on the natives whom they accused of atrocity, and the officials whom they charged with mercy. In such a contest, the nature of the case may afford a sufficient vindication of the civilians. Governments are not habitually lenient in their treatment of rebels. But the indictment against the 'Anglo-Saxon' party is, that while the feelings of this country have returned to their allegiance to conscientious philanthropy, while our Indian administrators are rapidly yielding to the influences of peace, they retain, and use to their profit, the same savage spirit of revenge, which rejoiced in the destruction and torture of the civil war.

In the midst of this hostility, in the confusion which followed the mutiny, two difficulties sprang up which now occupy much of the field of Indian politics :—the proposed contract law, and the sale of waste lands. They have been taken up by our mercantile community, and have almost risen to the dignity of imperial questions. They stand for a great share in our growing interest in Indian matters. Both are somewhat abstruse ; and both have been so long mistily before the eyes of our readers, that they are tired of hearing of them. It will give them pleasure, and awake their interest afresh, to read Mr. Trevelyan's Ninth Letter, which, though not carrying much appearance of impartiality, offers a vivacious discussion of points which we can only indicate.

The crop of indigo troubles was sown in dishonour. The ryots, or small farmers, of Bengal, are altogether destitute of capital ; and the manufacturer seeks his raw products, not in open market, but by making special contracts with the cultivator, in which a part of the price is paid down in advance. Ready money is valuable everywhere ; but rupees have such a glitter to the eyes of a Hindu peasant, that he is easily led by the offer of cash in hand into bargains which it does not suit him, or is out of his power, to fulfil. Of course European traders are found to take advantage of his weakness ; and the consequence is that indigo contracts have become notorious. All the opium is bought by the Government at a fixed and fair price ; and poppy-growing, accordingly, is a peaceful and popular business. Indigo, on the contrary, the ryots, over vast tracts of Bengal, have either refused to grow, or, if they have promised, have systematically broken their promises. They are honest in the matter of laudanum, but take them in 'blue dyes,' and they become rascally thieves.

The reflection of a plain person upon this matter is, clearly

that there must be some reason for so wide-spread and so peculiar a mischief. The peasant is not insensible to his own advantage, and if it paid him to grow the indigo, he would grow it and be thankful. And we do not believe that a whole class of labourers would year after year take money in advance, and refuse its equivalent for the mere purpose of worrying their employers out of the trade and the country. The ryots stand out, as they have a right to stand out, on a question of price. And the price offered them, and which multitudes have been and are still induced in their poverty to accept in advance, often will not cover the expenses of the cultivation. Accidents may destroy the crops. And where the habit of neglecting promises has taken root, it does not confine itself to the evasion of improvident bargains.

Now when a man breaks his contract, the usual remedy is to sue him at law. But three grave difficulties beset the injured or oppressive planter of Bengal. The first is that the magistrate is probably fifty miles off; the second, that the natives, any number of them, will swear to anything; and the third, that his ryots are protected by poverty and numbers. Law is of no use if every one breaks it. In this state of things the indigo planters began by taking the law into their own hands: that is to say, they ejected the farmers, and cropped the ground themselves, or they assumed the right of imprisonment, or strolled about the fields with whips in their hands. In short, the cultivators were reduced to slavery by English traders, far on in the nineteenth century.

Of course these proceedings soon came to light, and a commission was appointed soon after the rebellion, which reported by no means in favour of the planters. From that time to this, fierce war has been waging between the civilian and anti-native parties on the indigo question. The Rev. Mr. Long, a gentleman connected with the Church Missionary Society, translated into English a native drama, the notorious *Nil Durpan*, or 'Mirror of Indigo,' which represented the ryot's view of the matter. He was indicted for his pains by the influence of the planters' association, on the eccentric charge of libelling *two Calcutta newspapers, and the whole body of planters*. His trial and sentence read like the persecutions of the West Indian missionaries in the times of slavery.

Flogging and kidnapping would not stand, and the planters have had to look out for another remedy. Their main demand is for a law which shall declare breach of contract a penal offence. Some say that the rent question is a branch of the contract question, and that landholding planters raised their rents as a

compensation for their indigo losses. It is one of the most perplexed and doubtful points in Indian politics, whether they were justified in doing so or not; but if they were, the position of the ryot, in the present state of civilisation, is that of a serf, at the mercy, not of a responsible noble family, under the eye of a vigilant press, but of a foreign capitalist, surrounded by an ignorant population. However this may be, the indigo row merged in the cry for a criminal contract law, which has enlisted the sympathy of a large party in England. Mr. Trevelyan puts very plainly and forcibly the objections which the civilians, backed by Sir Charles Wood, entertain to a course which certainly goes against the current tendencies of our own jurisprudence. It may suffice here to remark that more stringent law will not cure evils which have their root in injustice, but can only result in fresh troubles or in permanent slavery;—and that whatever can be done by law may be effected by the civil law. The trial of a prisoner is not necessarily a more simple proceeding than an action for debt; and the planters might find themselves not a little embarrassed by the protection which British courts throw over a man accused of crime. Hindoo litigiousness and perjury may be met, if at all, by a simple, cheap, and speedy procedure, administered by a prompt and sensible magistrate. ‘The present state of things,’ says our author, ‘in the Mofussil, is not unlike that which existed in England before the institution of county courts. Then the proceedings for the recovery of small debts were so tedious and expensive, that tradesmen frequently preferred to lose their money, and compensate themselves by charging exorbitant prices. The solvent customers thus suffered for the short-comings of the insolvent, just as an honest ryot gets a lower price for his indigo, because his worthless neighbour broke faith with their common employer. If small courts were scattered broadcast over Bengal and Bahar, the planters would find to their surprise, and perhaps a little to their disappointment, that the difficulties of their position had been obviated by a remedy very different from that panacea for which they had clamoured so long and so loudly: the sting would be taken out of the excitement for the contract law; men would at times forget that they were members of the Anglo-Saxon race; Sir John Peter Grant would become a shade less black, and Sir Mordaunt Wells a shade less blue.’

The second of the two great questions which agitate British capitalists and Indian politicians, is that of the waste lands; and it is stated by Mr. Trevelyan, in a few clear sentences, which our readers may see with advantage. Though not directly

affecting the rights of the natives, this topic derives great interest from the supposed hostility of the civilians to English settlers. About one third of the soil of British India is unoccupied.

'By Lord Canning's resolution, a certain price per acre was fixed for all waste land, whatever the quality. A capitalist who wished to buy any portion gave notice of his intention. The government then announced that such and such lands were to be disposed of; and after the lapse of a month the purchaser paid his money, and took possession of the lot. Now the defects of this method of procedure are obvious. As all lands, bad and good, were sold at the same price, people bought up all the valuable soils at a price much below what they would have fetched in open market, and left the inferior lots on the hands of the state. Worse than this, a vast proportion of the best tracts were taken by land-jobbers, who afterwards disposed of them at their own price. Europeans, therefore, who were desirous of settling in India, gained nothing but the very questionable advantage of paying to speculators the purchase-money which ought to have gone into the pockets of the public. Again, the one month's notice was not long enough to satisfy the demands of equity. It often happened that persons who had an interest in lands advertised for sale, were unable to put in their claim in time to prevent the alienation of their rights. A native proprietor who happened to be absent on business at Cocanada or Tanjore might receive the pleasing intelligence that a sharp broker from Calcutta or Delhi had applied six weeks previously for a couple of thousand acres on the frontiers of Oude, over which the cattle of his fathers had browsed for generations past; and he might solace himself during his return home with the anticipation of finding a stranger comfortably in possession, perhaps with Mr. Rudd himself as his bailiff and right-hand man.

'Sir Charles Wood was deeply impressed with the evils which had resulted, and were likely to result, from so faulty a system. He accordingly modified the resolutions of Lord Canning in a manner which, to unprejudiced eyes, displayed equal regard to the interests of the treasury, the native population, and the European settler. For the fixed price he substituted sale by auction in open market, and thereby gave the land-jobbers a slap in the face which they can neither forgive nor forget. He extended the period of the notice from one month to three, and in so doing opened an additional account of hatred with those who saw in his conduct only another proof of his partiality for the nigger. And, because he has obeyed the imperious demands

of humanity and sound policy, because he has acted as every disinterested and judicious statesman must have acted in the same conjuncture, he is reviled by the Calcutta papers in terms which would be harsh and shocking if applied to such rulers as Sejanus and Strafford. The editors of those papers seem to consider his behaviour in this matter as too palpably iniquitous to need any demonstration. Any allusion to "waste lands" is the text, not for argument and fact, but for vulgar abuse and contemptible slander.

'Here, again, a grievance actually exists, which will doubtless be speedily removed, and which would have been removed long before this if the aggrieved parties had made their complaint in a rational and intelligible strain, instead of scolding like old women whenever the subject is mentioned. By the modified resolutions, lands cannot be sold until they have been surveyed, and the government survey proceeds so slowly that persons who desire to purchase certain lots get those lots surveyed at their own expense. It sometimes happens that at the auction another capitalist outbids them, and the expense of the survey thus becomes a dead loss. This oversight on the part of the government is, however, hardly grave enough to justify the non-official society in joining the crusade of the land-jobbers against the home authorities. When men are blinded by their passions, it is marvellous how low they will stoop for allies.'

The troubles which embarrass indigo planting are escaped by the staple product of Indian soil. Opium makes easy way among the natives; but it has a ghost, too, among its bales, which will not soon be laid. The government, it is well known, restricts the growth, fixes the price, buys up the produce, carries on the entire manufacture, and absolutely commands the Chinese market. It is objected by some that the vast revenue derived from so mischievous a trade stains our hands; by others, that monopolies are in no case justifiable. Mr. Trevelyan replies, very fairly, to the political economists, that the growth of tobacco is prohibited in England; that, economically speaking, a monopoly differs not at all from a prohibitory, and very little from a restrictive, duty; and that it is proper to raise revenue boldly from a commerce which ministers not only to luxury but to vice. He denies that the ryots are under any pressure to grow poppies, or that their condition would be so good under an open trade. So far we see sense in his reasoning. But his manner of disposing of the immorality is a little hazy. Of course we admit that the interference of a government with the vices of its subjects is a question to be judged by balancing evils. The supreme power is not bound to use a remedy worse than the

disease. And we therefore agree readily that to tax an article of commerce is not necessarily to recognise its utility or innocence. Taxation may be the surest check upon debauchery ; and if the lucrative policy be also sound, there is no virtue in abandoning it. But while a monopoly is, as a financial engine, nearly equivalent to a crushing impost, it may not be so in its moral aspects, or for the general purpose of diminishing the consumption of a poisonous drug. It seems to us that, however valuable may be the reputation of the Government brand, a profit of six hundred per cent. must mean that India has overwhelming natural advantages for administering laudanum to the Chinese ; so that a heavy export tax could be raised with ease, and screwed up to the point of limiting the trade. But, however that may be, it is, in the public conscience, one thing for the government, for whose doings we all feel more or less responsible, actively to manufacture a noxious product, and another thing actively to tax it ;—one thing to regulate a vice, quite another to take part in it for the purpose of keeping it within bounds. And the public conscience is an element of prodigious weight in the matter. The national traffic in opium keeps up the respectability of a pursuit which might otherwise justly become infamous.

We are inclined to think, then, that the commutation of the exclusive privilege to a vigorous tax upon this 'Indian weed' would improve our character without affecting our pocket. But we may perhaps go much further, and accept Mr. Trevelyan's 'clinch,'—'No one can logically assert that it is immoral to tax opium, unless he is prepared to maintain that we can, and should, put down with a strong hand the cultivation of poppies.' Without making any such assertion, we may remark that it is not easy to see why a harvest altogether poisonous should be quietly reaped in the open field under the eyes of a strong government. Stop the trade, by all means ; and let our hands be clean of it. And, as for power, if six hundred per cent. of profit is not burden enough to drive the whole crop into unlicensed hands, can prohibition create smugglers ? It is a weary task to watch leagues of seaboard for the swift and wary runner, to hunt illicit stills over a wild Irish bog, and keep the streets of Liverpool under espionage in defence of the Foreign Enlistment Act ; but poppies are not sown, raised, and pressed in secret ; the fields lie open to everybody's inspection ; and the authority which now restricts the cultivation to a few registered acres, is equally competent to put an end to it altogether. We can prohibit the trade, so far as India is concerned, if we will ;—the question lies between principles and profits.

And as it is a public question, we have good hope that profits will, in the long run, yield to principles.

It will perhaps be expected by the reader who glances over this article, that it should not conclude without referring to *Christian Missions*. But they open too large a subject to be treated in a few paragraphs: and although a striking letter, the last but one in this book, would fairly bring them under our review, it would not afford us much original matter. Mr. Trevelyan's personal observations on the question appear to be confined to the horrible scenes of the native superstition and their reflection in the accommodated Roman Catholic worship; and while he speaks with real respect of the task and the motives of the missionaries, it is not surprising that, in his unfamiliarity with missionary undertakings, he falls into the vulgar error of underestimating the results already attained and exaggerating the difficulties to be overcome. It is most confidently asserted that the Indian field already yields harvests as plentiful as can be reaped from other lands. If we were to accept the return of 138,543 nominal converts upon which Mr. Trevelyan relies, and compare it, not, as he futilely does, with the population, but with the means employed;—still more, if we were to measure, not the positive result, but the present rate of progress, we should have little need to call in aid of our confidence the severe ordeal of conversion, or to ponder the vast direct and indirect influence of the Gospel upon the education of the natives, and the morals of their masters.

It is asserted by all observers that the ancient superstitions are fast waning. The Missions are spreading their churches and schools with a rapidity not unworthy of the West. Especially, girls' schools are laying the foundation of a new society. And though the government instruction, so eagerly sought, is not formally religious, it at least displaces the heathen creeds, and opens a wide path for the truth.

Nevertheless, it is useful to read Mr. Trevelyan's forcible description of the persecution which a Hindu convert has to brave, even if we may believe that its sharpness does not last, and that natural affections in the end assert their power over fanaticism. And we may press upon the attention of every one how fatal is the example of wicked or careless Europeans. Violence and oppression are bad preachers of the Gospel; and an even more powerful, because more wide-spread and subtle, check to conversion is given by habitual and openly expressed contempt of the natives. This is a vice common in respectable society, and injurious alike to the Christianity of the Englishman and the Hindu.

But we do not find that our lively author has any practical suggestion to make for the better propagation of the faith, beyond the query whether we are not using too fine tools, whether arguing down Oriental sophistry is a task worth trying. He thinks that 'the mass of the people of Hindostan are of much the same grade, intellectually and morally, as the mass of the Western populations in the darkest centuries of the Christian era,—those centuries which produced such an abundant crop of saints and martyrs ;' that the man to impress them is rather a devotee than a gentleman and a scholar, and that to meet this character it is necessary to go down to the depths of their habits and live among them. We know plenty of scholars and gentlemen who are also devotees; and it is not only ignorant and rudely-trained men who, to use Mr. Trevelyan's own language, 'sleeping in native huts, living on native food, going afoot from village to village through the sun of June and the exhalations of September, talking of Jesus to the ryots in the field, to the women at the well, under the gipsy tent in the lonely jungle, beneath the eaves of the coffee-shop in the crowded bazaar, have shown to the heathen, and shown not in vain, that a Christian apostle may equal a Hindoo eremite in endurance and devotion.' But it is well worthy of consideration whether the habits of Europeans in the Indian climate do not place a bar between them and the native population. Some of the German missionaries do carry on their labour in the midst of a poverty which reduces them more nearly to the native level; but this condition is one which can perhaps hardly be required of, or sustained by, average men. There is no fear but that the modern Christianity which has kept up religious teaching in Sierra Leone can supply devotion to rival that of past ages; but the striking instances of zeal and success are only the popular externals of evangelism. Christian societies must fashion their work according to the average strength of their tools; gigantic personal qualities occur only now and then; and though a good deal of heroism goes to the making of every missionary, (we are talking of human qualifications,) yet as much reliance must be placed upon the skilful organization of an effective rank and file; and it must be a very marked necessity which will induce us to draw deliberately to unhealthy habits and early death the ardent men who place their lives in our hands.

We quit the *Competition Wallah* with much more respect than we at first hoped to feel for it; with thanks for a great deal of valuable and picturesque information; with the wish that Mr. Trevelyan may write with less flippancy another time; and with an assurance to our readers that they will find, after perusing

his book, that India has acquired with them a much more vivid existence, and awakened in them a much higher and more enduring interest. In these letters not a few will see the daily life of their own friends abroad set in well-coloured pictures of scenery, character, and manners, and some perchance may discern visions prophetic of their own brilliant and useful future.

ART. IX.—*Lectures on the Science of Language.* By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Second Series. London: Longman and Co. 1864.

FEW readers of Max Müller's former course of Lectures on Language will fail to accord him a hearty greeting on his re-appearance with a further and still larger volume on the same subject. It is but as yesterday that the science of which he writes was born. No more than four years ago he was himself gravely arguing the fact of the birth, and the legitimacy of the infant child. No one questions this now. It is admitted on all hands that the age is witness of a grand discovery, and that another link is added to the golden chain of the sciences. In place of the incredulity which our author so successfully combated, feelings of a very different class have arisen. Delight at the rapid growth of the new comer; amazement, not unmixed with alarm, at the boldness with which he reaches forth his arms, and strives to take in the past and the present, the sacred and the profane, as all belonging to his jurisdiction; curiosity, anxiety, suspicion, hope, fear, in prospect of that general rummaging and ransacking of antiquity upon which he is evidently bent: these and the like sentiments have come to occupy men's minds; and they invest the Science of Language with a fascination hardly less potent than that which is exerted by the geological and ethnological studies of our day.

In England, though not in England alone, the enthusiasm with which the new philosophy of human speech has been cultivated is greatly due to the genius, learning, and eloquence of the distinguished foreigner whose name stands at the head of this article. Among the first, if not the very first, formally and expressly to vindicate the claim of language to have rank among the sciences, Max Müller has been unrivalled in the zeal and ability with which he has laboured in the new field of inductive research. His precise appreciation of the value of his science; the well-balanced caution and boldness which have marked his generalisations; his quick philosophic perception,

happily blended with the true feeling of the poet; his quiet humour; his racy, vigorous style of writing, at once German for solidity, French for vivacity, and English for clearness and force, have won him the highest place among living expositors and promoters of the modern comparative philology. So far as we know, there is not a contemporary scholar, whether British or Continental, whose writings on language are at once as wide in their sweep, and as brilliant in their execution, as those of Max Müller; and assuredly no one has more exactly defined the province and functions of the science of words, or thrown a broader light upon the phenomena, alike historical and metaphysical, with which it has to do. To all who are familiar with our author's doctrine of 'dialectical regeneration' and 'phonetic decay,' with his distinction and classification of languages as monosyllabic, agglutinative, and inflectional, and with his theory of the sources and beginnings of speech, as severally stated and illustrated in his first series of Lectures, he will be known as one of the profoundest and most original thinkers on this grand subject, of whom learned Europe has ever been able to boast.

It is saying much to affirm that this second course of Lectures is every way worthy to stand by its predecessor. Yet we do not hesitate to make the affirmation. We see no sign of flagging. There is the same breadth of view, the same subtlety of thought, the same wealth of learning, the same vividness of description, the same candour, fairness, and nobility of tone, which constituted the charm and value of the previous series. Possibly the present volume is not so rich in striking and suggestive speculation. In certain parts, too, it will be found more technical and more elaborately erudite than the former one. But it is full of precious information, of pure and lofty philosophising, and of most felicitous and bewitching illustration; and readers of cultivated mind, who are not afraid of a little physiology and Sanskrit, will be slow to lay it down without possessing themselves of its entire contents. Unlike the mass of modern books, these two works of Max Müller's tell the world something which it did not know before, and shift our intellectual horizon to a distance considerably beyond its ancient line.

In addressing himself to the task of preparing a second series of Lectures on Language, it was our author's original purpose, as he informs us, to attempt no more than a fuller elucidation of some of the topics to which he had devoted his first series. His aim in these had been 'to point out the principal objects of the science of language, to determine its limits,' and to

exhibit 'a general map of the [linguistic] ground that had been explored, with more or less success, during the last fifty years.' This map was 'necessarily incomplete;' and it was the writer's thought that he might do well to endeavour to fill it in with greater detail from the materials supplied by recent explorers, adding nothing further of his own, than simply, as he says, to furnish 'a criticism of their attempts at classifying some of the clusters of languages' in distant regions of the globe, 'to point out similarities which they might have overlooked, or to protest against some of the theories which they had propounded without sufficient evidence.' The work which Mr. Müller describes in this modest phrase is abundantly more important and difficult than might appear at first sight; and we trust he will hereafter take it in hand and accomplish it. A monograph from his pen on the Polynesian or South African languages in particular, so far as they are known to us, would be a great contribution to linguistic science, and might help to clear away some of the mysteries belonging to the early migrations and settlements of mankind. At the same time what the author 'very soon perceived' is sufficiently obvious, namely, that his contemplated subject was hardly a fit one for a course of popular lectures; and none of his readers will regret his abandoning it in favour of the points around which the discussions of his new volume are found to gather.

It is an axiom of Max Müller's philosophy, that the new and the known are the proper keys to the old and unknown. For example, if we would solve the riddle of the Greek dialects, or explain the relations which subsist between Latin and Sanskrit, or account for the characteristic phenomena of any one of the most ancient languages of the Aryan type, he would bid us observe the genesis and nature of our own English sounds and idioms; or study the recent linguistic formations known as the Romance tongues; or, in comparing the modern Chinese and Tartar, mark how monosyllables may become welded together into new forms of words, and how that which was at first an independent word may shrivel into a mere scale and appendage to a living growth of speech. This is sound doctrine, and not to be impugned. But it may be pushed too far, as it has often been. Our author, we are glad to see, does not push it too far. He does not, like certain geologists, say, that whereas such and such recent effects are due to such and such causes, therefore the same causes acting in remote ages must have produced the phenomena, which, not being recent, resemble these effects. He is too genuine a man of science to indulge in dogmatism of this kind. He knows very well that neither in geology nor in

language can we in all cases absolutely and certainly determine the unknown by applying it to the touchstone of the known. Our modern peat beds may utterly mislead our judgment, if we are to conclude from them as to the manner in which the great coal fields were deposited: and if South Sea islanders designedly alter their speech, as they do, through national etiquette or policy in war, the magical chain of an unvarying historical and philosophical induction in language is broken, and the necessary becomes at once transmuted into varying degrees of rational and scientific probability. This is Max Müller's position. 'What is real in modern formations is possible'—he might have said, probable—'in more ancient formations; what has been found to be true on a small scale may be true on a larger scale.'

Under the guidance of these excellent principles, and, as matter of convenience, limiting his attention in the main to 'Greek and Latin, with its Romance offshoots, English, with its continental kith and kin, and the much-abused, though indispensable, Sanscrit,' the writer proceeds to his present course of lectures, the double object of which will be best stated in his own words. 'I shall first treat,' he says,

'of what may be called the body or outside of language, the sounds in which language is clothed, whether we call them letters, syllables, or words; describing their origin, their formation, and the laws which determine their growth and decay. In this part we shall have to deal with some of the more important principles of etymology. In the second part I mean to investigate what may be called the soul or the inside of language; examining the first conceptions that claimed utterance, their combinations and ramifications, their growth, their decay, and their resuscitation. In that part we shall have to inquire into some of the fundamental principles of mythology, both ancient and modern, and to determine the sway, if any, which language, as such, exercises over our thoughts.'

It is possible that exception may be taken, in the very outset, to the method which Mr. Müller proposes to follow in the treatment of his subject. The author speaks, it may be said, of the 'body' and 'soul' of language, and tells us that he intends to scrutinise first the one and then the other, in order to ascertain their respective constitution and character. But the anatomy is impracticable. In language, however it may be in the natural creation, there is no body without its soul, and no soul without its body. Words are nothing without reason, and reason is nothing without words. You cannot divide the two. They interpenetrate one another at every point, and can never be sundered.

Now, so far is our author from being unaware of this objection, that the doctrine upon which it is founded forms a capital element in his teaching; and he occupies himself through the greater part of his second Lecture in the endeavour to maintain and illustrate it. 'Articulate sound is always an utterance, a bringing out of something that is within, a manifestation or revelation of something that wants to manifest and to reveal itself. It would be different if language had been invented by agreement; if certain wise kings, priests, and philosophers had put their heads together, and decreed that certain conceptions should be labelled and ticketed with certain sounds. In that case, we might [properly] speak of the sound as the outside, of the ideas as the inside of language; and no objection could be raised to our treating each of them separately.' The principle embodied in this passage had been argued by Mr. Müller in his previous course of Lectures; but he takes the opportunity here to reassert, confirm, and guard it. He does not deny the possibility of framing artificial language 'after men have once learnt to speak and to reason.' He goes further, and contends at large that Leibnitz, Bishop Wilkins, and others, who have aimed at the creation of a universal tongue, are much less Utopian in their idea than they have sometimes been held to be. As he shows, there is no reason in the world why, if all men were willing to learn such a language as Bishop Wilkins, for example, could have taught them, they might not do it, and do it with far less labour than is needed to acquire many tongues in actual use. But that this will never be the case is morally certain, and it is even more certain that no language spoken within the memory of man was ever formed after this conventional and arbitrary manner. Human language is the mysterious creation and counterpart of human reason; they have gone together, we know not how, from the beginning; and neither can exist, or become intelligible as a definite object of thought, apart from its fellow. At the same time there can be no pretext for disputing Mr. Müller's right to the use of what is equally good in philosophy and law, the fiction which gives a temporary being to the unreal as a means of arriving more readily at the knowledge of the real. Our author claims this privilege on this precise ground.

'Granting to the fullest extent the one and indivisible character of language and thought, agreeing even with the Polynesians, who express thinking by speaking in the stomach, we may yet, I think, for scientific purposes, claim the same liberty which is claimed in so many sciences,—namely, the liberty of treating separately what, in the nature of things, cannot be separated. Though colour cannot

be separated from some ethereal substance, yet the science of optics treats of light and colour, as if they existed by themselves. The geometrician reasons on lines, without taking cognizance of their breadth; of planes, without considering their depth; of bodies, without thinking of their weight. It is the same in language; and though I consider the identity' [*i. e.*, the natural inseparableness] 'of language and reason as one of the fundamental principles of our science, I think it will be most useful to begin as it were by anatomizing its phonetic structure, without any reference to its function, and then to proceed to a consideration of language in the fulness of life, and to watch its energies, both in what we call its growth and its decay.'

Here on the threshold of his subject Mr. Müller pauses for a moment. He is about to examine the elements of language regarded for the time as something altogether independent of mind, a mere affair of articulate sounds produced by certain organs, forming part of the physical constitution of man. What are these elements? So far as we know, Mr. Müller has been the first, in this country at least, to make the true scientific answer to the question. Strictly speaking, they are not what they are commonly supposed to be, vowels and consonants. Of course these are never absent in language. Language cannot exist without these. But they do not of themselves make language. Roots are the elements of language; that is to say, either single letters, or letters in combination, to which human intelligence has given a meaning, such as they do not naturally and of themselves possess. All language resolves itself ultimately into significant roots; and where there are no such roots, there is, in truth, no more language than in the accidental collocation of the letters in a child's alphabet-box. How these roots in the manifold languages of mankind came to have the value they have, is a problem, which in all likelihood will resist our best efforts to resolve it. It lands us at once in the border region between matter and mind; and though the forces which act there are as real as those of gravitation, or any other cosmical energy, they are generally too subtle to admit of being formulated by the hand of science. But the fact that language, according to the strict notion of it, has sprung universally out of these same living roots, is one of those truths which every one wonders he did not discover before, as soon as they are once announced. Here, however, we are lingering with our author in the realm of life. We must follow him elsewhere. After all, the *materials* of language, the bare tissue and fibre of it, must be allowed to be those old-fashioned A's and B's, which, inanimate in themselves,

have ever served the mind as instruments by which to express, in living forms, its numberless workings of feeling and thought.

We are now in the hands of the physiologists, the mathematicians, and other scientific fraternities. What are letters made of? And how are they made? Mr. Müller devotes his third Lecture—one of the most masterly of the series—to the discussion of these questions. Antiquity fails us here. Greece had its phonetic philosophy,—a philosophy stereotyped in the terms which it applied to the different elements of its alphabet; and the literature of India, amongst its other wealth, contains formal works on the sounds of the Sanskrit language, which carry us considerably in advance of the systems of the Greeks. Neither Greece nor India, however, went far below the surface in dealing with this subject. It has been reserved for the most recent times to do this; and even now much remains to be effected before science can assure herself, that she understands the beginnings of knowledge.

All sounds are produced, as we know, by certain movements of air; and, in language, the instrument which creates these movements, and gives them their special character, is that marvellous musical apparatus in man, which passes under the name of the organs of speech. In order, therefore, to obtain correct ideas as to the nature and relations of alphabetical sounds, we must do two things; we must study the principles of acoustics, so far as they bear upon our inquiry, and we must make ourselves acquainted with the machinery of the human voice, and with the manner of its working.

On both these points Mr. Müller writes with admirable clearness and power, and places his readers abreast of the latest discoveries and speculations belonging to each of them. We only regret our inability, for want of space, to follow him into the detail of his exposition. 'What we hear may be divided,' as he puts it, 'into noises and sounds;' the former, 'such as the rustling of leaves, the jarring of doors, or the clap of thunder,' being the result of 'irregular impulses imparted to the air,' the latter, 'such as we hear from tuning-forks, strings, flutes, organ-pipes, &c.,' coming of 'regular periodical (isochronous) vibrations of elastic air.' Moreover, in every sound three elements may be distinguished. There is first its 'strength or loudness.' This depends upon 'the amplitude of the excursions of the vibrating particles of air.' There is, secondly, the height or pitch; which is determined by 'the length of time that each particle requires to perform an excursion, *i. e.*, on the number of vibrations executed in a given time.' Let a pendulum swing to and fro, *i. e.*, make a double vibration, thirty

times in a second; it will produce the lowest musical tone which the ordinary human ear can appreciate. Let the double vibrations be 4000 in the same time; we have the highest tone commonly recognised by the auditory organ. 'Between these two lie the usual seven octaves of our musical instruments.' And universally the pitch of any sound depends upon the number of regular impulses given to the air within a given period by the body originating the sound. There is yet a third element, however, in the composition of sound; and that is its quality, what the French call its *timbre*, the Germans its *Tonfarbe*, or tone-colour. You may have several strings, or other sound-producing bodies, every one of which shall give the same number of impulses to the air in the same time; and yet the character of the sounds which they yield shall differ in every case. The strength is the same; the pitch is the same; they are not the same in quality. The explanation of this is to be found in one of the most astonishing discoveries of the age. By the aid of the microscope Professor Helmholtz has proved, that the different qualities of sounds are due to the different shapes of the vibrations made by various sounding bodies. One body gives a serpentine form to the wave of air which it sets in motion; with another the wave resembles a line of pointed scallop-work, or a series of semi-circular arches; and so on. And what is of no little interest, the Professor has further ascertained, that 'the different forms of the vibrations which are the cause of what he calls quality or colour are, likewise, the cause of the presence or absence of certain harmonics or by-notes; in fact, that varying quality and varying harmonics are but two expressions for the same thing.' The reason why vibrations are sometimes of one form, sometimes of another, is, of course, to be looked for in the nature and arrangement of the materials of which sounding bodies consist.

The musical instrument by means of which men 'play' their 'words and thoughts'—to use a happy expression of the author's—has often been described. Mr. Müller describes it in brief, and illustrates, as he proceeds, with sharply-executed drawings of the thorax, trachea, larynx, and other parts of the vocal organ. On this point, however, we must not enlarge. What we have more immediately to do with is the question, as to what the music is which comes from this matchless instrument, and how it is produced. Our old-world phrase distributes the notes of our speech-music into vowels and consonants. Let us hear Mr. Müller's science expound them:—

'What we call vowels are neither more nor less than the qualities, or colours, or *timbres* of our voice; and these are determined by the

form of the vibrations, which form again is determined by the form of the buccal tubes. This had to a certain extent been anticipated by Professor Wheatstone in his critique* on Professor Willis's ingenious experiments; but it has now been rendered quite evident by the researches of Professor Helmholtz. It is, of course, impossible to watch the form of these vibrations by means of a vibration microscope; but it is possible to analyse them by means of resounding tubes, ... and thus to discover in them what is homologous with the form of vibration, viz., the presence and absence of certain harmonics. If a man sings the same note on different vowels, the harmonics which answer to our resounding tubes vary, as they would vary if the same note was played on the violin, or flute, or some other instruments. In order to remove all uncertainty, Professor Helmholtz simply inverted the experiment. He took a number of tuning-forks, each furnished with a resonance box, by advancing or withdrawing which he could give their primary tones alone various degrees of strength, and extinguish their secondary tones altogether. He tuned them so as to produce a series of tones answering to the harmonics of the deepest tuning-fork. He then made these tuning-forks vibrate simultaneously by means of a galvanic battery, and by combining the harmonics, which he had at first discovered in each vowel by means of the sounding tubes, he succeeded in reproducing artificially the same vowels. We know now what vowels are made of. They are produced by the form of the vibrations. They vary like the *timbre* of different instruments, and we in reality change the instruments on which we speak, when we change the buccal tubes in order to pronounce a, e, i, o, u.

So much for the general character of that large assemblage of sounds known as vowels. Our author, however, is not content simply to indicate their character as a whole. He furnishes minute descriptions of the disposition and action of the organs of speech in expressing the leading vocalic sounds of language, and aids the intelligence of his readers by a series of diagrams, showing how lips, tongue, palate, &c., conduct themselves in performing this part of their office. Of the diphthongs he says, that they 'arise when, instead of pronouncing one vowel immediately after another with two efforts of the voice' we produce a sound *during* the change from one position to the other that would be required for each vowel. The nasal vowels, again, so plentiful in French, Chinese, and some other languages, are produced by allowing 'the *velum pendulum* to drop, and the air to vibrate though the cavities which connect the nose with the pharynx.'

Then as to consonants, which are the other element in the alphabet of all languages. How are these to be defined? They 'fall,' says Mr. Müller, 'under the category of noises,'

* *London and Westminster Review*, October, 1837, pp. 34, 37.

and answer to 'the puffing and panting of the siren, the scratching of the violin, the hammering of the pianoforte, the spitting of the flute.' Excepting the so-called rough and smooth breathings, they are caused by certain checks or barriers, less or more complete, and of diverse configuration, which the vocal organ throws in the way of the breath as it passes from the lungs into the outer air. The author distinguishes consonants into three classes. We have, first, the breathings just named, with their numerous modifications; such as the soft *ch* in German, the English *th* in *though*, &c. Besides these there are the 'trills' *r* and *l* in their various kinds, which, while they are really 'modifications of the *spiritus lenis*, differ from the other modifications by a vibration of certain portions of the mouth.' Lastly, there are the mutes or checks proper, *k*, *t*, *p*, &c., distinguished from letters of every other class by the circumstance that 'for a time they stop the emission of breath altogether.' Under all these heads Mr. Müller follows the plan of pictorial illustration which he had adopted in treating of the vowels, and discusses the difficult questions involved in his subject, or directly suggested by it, with characteristic patience and vigour. Where there is so much room for doubt as to what some of the phenomena are, which it is the author's aim to describe, it would be strange if his explanations were none of them open to question. We are disposed to question a little at one point. Even after Czermak's careful scrutiny of the Arab's throat with his laryngoscope, we can hardly understand how the Arabic *Ain* can only differ from the *Hha* of that language by so slight a change in the position of the vocal organ as that named by Mr. Müller. We must be greatly deceived both in the testimony of our ears, and in our sense of what occurs in ourselves, in endeavouring to reproduce the two sounds, if *Hha* becomes *Ain* by merely making it 'sonant.' Be this as it may, we cannot too strongly commend this physiological section of Mr. Müller's volume to all students of language, who wish to go to the foundation of things, and to know what the music is which man makes when he speaks, and how he makes it.

The author devotes Lectures Four and Five of his course to the subject of 'phonetic change,' and particularly to Grimm's famous law of the correspondence of sounds in allied languages. Here a world of learning and philosophy breaks in upon us; and we are at a loss to know what objects best deserve our attention. Comparatively few as are the elements of human speech, few languages avail themselves of them all. Most large alphabets come of a mixture of tongues. In French, for

example, 'words beginning with *h* and *gui*.. are due to German throats; they belong to the Teutonic, not to the Romance alphabet.' The *u* of such English words as *pure*, *duke*, &c., 'arose from an attempt to imitate the French *u*;' it is not a Teutonic sound. So the sounds of *ch* in *church*, of *j*, and of *z* in *azure*, or *s* in *vision*, are no part of our Germanic birth-right; they are 'Roman or Norman...though, once admitted into English, they have infected many words of Saxon descent.' One of the most curious of all linguistic phenomena is the seemingly arbitrary manner in which certain languages reject single sounds, or even classes of sound, from their alphabets. Thus while the dental consonants are never wholly wanting in language, there are many tongues in which the gutturals, if they exist at all, form a very feeble minority; and the lip-letters are apt to suffer extreme indignity and neglect. The Australian and Hottentot languages, for instance, have no *f* or *v*; the Mexican omits not only these letters, but *b* also; while the Mohawks, as their neighbours call them, the Tuscaroras, and other North American Indian tribes invariably 'keep their mouths open,' and pronounce no labials as all. A still stranger fact of language is 'the inability of some races to distinguish, either in hearing or speaking, between some of the most normal letters of our alphabet. Thus the Sandwich Islanders confound the *k* and *t* sounds; and a foreigner, hearing them speak, is at a loss to say whether it is a guttural or a dental that reaches his ear. 'It takes months of patient labour to teach a Hawaiian youth the difference between *k* and *t*, *g* and *d*, *l* and *r*.' The mixing up of *l* and *r* is a well-known linguistic phenomenon. Certain African, Polynesian, and other languages uniformly substitute the former of these sounds for the latter. 'In the Dravidian family of languages, the change of *l* into *r*, and more frequently of *r* into *l*, is very common.' But there is a process in language of which, perhaps, Mr. Müller speaks too strongly when he says that it is 'quite distinct' from the individual or ethnical imperfection, which runs into one sounds differing like those just mentioned. 'Wherever we look at language, we find that it changes. But what makes language change?.....How is it that one and the same word assumes different forms in different dialects?...that the numeral four,' for instance, is '*four* in English, *quatuor* in Latin, *cethir* in Old Irish, *chatvar* in Sanskrit, *keturi* in Lithuanian, *tettares* in Greek, *pisyres* in Æolic, *fidvor* in Gothic, *fior* in Old High German, *quatre* in French, *patru* in Wallachian?' The author makes the only answer to his question which science will be willing to endorse. 'I believe

the laws which regulate these changes are entirely based on physiological grounds, and admit of no other [proximate] explanation whatever.'

With the qualification expressed by our brackets—a qualification implied in what is said by the author immediately after respecting 'laziness' as a cause of phonetic decay in language—we entirely agree with the view which is thus broadly propounded. It is the various constitution of men's mouths and throats, and their various use of the organs of speech, which determine the so-called interchanges of letters, whether vowels or consonants, such as take place in languages nearly related to one another. But if this be so, it is too much to affirm, that the process by which *h* in Gothic corresponds to *k* in Greek or Sanskrit, is 'quite distinct' from that by which some Englishmen unavoidably blurr the *r* in pronunciation, calling *grass* 'glass,' or a boy in a Hawaiian mission school insists on perceiving no difference between the 'crowd' of his companions and the 'cloud' that threatens to deluge them with a tempest of waters. The two processes are nearly allied: they may be coincident. Who can tell how far these same interchanges of letters in kindred tongues may not be due to certain physiological peculiarities—peculiarities either in the build or the use of the vocal organs—which marked the first forefathers of the races that speak them; how far, for example, the formation of the palate, &c., in the primogenitors of the Kelts, or some specific habit of utterance which they had acquired, may not account, in part at least, for the phenomenon, that such and such letters in Welsh or Manx answer regularly to such and such letters in Latin or Slavonic. The suggestion has an air of absurdity; but considering with what persistence physiological distinctions are transmitted through long succession of ages, it is one which science may very feasibly adopt as a clue to assist her in one of the most mazy of her walking-places.

But how of any explanation behind our physiology? The young English aristocrat turns *ghost* into *ghowst*, and annihilates his *r*s, because he will not be mistaken for a plebeian; and the *Va-herero* lisp, through their custom 'of having their upper front teeth partly filed off and four lower teeth knocked out.' If physiology determines pronunciation, what determines physiology? Apart from miracle, without which we are still weak enough to believe it is impossible to write the history of human speech, a whole troop of influences present themselves as helping to explain the dissimilarities of physical structure and action, to which we must refer the various enunciation of the same words by the mouths of different but kindred peoples.

To say nothing of 'laziness,' affectation, whim, or political concert, how may food, climate, occupation, virtuous or vicious habit, and even religion itself have served, severally or collectively, to mould the primeval organism into the multitudinous forms under which the speaking-instrument in man at present performs its functions! It is more than likely that we shall never be able to determine historically what precise influences of the kind referred to have moulded the speech of particular tribes or nations; but the influences themselves are true causes; we already know something of the power they wield in giving new shape to the material framework of man; we may by-and-by know much more of this power than we do at present; meanwhile we cannot be wrong in pointing to the social, civil, and moral conditions under which mankind have existed as supplying a physiological key to some of the problems of our philology.

In the latter half of his fourth Lecture Mr. Müller leads the way into other fields of inquiry in relation to the history of Language. Why does modern English pronounce the Anglo-Saxon *hláford* and *hlæfdige* as *lord* and *lady*? Why do we not say *hláford* and *hlæfdige* still? Or the Latin or French words naturalized among us—how is it that we have reduced them as we have, turning *dominicella* and *demoiselle* into *damsel*, and *sacristanus* with its French equivalent *sacristain* into *sexton*? Or, once more, confining ourselves within narrower borders, on what principle is it that the Yorkshireman traveling between Huddersfield and Saddleworth reads the name of the *Slaitthwaite* station as *Slawit*, or that the *Wriothesley* family dwindles in the public mouth into the insignificance of *Rochley*? Phenomena of this class, Mr. Müller says, are examples of 'phonetic decay.' They are not due to what is commonly known as 'euphony.' They are the result of laziness, carelessness, slovenliness, want of muscular exertion, effeminacy. For some reason or other, as time has gone on, we have grown impatient of the strong, full utterances of our forefathers, our tongues and throats declining to do the hard work which antiquity had set them, and which, undone, still looks us reproachfully in the face in our current orthography. Here again we find ourselves front to front with the physiological and psychological forces of which we just now spoke. Either the national bone and sinew have become weaker, and we are unequal to the task of speaking as Englishmen did some centuries ago, or we are too busy or too idle to talk the gutturals and compound consonants which were well enough before the birth of railways and steam ploughing. *Mutatis mutandis* a fruitful source of

changes of language, both ancient and modern, will be found in the principle to which we now point.

But we have to deal on a large scale with phenomena of a class unlike the above. We can understand how the weakening of the throat of a nation, or changes that have passed upon its state and character, may lead it to say *head* instead of *heafod*, and *nought* in place of *nawiht*. But suppose a Goth to pronounce *fadar* what a Roman calls *pater*, or a Greek to say *thumos* where a Hindu uses *dhuma*, we could hardly find the explanation in the doctrine of national deterioration, whether muscular or ethical. It is quite as hard to utter *fadar* as *pater*, and there is little to choose between *thumos* and *dhuma* as to difficulty of articulation. How then shall we account for the correspondence of letters among the various members of the Aryan, Shemitic, and other families of languages?

The popular idea is, that the languages of these several groups sprang originally from certain head languages belonging one to each group respectively; that among the sounds of the tongues which, by their kinship, constitute the groups, the stronger are, for the most part, historically older than the weaker; e.g. the Sanskrit *gh* in *gharma* older than the Greek *th* in *thermos*, and the *th* in the Greek *thumos* older than the *f* in Latin *fumus*; and that the systematic interchange of letters which now obtains in Greek, for example, as compared with Gothic, or in Samoan as compared with Tongan, is due to changes which have passed upon the languages concerned at different stages of their history subsequent to the period at which their primal unity was broken, either by migration or other causes. Thus Grimm supposes that it was in the first century of our era that Gothic became Gothic, and that the fixing of the old High German type of the general Teutonic tongue must be placed some centuries later.

Mr. Müller has no faith in this doctrine. To use his own language: 'No letter ever *becomes*. People pronounce letters; and they either pronounce them properly or improperly. If the Greeks pronounced *th* in *thermos* properly, without any intention of pronouncing *gh*, then the *th* instead of *gh* requires another explanation.' And he finds the explanation in the theory that, prior to the separation of the languages of any given family, the sounds of the common tongue out of which they sprang were but vaguely articulated, and so 'lent themselves to various phonetic interpretations,' determined in the several cases by the action of physiological and other causes. When we find 'different definite sounds' among the Polynesians of our own days, 'arising out of one indefinite sound,' we

are in presence of a phenomenon which there is no reason for restricting to the current generation, and to one particular cluster of languages. 'What takes place to-day may have taken place thousands of years ago; and if we see the same word beginning in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin with *k*, *t*, or *p*, it would be sheer timidity to shrink from the conclusion that there was a time in which that word was pronounced less distinctly, in short, in the same manner as the *k* and *t* in Hawaiian.'

This is a bold hypothesis, and one which a thoughtful man may be timid in accepting without justly incurring the charge of scientific cowardice. It makes heavy demands on our faith, —demands heavier by far than those will be forward to yield, who believe that mankind are not much older than history, and that language has not become what it is by a course of purely natural development. Yet Mr. Müller's suggestion is not without basis of fact; it will explain not a few of the phenomena to which it is intended to apply; and subject to the principle which he himself is so careful to maintain, that the known is at best only a doubtful guide to the unknown, we hail it as an important contribution to the general theory of the origin and growth of human speech.

We cannot attend Mr. Müller through those portions of these two Lectures, in which he discusses the question of the primitive form of the syllable in language; whether at first it was pure, consisting simply of a single consonant followed by a vowel, as is still the case in most of the Polynesian tongues, and if so, how we are to account for the use of final consonants, and of consonants concurring whether at the beginning or end of syllables. Neither can we track his steps through the labyrinthine paths of Grimm's law, though he walks there with a sure foot; and, strange as it may seem, gathers rarer fruits than ever grew in the garden of the Hesperides. We will only say that here as everywhere else in Mr. Müller's book, the old becomes new under the fresh and original treatment which it receives at his hands, that regions of inquiry, proverbially dull and repulsive, are lit up into brightness by the magic of his genius, and that no section of the present work is richer than this in luxuriant learning, in suggestive sentiment, and in graceful and eloquent writing. The appendix to the Sixth Lecture, on 'words for fir, oak, and beech' in the Aryan languages, exhibits the results of certain investigations into which Mr. Müller was led by a well known passage on the fossil vegetation of Denmark in Sir C. Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*; and though we do not imagine that the author will make many converts to his opinion that the philo-

logical facts on which he reasons may be traced to the geological changes of which the trees of the Danish peat beds are supposed to be the index, the facts themselves are curious enough, and they are presented and commented upon by Mr. Müller with admirable accuracy, beauty, and logical acuteness.

It is easy to bridge over the distance between Grimm's law and the topic of our author's Sixth Lecture, viz., 'The Principles of Etymology.' Etymology, as he rightly maintains, is neither more nor less than a scientific determination of the relationship and origin of words by means of the changes they may be shown to have undergone, and through the correspondence or divergence which their constituent sounds exhibit as judged by the rules of which the law in question furnishes the most notable examples. The derivation of words was once mere matter of guess-work and hap-hazard. If words bore some external likeness to each other, it was enough; they were cognate; and if their meanings did not square, a little pressure ingeniously applied soon put things into shape. All this is altered now. Mr. Müller takes his seat in the Etymologist's chair with a paradox in his mouth, which is yet no more than the truth. 'Sound etymology,' he says, 'has nothing to do with sound.' He does not mean that it is of no consequence what the form of a word is, or what may be found to be its original and ultimate elements. This would be saying and unsaying in the same breath. What he intends is that neither similarity nor dissimilarity of form and meaning of itself proves anything in etymology, and that kinship and identity of origin can only be established by a strictly historical and logical induction under the general principles of modern linguistic science. 'Sorry' and 'sorrow' are much alike in form, and they may be readily connected in meaning; yet they come of words that in older Teutonic are quite distinct and independent. On the other hand the French *larme* and the English 'tear'—words as dissimilar as can well be imagined—may be proved beyond doubt to be one and the same term. We must travel up the highway of history, and try words by our physiology and by other trustworthy and well authenticated tests, before we can pronounce that they agree or disagree. If words are found to have the same primitive make and structure, their vowels and consonants being either identical, or varying only under law such as that which is tabulated in the formula of Grimm, then there is affinity and community of parentage, however much they may appear to differ at starting. And in like manner, however close the resemblance which words present at first sight, it will be impossible for comparative philology to

acknowledge them as kin, if it be found that in the outset they did not possess the characteristics in common to which we have adverted. With the view of fully establishing these positions, and, in particular, of giving weight to the doctrine that etymology depends on the identity or regular correspondence of letters, Mr. Müller shows at large by many examples: first, that 'the same word takes different forms in different languages:' secondly, that 'the same word takes different forms in the same language:' thirdly, that 'different words take the same form in different languages;' and fourthly, that 'different words may take the same form in one and the same language.' We regret our being unable to accompany him over this wide and tempting range of scientific inquiry. It would add much to the interest of our pages, if we could transfer to them a series of illustrations under these several heads, drawn from Mr. Müller's argument. It must suffice for us, however, to promise our readers a rich philological treat in the perusal of this part of the author's work, and to say in general, that while Mr. Müller scatters jewels of knowledge and criticism at every step of his progress, his polemic against the old etymological jugglery is triumphant, and that no one who appreciates his reasoning can refuse to grant him his conclusion, that 'there is law and order in the growth of language, and that the changes which we observe in the history of human speech are constrained by general and ascertainable laws.'

Etymology carries Mr. Müller directly to the 'Powers of Roots.' This is the subject of his Seventh Lecture, a subject on which he touched in his former series; but which he here treats more expressly, and with greater amplification and minuteness of illustrative detail. 'After we have removed everything that is formal, artificial, intelligible in words, there remains always something that is not merely formal, not the result of grammatical art, not intelligible; and this we call for the present a *root* or a *radical element*.' Thus, there are Greek and Latin words, which, when stripped of their envelopments and appendages of all kinds, leave in our hands the vocable *vid*, with the obvious meaning of 'to see, or to find, or to know.' How *vid* came to have this meaning we cannot tell. It is an ultimate fact of our science; and this is but one in a crowd of similar instances. What are we to say of these same roots? 'All that we can safely maintain' with regard to them, at least as they present themselves in the cluster of tongues to which the Sanskrit belongs, is, that 'they have definite forms and definite meanings. When the Aryan languages began to assume their individuality, their roots had become typical both

in form and meaning.' They were not 'interjections, nor were they the expressions of single, abrupt states of feeling.' Neither were they, generally speaking, what the vulgar *onomatopœia* theory would make them, imitations of natural sounds. They were the survivors and representatives of an indefinite multitude of primitive *common terms*, which formed the speech of mankind before it passed from the so-called radical type into those agglutinative and inflectional forms, under which language is chiefly known to us. In the earliest stage of language, as Mr. Müller supposes, men gave monosyllable names to objects—it might be many such names to single objects—expressive of the characters and qualities which they observed them to possess. Thus they might style the sun the *bright*, the *hot*, the *swift*, and the like. The human mind possessed a mysterious power in the beginning, of creating by means of the organs of speech an endless series of vocables answering to the general ideas which it framed to itself in the exercise of its power of generalization and reasoning. By and by, under change of circumstances, a process of elimination set in, and while a vast number of words, which had enjoyed a temporary life, were discarded and forgotten, the rest were adopted as the permanent stock of the several families of languages, and so have come to us either in their original form, or under sundry modifications which they have received in passing down the stream of history. This is the substance of Mr. Müller's theory,—a theory, of which, as propounded in the first series of Lectures, a former number of this Review spoke with approval, and which we are still disposed to accept in the main, as an ingenious and rational explanation of the possible beginnings of human speech. Yet this meagre outline does but scanty justice to the author's views as they are here set forth and expounded. The Lecture which exhibits them abounds in passages of great philosophical force and brilliancy, and both the side-questions which the author debates, and the illustrations which he gives in support of his leading doctrine, are presented in a manner, that cannot fail to command the interest and admiration of his readers. The paragraphs in which Mr. Müller seeks to define the sentiments of the great Greek thinkers on the origin of language, and in which he treats of the 'fertility of roots' as the 'specific centres' of living speech, have the depth and sparkle which genius alone knows how to combine; and were we called upon to point out a passage in a modern writer on language, which might stand as a model of bold and far-seeing, yet wary and temperate, induction in this department of science, we know not one which would better

deserve the distinction than the long and elaborate discussion on the meanings of the Aryan root *mar*, with which Mr. Müller closes his Lecture on the 'Powers of Roots.'

The Lecture which follows is occupied with the subject of 'Metaphor.' 'The fact, that all words expressive of immaterial conceptions are derived by metaphor from words expressive of sensible ideas, was for the first time clearly and definitely put forward by Locke, and is now fully confirmed by the researches of comparative philologists. All roots, *i. e.*, all the material elements of language, are expressive of sensuous impressions, and of sensuous impressions only; and as all words, even the most abstract and sublime, are derived from roots, comparative philology fully endorses the conclusions arrived at by Locke.' In illustration of this principle Mr. Müller refers not only to familiar words in English, French, Latin, Greek, &c.; but also to terms found in other less known languages, the Kafir, for example, which, while they express ideas belonging to the world of mind and thought, were plainly used at first of objects falling under the cognizance of sense. English *spirit*, French *penser*, Latin *dubium*, Greek *thumos*, Kafir *ihlati*, refuge, properly bush; these and all other metaphysical words in all languages were, so far as we can tell, originally physical in their signification, and by transference or metaphor acquired the value which they have since obtained. Our author maintains that this rule holds absolutely without any exception, and that even that most metaphysical of all metaphysical notions, the notion of nothing, had the same humble beginning.

'Roots...had originally a material meaning, and a meaning so general and comprehensive, that they could easily be applied to many special objects.' [The author interjects a note here: 'The specialisation of general roots,' he says, 'is more common than the generalisation of special roots, though both processes must be admitted.'] 'We meet with roots meaning to strike, to shine, to grow, to fall, but we never meet with primitive roots expressive of states or actions that do *not* fall under the cognizance of the senses; not even with roots expressive of such special acts as *raining, thundering, hailing, sneezing, trying, helping*. Yet Language has been a very good housewife to her husband, the human Mind: she has made a very little go a long way. With a very small store of such material roots as we just mentioned, she has furnished decent clothing for the numberless offspring of the mind, leaving no idea, no sentiment unprovided for, except, perhaps, the few which, as we are told by some poets, are inexpressible. Thus from roots meaning to shine, to be bright, names were formed for sun, moon, stars, the eyes of man, gold, silver, play, joy, happiness, love. With roots meaning to strike, it was possible to name an axe, the thunderbolt, a fist, a

paralytic stroke, a striking remark, and a stroke of business. From roots meaning to go, names were derived for clouds, for ivy, for creepers, cattle and chattle, moveable and immoveable property. With a root meaning to crumble, expressions were formed for sickness and death, for evening and night, for old age and for the fall of the year.'

From these general statements as to the real and metaphorical value of roots in language, Mr. Müller proceeds to distinguish between what he calls *radical* and *poetical* metaphor. Radical metaphor, as he defines it, is 'when a root which means to shine is applied to form the names not only of the fire or the sun, but of the spring of the year, the morning light, the brightness of thought, or the joyous outburst of hymns of praise.' When a word 'ready made and assigned to one definite object or action, is transferred poetically to another object or action'—this he calls poetical metaphor. 'For instance, when the rays of the sun are called the hands or fingers of the sun;' when 'the rain-clouds are spoken of as cows with heavy udders,.....the sun as a horse, or as a bull, or as a giant bird, the lightning as an arrow or as a serpent.' These two kinds of metaphor abounded in the early periods of language. When the world was young, and the human mind had its first freshness and elasticity, almost all the thoughts that went beyond 'the narrow horizon of every-day life' would be expressed by metaphors. So the history of language suggests. So we might suppose, arguing from the nature of things and the constitution of man. And here we find the cradle of mythology. When metaphor was in full creative energy, 'objects in themselves quite distinct, and originally conceived as distinct by the human intellect, would nevertheless receive the same name.' In this manner a root meaning 'to shine forth, to revive, to gladden,.....might be applied to the dawn, ...to a spring of water,...and to the spring of the year..... On the other hand, the same object might strike the human mind in various ways. The sun might be called the warming and generating, but likewise the scorching and killing; the sea might be called the barrier, as well as the bridge, and the highroad of commerce; the clouds might be spoken of as bright cows with heavy udders, or as dark and roaring demons.' In other words, a multitude of objects would become 'what Aristotle calls *homonymous* or namesakes,' while others would have 'many *aliases*,' and become, to use the phrase of the Stoics, *polyonymous* or many-named.

The period of human history in which this double tendency of language and thought may be presumed to have had its most

active operation, Mr. Müller styles the *Mythic* or *Mythological Period*, by which he means the period, not always to be fixed with chronological exactness, when mankind, divided or undivided, were in circumstances in which Language was peculiarly likely to act as a charm upon thought, and to lead, as in point of fact it did, to the confounding of the ideal and the real, the sensible and the unseen, the low things of earth and the high things that are eternal and Divine. Mr. Müller writes here purely as a man of science; and within the circle of induction, and subject still to the restrictions which the religious and miraculous may require us to throw about the natural, we have no objection to his theory, and willingly follow him to the edge of that broad field of investigation over which he now carries his readers. In the early stages of language—such is his position—the genius of mythology exerted a mighty influence, an influence such as among languages of the inflexional type, and in these days of scientific inquiry and exact thought, is much less frequent and powerful. Even now we are not exempt from this influence. Language still makes sport of Intelligence. There is a modern as well as an ancient mythology, using the term in the largest and most general sense. But the spell wrought more surely and mightily in the twilight of history; and the inflexional Aryan tongues, in their earliest forms and records, abound in proofs of the extent to which mythological influences were at work within the sphere of their springing life. As examples of radical metaphor of the kind referred to the author dwells at large on the source and connexion of the Sanskrit, Greek, and Roman names for the constellation the Bear, and on the Greek Charites as the equivalents of the Harits of the Veda, these last being originally ‘the bright ones,’ and afterwards ‘the horses of the sun.’ Of poetical metaphors Mr. Müller says,—

‘These, too, are of very frequent occurrence in the history of early language and early thought. It was, for instance, a very natural idea for people who watched the golden beams of the sun playing as it were with the foliage of the trees to speak of these outstretched rays as hands or arms. Thus we see that in the Veda, *Savitar*, one of the names of the sun, is called *golden-handed*. Who would have thought that such a simple metaphor could ever have caused any mythological misunderstanding? Nevertheless we find that the commentators of the Veda see in the name *golden-handed*, as applied to the sun, not the golden splendour of his rays, but the gold which he carries in his hands, and which he is ready to shower on his pious worshippers.’.....But our golden-handed Sun ‘was not only turned into a lesson....he also grew into a respectable myth;’...and ‘the

theological treatises of the Brahmans tell of the Sun as having cut his hand at a sacrifice, and the priests having replaced it by an artificial hand made of gold. Nay, in later times the Sun, under the name of Savitar, becomes himself a priest; and a legend is told how at a sacrifice he cut off his hand, and how the other priests made a golden hand for him.'

Parallel to this, perhaps, but less obvious, is the case of the German god *Tyr*, whom Grimm identifies with the Sanskrit sun-god,* and who is spoken of as being one-handed, through having thrust his hand, 'as a pledge, into the mouth of the wolf.' So likewise poetical metaphor is the parent of mythology, 'when the poets of the Veda speak of the maruts or storms as singers,' and when the Greeks, with whom 'the stars are the eyes of the night,' go on to 'speak of Argos the all-seeing, (*panóptēs*), and tell of his body as being covered with eyes.'

In all that we have just noted, Mr. Müller is only approaching a more definite subject, the large and difficult question, that is to say, of Greek mythology, and of the relations which this mythology bears to early Aryan speech, thought, legend, and tradition. Nearly a hundred and fifty pages, or about a fourth of his entire work, are devoted to this delicate and most interesting topic. Here, however, we must reluctantly leave our author in the hands of his readers. With what force and eloquence he presents the paradox which the religious myths of the Greeks have always been felt to offer to the worshippers of their taste and intellectual power; how strikingly and well he exhibits 'the protests' which many of the Greek philosophers and poets themselves made against the absurdities and contradictions of their mythological cycle; what picturesqueness and animation are given to his masterly survey of the three methods, ethical, physical, and historical, according to which ancient or modern thinkers have endeavoured to solve this enigma of the past; how simply yet effectively he describes the process of discovery and inductive reasoning which have wakened learned Europe to the fact that the Aryan nations had a primeval faith, as well as a primeval language, in common; then with what German laboriousness and subtlety he scrutinises, sifts, compares, and argues from the documentary authorities, Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, or whatever else, which shed any light on the sources and affinities of the Hellenic fables; how, last of all, he tracks the Zeus of Homer through most of the wide Aryan dominion, and by copious quotations from the oldest Sanskrit literature, especially the Rig-Veda, iden-

* *Deutsche Mythol.*, xlvii., p. 187.

tifies a troop of Grecian divinities, some of them obscure and seldom heard of, with mythical beings figuring in the primordial Pantheon of Hinduism:—for all these points we can do no more than refer our readers to Mr. Müller's very charming and learned Lectures, numbered Nine, Ten, and Eleven of the present series. In some particulars of this great discussion the author does not satisfy himself; still less will his arguments carry conviction in all cases to the mind of his hearers. Every now and then a feeling of overstrain possesses us as we follow his leading; and where we look for substance we are sometimes unable to descry more than very hazy shadows. Yet, as a whole, this section of Mr. Müller's book is not less full of truth and reality than it is of original sentiment and of beautiful and vigorous composition; and we cordially commend it to all students of ancient history, religion, and language, as a mine of scholarly reasoning, the wealth of which they will not easily exhaust. To the bulk of his readers Mr. Müller will have opened a new field of philological research; and it will be no fault of his, if they are not moved to prosecute still further the labours which he has brought to so successful an issue. 'The more we go back,' says our author, 'the more we examine the earliest germs of every religion, the purer, I believe, we shall find the conceptions of the Deity.' If Mr. Müller's investigations had yielded no other fruit than the conviction expressed in this sentence, we might very well congratulate both the author and ourselves upon a result, which, amidst the clash and contention of modern philosophies, offers one more quiet meeting-place for the deductions of purely human science on the one hand, and the declarations of ancient and inspired Scripture on the other.

Mr. Müller's last Lecture, on a subject which will bear, and, we trust will soon receive at his hands, a much more ample and explicit treatment, the subject of 'Modern Mythology,' is one which we are loath to dismiss with the brevity which circumstances demand of us. It must be enough to say, that it is throughout a worthy successor of the Lectures that precede it, that it abounds in entertaining information and powerful criticism, and that for pure and noble philosophic thought it rises, perhaps, above almost everything of Mr. Müller's that has yet reached our hands.

Mr. Müller, as all the world now knows, is not a chance man. He has genius, and he has generosity; and as he carps at no one, so he ought not himself to be carped at. We shall not carp at him. There are expressions in his work, there are sentiments in it, which we do not approve, which indeed

we think unscientific and objectionable. But they are few in number; and most of them, we believe, only need the explanations of the author to bring them into harmony with the most rigorous demands of consciousness and of faith. Taken as a whole, this brilliant series of Lectures claims the highest praise, and lays the learned and Christian world under heavy obligations to an author, whose knowledge and acuteness are only equalled by his modesty, and who has widened our prospect not a little over some of the most attractive and promising fields of human speculation and thought.

ART. X.—*Minutes of Several Conversations between the Methodist Ministers in the Connexion established by the late Rev. John Wesley, A.M., at their Hundred and Twenty-First Annual Conference, begun in Bradford, on Thursday, July 28th, 1864. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1864.*

A STRANGER to Methodism who might take up this little volume would probably find it hard to reconcile its title with its contents. He would naturally expect some authoritative report, more or less full, of the discussions and deliberations of an assembly which plays no mean part in the Christian world, and the proceedings of which have long excited much curiosity. Instead of this he would find a bare abstract of results, a record of the decrees of the Conference, accompanied by a statistical review of the general economy and special organizations of the Body. This is the only account that the Conference gives of its annual meeting, and it is the only account that its constitution permits it to give. Yet it is not a convocation that affects secrecy. It reserves under the seal of silence only those long and anxious hours which are spent in the examination of ministerial character, in the exercise of its own internal discipline, and in those arrangements for the future appointments of its agents, the details of which could not, in the nature of things, transpire. For the publicity of all the rest—of all that it is possible to make public—it makes the amplest provision. Its general conversations are reproduced in the public journals with the most faithful exactitude, with an exactitude all but too faithful, down to their minutest fluctuations of thought, opinion, and expression. It may indeed be a question whether something might not be done to secure annually, in an independent form, a sifted and official epitome of much that is now left to the loose columns of newspapers.

But that could not be incorporated in the 'Minutes;' whether misnomer or not, they must be left in their perfect simplicity.

This annual volume has inherited its name from other days, and a different order of things. Its venerable original was the manifesto of his plans and operations, issued by the Founder of Methodism, after free conversations with his assistants or sons in the Gospel; the manifesto of an autocrat presiding in a council which he permitted to discuss most matters freely, but which could not fetter him by its votes, or by any pretence of authority. Since his departure it has become the annual register of the supreme legislation of the Methodist community, containing a summary of all the departments of one of the widest and yet most compact organisations known to men, and the decrees—going forth, without exaggeration, to the ends of the earth—of perhaps the largest ecclesiastical assembly that sits in the service of Christ's kingdom.

Strictly speaking, the final legislative authority is not committed to so large a number, but vested in a body of one hundred men, the proper representatives of John Wesley's person, and executors of his religious testament. But this "Legal Hundred," this Conference within the Conference has—partly by its own act, and partly by the pressure of events—surrendered all but the simple prerogative of ratifying the acts of the more numerous assembly, which therefore is really the source of all law, and the final court of all appeal. Whatever influence individuals may have, whatever work may be done in private committees, whatever recommendations may come from the larger public committees that precede its own sessions, the Conference is still supreme. Its vote—deliberate or hasty—must ratify everything.

It may be doubted whether such large and miscellaneous gatherings of men afford the best security for good legislation. The recent Conference at Bradford could not fail to raise that question in many minds. On the one hand, it is urged, that such enormous numbers—amounting to between six and seven hundred—are fatal to the calmness of deliberation; that they take away far too many from their pastoral work; and that they impose a needless burden upon the towns which entertain the Conference. On the other hand, it is pleaded that the larger the number of ministers present the more likely the Conference is to insure a full expression of the mind of the community; that this annual gathering tends greatly to sustain and strengthen the connexional feeling, and therefore ought not to be restricted; that its annual discussions are the best school for young ministers; and that abundant religious

benefit ought to be expected from the labours of so many throughout the district of which it is the centre. To us it seems that nothing can justify the excess in number to which the Conference has lately been tending. It is, however, an excess which must work its own cure.

But our present purpose is to make a few remarks on the 'Minutes' of the last Conference. In making these remarks, we are only meeting the expectations of the great bulk of our readers, who, feeling a very deep solicitude in the present position of Methodism, would take up the present number of this Journal with disappointment if they found in it no reference to questions which are now stirring the heart of the Methodist community to unusual emotion. Our pages have no official sanction in that community, but they are not less faithful to its interests than if they had.

The 'Minutes' before us sum up the proceedings of one of the largest Conferences that ever assembled. Whether as recording the results of the review of the past year, or as publishing the laws which have been enacted for the future, they suggest a wide variety of topics. We must limit our single sheet to a few points that should enter into a candid estimate of the present condition and efficiency of the Body at large: points which cannot be touched upon without blending the retrospect and the prospect in one. The general impression produced by a study of the volume is briefly this: as it respects the material organisation and visible work of Methodism, everything betokens prosperity and promises vast enlargement; while, as it respects its vital, spiritual energy, there is grave reason for anxiety, or, if not anxiety, for solemn consideration.

The most virulent enemy, and the most morbid friend, must alike admit that, as one community among many labouring for the spread of the kingdom of Christ and the conversion of the world, Methodism is in every department increasing rather than declining in vigour. In its presentation to the world, and so far as men can see and estimate results—in all, to be brief, that concerns its external exhibition of itself—it has nothing to be ashamed of, but may challenge the most unsparing scrutiny. Under ordinary circumstances we should exceedingly deprecate the strain of remark to which we are now led. The men who are doing a great work ought to let their work itself, or those who witness it, praise them, and be careful not to act the vain part of Hezekiah. We have often enough recoiled from the tone of perhaps unconscious self-glorification in which Methodist people, as well as others, have been wont to indulge when speaking of their system, and would not lightly fall into the error we

condemn. But this is a peculiar time, which may justify a reserved and cautious self-assertion. We confess that we are among those who look cheerfully and hopefully upon the present state of things; and prefer to prepare ourselves for an honest consideration of the sad side of the question by fortifying our minds with a thankful contemplation of its bright side. An intelligent and humble survey of the work in all its parts is full of encouragement. It will show that Methodism is from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot—to use the personification that instinctively occurs—not less strong and healthy, and to those who love her not less beautiful, than she ever was.

The crown of her head is her Missionary work: her glory is to have been one of the foremost agents of modern times in the spread of Christianity to the ends of the earth. The Methodist system had scarcely begun to adapt itself to the requirements of this land, and to the promotion of a religious revival in England, when it was compelled by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and the calls of Providence, to expand into a Missionary agency for the whole world. And, from the time when John Wesley first listened to the call from America down to the time of the establishment of the Missionary Society, and from the establishment of the Society through all the seven weeks of years to the present time, there has never been a period when its Missionary energies have relaxed. Its ambition has been to carry the Gospel to every region of human population; and that honest ambition has from the beginning been common to the Conference and the people: those who have directed and those who have sustained these Missions have always vied in devotion to the common cause. There is no Christian community existing which is more entirely pervaded by this generous zeal, none which so fully engages the energies of all classes of its members in the cause of the heathen. Without asserting that this Missionary Society is everywhere equally prosperous, without even intimating that its successes are anything like what, considering its expenditure of labour, they ought to be, we may safely venture to affirm that it is not exhibiting any symptoms of decline, either in its energies or in its resources. But, whenever Methodism begins to sink below its vocation, and lose its essential vitality, it may be predicted that its distant extremities will be first ready to perish, and that its Missionary work will be the first to feel its decay.

It is not at the close of the Jubilee year that the note of despondency should be heard. That the Methodist people have raised, in addition to an average annual income, a sum of

nearly two hundred thousand pounds, as a monument of their gratitude, is itself assurance of a strong living force in the community. But, the manner in which it was raised makes it a still more evident token of life. The meetings that have celebrated the Jubilee have not been marked by ostentation. They have not been assemblies of men bent upon raising a memorial to their own greatness. They have been eminently humble and devout in their tone. The Jubilee success is as untarnished as it is great; and it should avail to irradiate everything even in this year of comparative gloom.

Turning to the aspect of affairs at home, it is manifest to observation, and amply proved by statistics, that Methodism, as one among many agencies labouring for the promotion of religion in our own land, is extending surely, if slowly, the sphere of its operations. Whatever may be suspected or feared as to the spread of vital godliness through its instrumentality,—a point that must now be reserved,—it is unquestionable that the outward and visible signs of a sound prosperity are not wanting. A very hasty glance at these minutes of review will suffice to show that there is no decline in the three main departments of home operation,—the regular Circuit work, the missions to the masses, and the education of the young.

The Report of the Chapel Committee is a fair annual exponent of the extension at least, if not the prosperity, of the regular work of Methodism in the land. The increase of buildings devoted to religious purposes implies increase of congregations, creation of new centres, establishment of new societies, division and multiplication of Circuits, calls for fresh ministers, and all the other tokens of external enlargement. In this light, the annual report of this committee is, and has been for the last ten years, a very encouraging document, one that has been looked for and read every year with increasing interest. The next report will, judging by the outline of it here foreshadowed, reveal a very hopeful state of things. During the year no less than 276 cases of erection or enlargement have been sanctioned, involving an estimated expenditure of £205,900, 'being by far the largest number of cases, and the largest expenditure, ever sanctioned by the committee in one year.' Several chapels are reported to have been given to the Connexion by the piety of individuals, some of them exceedingly costly and beautiful. It is reported, further, that erections and enlargements, formerly sanctioned, have been completed during the year to the amount of £133,771, 'being the largest amount ever returned in one year, except only the last year.' Arrangements have also been made for the liquidation of more than £27,000 of

debt; and above £11,000 have been contributed towards the maintenance of the ministry. Independent of all this, a fund for the furtherance of chapel-building in watering-places has been commenced, and is already so far successful as to have promised grants amounting to £3,600, and involving a total outlay of nearly £18,000.

Such are the bare statistics which in the present year appeal for gratitude and encourage hope; indicating an aggregate of zeal and energy that knows nothing of decay. If we turn from the record to the reality of all this, we find decent and beautiful houses of prayer springing up in every part of the land, worthy of the object to which they are dedicated; buildings full of attraction to those classes of society whom our sacred architecture has too often repelled, while in their construction every provision is made for the poor and for the observance of all old Methodist ordinances and usages. Moreover, these buildings are safe from the fatal encumbrance of heavy debts. Whatever new trust property is created will henceforth carry down no legacy of embarrassment to another generation. And, while the indefatigable Chapel-committee is making such sure provision for the future, it is not indolent or despairing with regard to the past. Should its labours continue to prosper, it will eventually secure the removal of all the obligations that fetter the trustees of Methodist property. On the whole, the consideration of what has been done, and is now being done, in this department, should have considerable weight. The results shown are very important; whilst there are many elements of prosperity in its working which cannot be seen in statistics, but which are silently operating for future good. It appears from these Minutes that this Committee is embarrassed by its very prosperity, and that a re-arrangement of its organisation is contemplated. Into this question it is not our business to enter. But we may express an earnest hope that no rash experiment will be made upon an instrument that is doing a critical work and doing it so well.

The history of the Home Missionary movement is not without cheerful augury to those who are more anxious to find food for their hope than for their fear. The following words of the Annual Address of the Conference put the case in a forcible light:—

‘But, while our sympathies and efforts have been so conspicuously enlisted on behalf of Missions abroad, we have by no means overlooked the necessity of sustaining and multiplying Missions at home. These are two departments of the one great MISSION OF THE CHURCH, and must languish or flourish together. There are now sixty-four

Home Mission Stations, and these, for the most part, in the midst of the dense masses of our great towns and cities. In addition to these stations, there are the appointments for the benefit of Methodists in the army. In all this work seventy-six Missionary ministers are employed; and the result of their varied labours, as exhibited in the Report, is such as to demand our devout gratitude, and to prompt us to redoubled efforts. You will rejoice to know that the spiritual wants of the metropolis have engaged the earnest attention of the Home Missionary Committee, and that vigorous measures will be at once adopted with a view to contribute toward meeting those wants. London is, in a very important sense, an epitome of England. There is hardly a village or a hamlet in the kingdom which is not constantly sending its youth, of both sexes, to this great centre of commercial activity and national life; and there is not a colony of the empire which is not constantly receiving accessions from the families, artisans, tradesmen, and merchants of London. These are some, among the numerous reasons, why the Churches of the land should bring their evangelical agencies to bear with more concentrated power on London.

There may be, and there is, much difference of opinion as to the basis and operations of this department. Some may fear that its economical difficulties will prove insuperable, that it tends to the importation into the ministry of an inferior class of men, and makes a distinction between agencies that admit of no distinction. Time will answer these arguments, and correct some errors of administration. Meanwhile, the Home Missions must be taken account of in any review of the grounds of confidence in the future of Methodism. They are an expression of the mind of this people that it is not forgetful of its first work; its pledge that it will not sink down into respectable dignity, forgetting the masses of baptized and unbaptized semi-heathen Englishmen who cry out for a Missionary agency quite as loudly and bitterly, and with a far larger number of voices, than they did when Methodism arose first to their help. The meetings held in this service are of themselves fruitful of good. They are becoming more and more attractive from year to year; and that fact, showing as it does the desire of the people to know the real state of the country and their willingness to do their duty, is a hopeful token. It would be the saddest of all impeachments against the community, and the surest of all signs of its decay, if the appeals of the Home Mission awakened a cold response. That those appeals are responded to with some degree of zeal—although by no means with the measure of ardour they ought to and soon will excite—is another element of hope in a true estimate of the present position of this community.

Turning now to the position occupied by Methodism in popular education, we find no just ground for any other tone than that of congratulation. The educational affairs of the Connexion have been conducted with singular ability through a crisis of considerable difficulty. Parliamentary legislation has interposed great hindrances, and again and again dislocated the plans of the department. But the fund has increased; there has been an addition of six to the number of day-schools; there is reported an increase of 2,751 day-scholars, making the entire number 82,333; and on the whole there are signs of the approach of the time when the day-school will be universally regarded as a necessary appendage of the chapel, and its importance to the maintenance of the congregation, and the consequent spread of religion, estimated at its proper worth. The tone of feeling and the vigour of action are, in many districts, far below the standard; and, throughout the denomination, day-school operations lag far behind those of the Establishment. But there is steady improvement; and therefore one additional element of that hope which we are now driven to seek in every direction.

There is also a gratifying light shed upon the relations of the Sunday-school to the general work. Considering the large number of Sunday-scholars, amounting to more than half a million, reported as taught by Methodist teachers, it must strike every thoughtful mind that the spiritual results of Sunday teaching have been much too small, and that some radical defect needs to be detected and repaired. The appointment of a ministerial visitor is a step in the right direction,—a step taken with universal and thankful concurrence. That appointment is, it may be hoped, a pledge that will be redeemed of a more concentrated attention to the whole subject of the relation of children, catechumens, and young people generally to the Church. And, although the matter is encumbered with difficulties,—difficulties which will take much time and care for their solution,—it may safely be predicted that means will be found for making her vast heritage of children more fully than they have ever yet been the glory of Methodism. Here also is the dawn of hope, adding its faint rays to lighten the dimness of the vexation of the present time.

Passing now to another most important department of the Methodist economy,—that of the training of the Ministry,—we see the same reason for reserved but well-grounded congratulation. For some years past it has been a source of trouble and fear to all intelligent observers that so many raw and untrained young men were annually sent out into the ministry.

A graver and more disheartening evil has not existed. And the evil has been aggravated by the fact that so large a proportion of those who have been admitted to the Theological Institutions have come up with the most meagre preparatory instruction. There are now signs that these evils will be in some measure, and in due time, abated. Not to mention that a better class of young men, on the whole, are annually presenting themselves,—a matter which must of course be referred mainly to Divine Providence, but which is in some degree also within human control,—there are indications that the time is coming when a fixed standard of preliminary qualifications will be set up, and when it will be deemed essential that every young minister sent out shall have passed through the full term of discipline. The appropriation of Richmond Institution to Missionary purposes will afford opportunity for making it a thorough training college for the foreign work; and there is no reason why it should not be perfectly equipped for that purpose. The erection of a new Theological Institution in the West Riding of Yorkshire will insure adequate training for the home ministry; provided, that is, provision shall be made for the sustentation of two large colleges. Of that there cannot be much doubt. The Methodists of Yorkshire will rise to the demands of the occasion, and nobly endow their own Institution: and the Methodist people generally will show that they are not insensible to the all but supreme importance, in these days, of securing the best education for their ministers. They will, when they see the absolute necessity, contribute much more largely than they have done, individually, as well as through their Chapel Trusts and Quarterly Meetings. We doubt not that they will sustain this department with their usual liberality. Rather than any deficiency should be allowed to continue, they would demand, what their ministers are loth to sanction, an annual collection in all their congregations for an object than which none is more really important to those congregations.

We must not omit in our catalogue of hopeful auguries the fact that at the present critical time the ministry of the Body have continued so faithful to the orthodox faith of Christianity, and so loyal to their own ecclesiastical system. Of course, unfaithfulness either in one respect or in the other would soon lead to expulsion. But the encouraging point is that there has been so little occasion for disciplinary investigation, or even for the suspicion of its necessity in any case. The swarm of publications tending to unsettle men's faith, especially the faith of young men, in the supreme authority of the whole Scripture, and in the 'traditional' interpretation of it, seem to have done

less to undermine the faith of Methodist ministers than the faith of any other class. Doubtless, they have not altogether escaped the epidemic: here and there a young preacher may betray the unhealthy bias imparted by vicious and undigested reading. But recent years have brought out no delinquent. The last year has had no heresiarch to excite attention; it has recorded the secession of none from the ranks because they have first seceded from the truth. There have been special attacks—hardly worth naming—on the Methodist fidelity of their young preachers and probationers. But these have been mostly repelled, and with that kind of scorn which springs from settled loyalty. Here we have another good sign. Were the system of Methodism breaking up, or growing languid, there would be a slow but sure revolt against the standards of doctrine, and a steady drift towards the more lax Establishment. That so few leave their orbit under the perturbation of that great body is a sign of the strength of the attraction of the central force. And this is another element of good hope.

But, if the ministry have been generally faithful, no less can be said of the people. Another cheerful sign of the times is the loyal and earnest devotion which the laity continue to manifest towards the connexional system of Methodism in all its departments. The strength of their attachment to the common cause is not an unimportant test of the vitality of the system. One sure indication of its decline would be the relaxation of the bond that connects the leading lay members of the Body with the Conference. When Methodism begins really to decay, the connexional feeling will yield to the congregational; the gentlemen who take a prominent part in the connexional business will begin to show only a languid interest in the Conference, will cease to attend its preparatory Committees, will concentrate their energies on their own neighbourhoods, and strive to bring down their circuits to the level of mere congregational Methodism. But of all this there is no sign at present. True, there are districts and circuits and even large towns where the deep connexional feeling that is the glory of this community seems to be somewhat paralysed. These, however, are the exceptions; and well that they are so. Generally speaking, the tone of feeling is healthy. There was never a year when time was more freely given by laymen to the public interest; never were the preparatory Committees of the Conference more enthusiastically and numerous attended. There is absolutely no reason to fear that the Conference will be forsaken by the laity. The Jubilee year has given a loud assurance on that point. The working of every

department practically and constantly precludes the supposition. The laity of Methodism are not growing indifferent: their attention is ready for every good scheme, and their co-operation, both with hand and purse, never wanting. This is also an element of encouragement that should not be forgotten amidst the general complaint.

One of the subordinate agencies on which Methodism has from the beginning relied for the accomplishment of its mission is the circulation of its own literature. It has been of late years rather slow in the production of new books, but always active in the diffusion of its old standard works. The central literary establishment is now in a period of transition; and it may reasonably be expected that the inauguration of a new era will tend to the promotion and extension of Methodist influence through the press. Well as the Conference has done its work, under the direction of the venerable man whose name now ceases to appear on its publications, it is capable of doing it much better: more liberally in its encouragement of authors, more vigorously in its supply of all the channels of diffusion, and more wisely in its accommodation to the demand for cheap literature. We have a strong faith in the secret, subtle, pervasive benefit of these religious publications; we think they might be made to enter much more largely into all the publishers' and booksellers' stocks throughout the land, and brought within the reach of thousands from whom their price at present withholds them. Here is also an element of hope.

As it regards the production of Methodist literature we have some, though not very sanguine, expectations. The ministers of the Connexion, from whom of course new literature must mainly proceed, work too hard to write many books; and it were a great evil to divert them from the proper work of their generation. But it must not be forgotten that most of their standard works were written by men much occupied in pastoral and official duties. The Methodists of this day fall short of their Founder's example, and of that of his immediate successors, in this respect. The times demand a literature which they do but little to furnish: they send out into the Churches very few works which are worthy of catholic acceptance, and very few into the world without which make any impression. And they are wanting to themselves: there are many subjects demanding treatment that seem untouched. They are doing nothing for modern exposition; they leave many vital doctrines without the full exposition and defence they need. But they have no lack of ability in their ranks. Their President is the distinguished head of Methodist literature. Their publishing

office is under the control of a literary workman. And the general expectation which is awake justifies us in adding the brightening prospects of connexional literature to our other elements of hope.

We have not yet exhausted the list of encouraging signs which strike the observer of Methodism at the present time. It remains that we mention the manifest improvement which is gradually taking place in the conduct of public worship. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the style of sacred architecture which is becoming popular, there can be but one opinion as to the better order and decency that prevails within them. Men who go up and down the country, and assist at Methodist devotions in various places, must bear witness to the sure prevalence of higher tastes and purer principles. Where the liturgy is used, there is a more becoming treatment of it. Where it is not used, the lessons of holy Scripture are more regularly read : in some places, to our great satisfaction, we have found the rule to be that the lessons from both Testaments are read both morning and evening. The psalmody of the Body is undergoing a decided improvement. And, on the whole, there are signs that the worship of the Supreme Being—the highest function of the Christian congregation—is being elevated to its proper place in the theory and practice of the people. Not that the amendment keeps pace with our wishes, or meets as yet the necessity of the case. There still linger in many a chapel, small and great, relics of carelessness and irreverence. May these vanish before the spreading spirit of reverent devotion ! Meanwhile, it is one of the encouraging signs of the times that the dignity of public worship throughout the community is being vindicated. Possibly, it may be thought that the reaction from carelessness is in some cases, and will be in many more, in danger of verging towards ceremonialism. That would be a deadly danger ; but for ourselves we are not afraid of it at present. We have never met with any thing in the public services that surpassed the requirements of reverend dignity in the worship of God ; nor have we been sensible of the diminution of the old Methodist warmth where good taste and high feeling have presided over the service ; and, remembering how great, however unconscious, an offender Methodism in some of its branches has been against the solemnity of Divine service, we reckon this improvement also among our hopeful signs.

This subject naturally suggests the 'Book of Offices,' which, after several years of anxious consideration, has been finally arranged and accepted by the Conference. That book, so far as

we are concerned, is yet in the future : of course the alterations it has effected in the previous 'offices,' or in the original formularies, are unknown until it is issued to the public. Certainly there was much room for improvement: nothing connected with the economy of Methodism was less worthy than its series of liturgical adaptations from the services of the mother Church. What the result of these changes will have produced, we must wait to know: it would be improper to criticize emendations known only as yet through rumour.

Meanwhile, we have not unqualified satisfaction in the prospect. The new book will gradually supplant its predecessors, but it will not satisfy the mass of the ministers or people for whose use it is prepared: at any rate, it will be very far from securing that substantial uniformity which is deeply to be desired. There are a few, both ministers and laymen, who disapprove of any change in the Communion service, at least; who think that the compact of seventy years ago, pledging the Connexion always to administer the Lord's Supper 'according to the form of the Established Church,' should not be set aside; but that if alterations must be made, they should be limited to simple omissions of the prayers objected to, or marginal corrections of them, and not alterations which never can in the present case be improvements. These go, it may be thought, to the extreme; but they are a class, and the new book will seldom be in their hands. A much larger class, however, will be found in the opposite extreme; and will think the new offices wrong in proportion as they seem to revert to the original. There are many among the ministers of the Body who do not like the restraint of the formulary; they pay it the slightest deference consistent with decency, and eke out, or rather smother, its calm assistance to devotion by prayers, ejaculations, paraphrases, exhortations, and all other imaginable extemporised variations upon the '*Sursum corda.*' The book will find no acceptance with them. But a very considerable intermediate class will very thankfully accept it as the best compromise possible; and wonder at the patient skill that has availed to accomplish a task generally regarded as hopeless. —But all this is of the nature of a digression.

We have not, in the foregoing summary, thrown colours too bright into the picture. Not a word has been written that is not indisputable. But in the midst of these tokens of good hope the cold question of results will intrude. A shadow falls upon the whole; for the annual returns of membership throughout the Connexion show a decrease on the year,—slight, indeed, but still a decrease.

Whenever a decrease in their number of members is reported,

it is matter of deep concern to the whole community. Strangers looking on might think their solicitude exaggerated. Some, contemplating only the material prosperity of the system, and seeing its ubiquitous agencies all around, would look with very liberal eyes on the fact that there are thirty-six less who meet the class-leader than there were twelve months since. Others, perhaps sincere Christians, might be disposed to regard it as a token of the natural revolt of the age against a kind of semi-Popish confessional that never could outlive a century. Others, having no such abhorrence of the class-meeting, would, nevertheless, think the decrease of numbers a rebuke for so systematically 'numbering the people.' But the Methodists themselves, as all may see who read their 'Minutes,' and mark the current style of comment on the subject, lay it exceedingly to heart. From their smallest meetings up to their Conference it is matter of conversation, scrutiny, and prayer. So profound is the impression produced by the fact, that no other signs of prosperity have availed to charm away the spirit of lamentation. A day of special inquiry for the ministry, and a day of special humiliation for both ministry and people, have been appointed, and are now being observed. Thus a year which common observers would have supposed filled with glory, is mourned over by the Methodist community in a day of special fasting:—a solicitude for the best results which might itself be enumerated amongst the hopeful signs of the times. While this is the action of the Conference, there are, as might be expected, two classes of individuals who view the decrease with very different eyes. Both agreeing that it calls loudly for humiliation, the one strives to mitigate the force of the fact, and the other strives to make it as sadly significant as possible. A sound view would take the middle course, though leaning rather to the former and more hopeful way of estimating the decrease.

It may be said by the more sanguine that the numbers, as reported in the classes, do not fairly represent the strength of Methodism, and every year become less accurate as a means of registering its results; that the number of catechumens, usually not reckoned, is annually larger, as is also the number of the communicants who do not submit to the ordinance of class-meeting; and therefore that no great stress should be laid upon the returns of the common schedules in any fair estimate of the growth of the community. Further, it is observed that an examination into the details of the decrease does not discover the fact of a general decline over the whole surface of Methodism; that the decrease is mainly found in districts

where oscillations in the numbers may be fairly expected, while in some districts there is a very considerable increase. Lastly, it is strenuously urged, and very reasonably, that the fact of a slight deficiency in one year, or even of a deficiency extending over several years, should not be regarded with undue apprehension, as if it had not been throughout the history of Methodism a matter of frequent occurrence.

To all this the more gloomy observer of the state of things would have a ready reply. Admitting a measure of truth in these qualifying and mitigating observations, he would point on the other hand to many circumstances that seem to enforce an unfavourable interpretation of the present state of things. For instance, he would plead that the number of ministers employed is greater than what it was, say twenty years ago, by not less than at least fifty per cent. ; and that consequently the increase of the past year ought, to keep pace with the average increase at that period, to be between twenty and thirty thousand. He would point to the enormous number—no less than seventeen thousand—lost to the community, not through death, but through religious indifference; lost to the fellowship of the Church, and altogether unaccounted for. Thus he would infer that, while the productive power of the system is low, its retaining power is low likewise. Very probably the rigorous censor would go further still, and assert that besides not getting and not keeping members as it ought, the Methodism of the present day is further faulty in the discipline it exercises over those it does keep: that the general religious tone of the Connexion is comparatively languid, that there is too much of frivolity and worldliness in the recreations of their young people, and that a gradual abandonment is too visible of those good old distinguishing marks which separated early Methodists from the world around.

It is difficult to mediate between these two extreme classes of opinion; but the right feeling at the present time is doubtless one which blends confidence in the system as such with deep individual humiliation. The Resolutions of the Conference on the subject are admirably conceived and worded with judicious care. The same may be said of the Pastoral Address, issued to the Societies at large, with the single exception that certain expressions are pitched to a too despondent key. The appointment of a day for ministerial conversation on the state of the work of God cannot fail to be productive of good results: a multitude of suggestions will be offered—or rather, we may now say, have been offered; many good plans proposed; and that fresh stimulant imparted which never fails to result from

prayerful and frank brotherly counsel. The marked emphasis laid upon the observance of the Quarterly Fasts—especially that which earliest occurs after Conference—will not, it may be hoped, fall unheeded. And if the whole community deals faithfully with these solemnities, and responds to the demands of the present period by the sacrifice of its sins, the reconsecration of its energies, and earnest prayer for the larger gift of the Holy Spirit, there can be no doubt that a brighter day will dawn.

The prosperity of God's work among the Methodists depends upon a more abundant effusion of Divine influence upon the means already used. It would be difficult to suggest any new expedient that might be adopted to this end. Certainly, we have ourselves no plan to suggest which has not been, or is not now, adopted in various places with more or less effect. But we think, in common with all who have spoken or written on the subject, that much may be done to reinforce with fresh vigour some of the old instrumentalities, and that much may be done to remove certain impediments which hinder their efficiency. The Head of the Church has ordained and sanctified the means which are to be used for winning souls to godliness, preserving them in grace, and conducting them to glory. But those means are blessed by the Divine Spirit in the measure that they are faithfully, prayerfully, earnestly, and believingly used by His human agents.

There can be no question that the aggressive power of the Christian Church, its power to win souls, is mainly put forth from the pulpit. The increase and prosperity of Methodism, as of every other religious body, depends on the character of its preaching. There is a style of preaching which, in every age from the Apostles' time, and in every region of Christendom, has been mighty in the conversion of men. That style has been in past times characteristic of the Methodist pulpit: without alleging that Methodist preachers have in any numbers surpassed others in the highest attributes of pulpit oratory, it may be affirmed that for a long time there was a greater amount of zealous, direct, earnest, and successful evangelical preaching among them than elsewhere. But there is great reason to fear lest that pre-eminence should pass away, not, indeed, by others surpassing them,—a defeat that might be more cheerfully borne,—but by their own renunciation of their prerogative. Many shining examples of the most earnest and the purest style of Gospel preaching are still to be found—so many, indeed, as perhaps to swell into a majority; but a large number of young preachers are abroad who have taken

vicious models, or miserably imitate models unattainable, and deliver themselves of sermons, half-recited, half-read, which, when stripped of their wretched tinsel, display every attribute that is the direct opposite of the early preaching of the Methodists.

It would be an effectual cure for all the evils that afflict this community, if its ministers, especially its young ministers, would seek to rise to the high level of their preaching vocation; if they would only remember the tremendous influence and responsibility of the pulpit. There is no power at all comparable to this amidst all the elements of power in this wonderful age. Men may talk about the press, or the lecture, superseding the pulpit; it is a great delusion. There is no power like that which is wielded, or might be wielded, throughout our thousands of preaching-houses every Sunday. How supremely important that the young preacher should duly estimate this; that he should keep it in view in all his preparations; so that, whether he prepare elaborately and commit much to memory, or deeply study his subject in internal meditation, every sermon he prepares might be intended, shaped, and fitted to move the hearts of men. Every man who is thoroughly in earnest must be successful—whether his success be manifest or not—in preaching the truths of the Gospel. And, although the numbers found in the returns are by no means a sure index of the amount of pulpit success, yet, in a system like that of Methodism, great ministerial vigour of the right kind must almost infallibly result in large increase of numbers.

As a rule, those who are converted under Methodist preaching find their way into the Society, through the time-honoured doors of the class-meeting. But it is a fact which cannot be denied, that there are many, and that their number is increasing, who shrink from this part of a system to which they are deeply indebted, and which in all other respects they cordially approve and love. The question immediately arises, whether something could not be done to make the institution of the weekly class-meeting more attractive to those persons. It would be very rash and impolitic, and in all senses unjustifiable, to pay no regard to their scruples or repugnance. On the other hand, it would be a deplorable evil to lower the importance of those meetings, or abolish them as the expression of Christian fellowship. It remains only that means be everywhere adopted to make the class-meeting commend itself to persons of all habits and tastes. Two things suggest themselves to our thoughts in relation to this matter: 1. That the leaders themselves should be carefully chosen, and the leaders' meetings made as useful

as possible to them in the constant inculcation of their duty on the part of the ministers, and conversation among themselves; and, 2. That the ministers should to a far larger extent meet classes of their own. On the latter point only a few words of enlargement may not be unsuitable.

If Methodism is to enjoy still the full benefit of its peculiar institution, the ministers must more generally add this duty to their other duties. In the nature of things, none are more fitted to discharge the functions of that office than those who are consecrated to the cure of souls. Many of them, it is true, are encumbered with such a variety of engagements that they would find it hard to undertake this additional task. But, however hard, it would be impossible to very few, if any. The minister's class in every Society would be hailed as an invaluable blessing. Indeed, it is already found to be so in a multitude of cases; and we only plead for the yet further extension of what is already existing. Such a class would be a refuge for many who would find refuge nowhere else. It might include many who are now admitted, on the responsibility of the pastor, to the Lord's table, and who would probably be induced, if judicious persuasion were adopted, to place themselves more fully under his pastoral care. It might be made useful to not a few whose peculiarities of character need special skill, experience, and discernment on the part of the appointed spiritual adviser. There might be gathered some whose timidity would, for the most part, keep them silent, though their devotion would incline them to be good listeners; some whose health or necessary engagements would render their attendance almost nominal; and perhaps others whose feelings with regard to the ministry would indispose them to seek for spiritual converse at any other hands than their recognised spiritual guides. These observations will possibly not meet with universal concurrence. But they are enforced by the facts of the present position and tendencies of Methodism; and simply hint at one expedient among many that might be suggested for bringing into our class-registers all the names that really belong to the Methodist communion.

Whatever may be thought of the expediency or practicability of ministers generally becoming leaders in this specific sense, there can be no doubt that they might greatly strengthen both the winning and the conserving power of Methodism by meeting the young in Bible-classes. In a more thorough and efficient care of the young people of the community lies the secret, or one of the secrets, of future prosperity. Here, again, we only suggest the more general, in fact, the universal, adoption of

means which are already adopted to a very gratifying extent. If every minister to whom such a service were possible gathered around him weekly his own circle of young people, reading with them, interesting them in scriptural knowledge and Divine things, directing their studies, eliciting their ability in thinking and writing, elevating their tastes, weaning them from other and perilous occupations, and taking the place in all things of their best friend, one great and frightful evil that troubles Methodism would be very much diminished.

It would be unbecoming in our lay pages to address the ministry directly: otherwise, there are many points suggested by these 'Minutes' that might be dwelt upon. It is, however, within the province of this journal to make its friendly and earnest appeal to those of its readers generally who bear the Methodist name, and to challenge them to a fresh devotion to their duty. The three things which all good men desire and unite to pray for, in behalf of this community in particular, are a deeper religious consecration of all classes, a profounder reverence in Divine things, and a more concentrated and persevering earnestness in individual duty. These will be the watchwords of many a stirring address from the pulpit; the themes of a multitude of prayers in secret. Should this triune Blessing be poured out upon the people called Methodists, they will soon begin to exert a mightier influence upon the character of our own land, and send forth a stronger and deeper tide of life to the distant world. They have a great destiny yet to accomplish. In many respects utterly unlike any other Christian community, they have their own separate work to do in the great common cause. They are as much needed at home and abroad as they ever were. And, provided they cherish the spirit of humble consecration and self-sacrificing zeal in their own several spheres of duty, they cannot cultivate too high a sense of the importance of their common work to the world. It is under a deep conviction of this that we have thus travelled slightly beyond our line, in sending forth the present feeble but honest note of good cheer to the Methodist public.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Jewish Coinage and of Money in the Old and New Testament. By Frederick W. Madden, M.R.S.L. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1864.

ENGLISH students of Scripture have long felt the want of a trustworthy and adequate work on biblical numismatics. Important books on this subject have been written within the last few years in Italian, French, and German; but for strictly English readers almost the only available sources of information were either scattered Cyclopædia and Review articles,—some of them feeble and superficial enough,—or else imperfect, and often merely popular, dissertations buried in works devoted to Scripture antiquities in general. This not very creditable lack is now supplied. The name of Sir Frederick Madden is a synonyme for wide-reaching and exact antiquarian learning; and his son's book on *Jewish Coinage* at once sustains the reputation of his father, and fills a gap in our native literature, which was both unsightly and embarrassing. The author's design in undertaking his work was, as he modestly states in his preface, to lay before the public the result of a careful examination of the best and latest works of the continental writers on Jewish coins, with considerable additions of his own, and so to furnish his readers with a 'correct view of the present state of our knowledge in respect to Jewish and biblical numismatics.' The Italian Cavedoni had 'confined himself almost wholly to the coins strictly Jewish.' De Sauley, writing in French, though 'admitting the colonial coins struck at Jerusalem,' did not take in the 'Roman series, struck after the conquest of the holy city, nor the coinage issued by the Tetrarchs.' Dr. Levy in like manner, in his *Geschichte der Jüdischen Münzen*, 'passed over all these coins in a very cursory manner;' and in no work with which the author was acquainted, excepting the *Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique*, were the coins not strictly Jewish, that is to say, of the Agrippas under Roman Emperors, Antipas, Philip II., &c., engraved and published. Mr. Madden was desirous of covering the whole ground, so far at least as the coins of individuals were concerned. He did not contemplate describing the coins struck in Galilee, Samaria, and the provincial towns of Judæa, which had the mint-right. Coins of places, as a rule, were shut out of his scheme; two classes only excepted, namely, 'the Roman coins struck commemorative of the capture of Jerusalem,' and the colonial coins of 'Ælia Capitolina.'

With these limitations he wished to include in his work whatever was important for a complete treatise on Jewish Numismatics. The plan thus defined he has most fully and satisfactorily carried out. At the same time the discussions on the general topic of ancient coining and currency which accompany the main subject of the volume, add greatly to its value, and constitute it the English book of reference for all chief points belonging to the question of money as raised by the contents of the Old and New Testaments.

The introduction and first three chapters of Mr. Madden's work are occupied with a historical and critical survey of the labours of previous writers in this department of literature, and with able and interesting essays on the early use of silver as a medium of commerce and trade among the Hebrews before the exile; on the 'materials employed for money' among the nations of the old world, and the people who first coined it; and on 'the money employed by the Jews after their return from Babylon, until the revolt under the Maccabees.' Under all these heads the author writes with precision and thoroughness; and did our limits permit, we might easily quote a long series of passages illustrating either the profusion and importance of the information which Mr. Madden has here given, or the force and suggestiveness of the criticism to which he subjects the facts falling within his field of observation. Simon the Maccabee appears to have been the first to coin money in Judæa; and accordingly with him the author enters upon the special topic of his book, relating Simon's history, and that of his patriotic successors, so far as it connects itself with the coinage, and illustrating with drawings of the coins of every type known to have been struck by them. Shekels and other silver or copper coins of each of the four years of Simon's administration have been discovered, and are here depicted with their quaint zigzag characters, and with the chalices, Aaron's rods, and palm trees so familiar to the eye of the student of Jewish money. John Hyrcanus succeeded Simon, and has left us many coins, all of copper. He writes his name in three ways, and styles himself, if he be interpreted rightly, 'High Priest, and Prince of the Confederation of the Jews.' Two horns of plenty, with a poppy-head between them, is a favourite device on his coins. After him came Judas Aristobulus, the 'lover of Greeks,' who was the first Jewish ruler after the captivity to call himself king. His coins are as scarce as those of his successor, Alexander Jannæus, are abundant. More than one coinage of king Alexander may be distinguished. A half opened flower, an anchor, and the horns and poppy-head, are common symbols on his money. His name and title are often found on the same coin, both in Greek and Hebrew. Only one coin of Alexandra, Jannæus's wife and successor, is extant. The obverse has the words 'Queen Alexandra,' in Greek, written round an anchor. A star with eight rays appears on the reverse, with traces of a Hebrew legend in the intervals between the rays. The reigns of the three princes who followed Alexandra, namely, Hyrcanus II., Aristobulus II., and Alexander II., yield us no coins, with the exception of a few

bronze ones, which appear to belong to the second Alexander. After Alexander's death Hyrcanus II. was restored: but at present we have no coins of this period. The coins of Antigonus, the last sovereign of the Asmonean dynasty, differ in many respects from those of his predecessors. They resemble the Parthian money, and have other peculiarities, which give them numismatic and historical interest.

The coins of the Idumæan princes come next in order, and are described by Mr. Madden with the copiousness and minuteness which their importance demands. Copper alone was struck in Judæa 'from the time of the taking of Jerusalem by Pompey, excepting in the time of the two revolts, when the Jews again struck *silver coins* for a short time. All the copper coins struck by Herod I. had Greek inscriptions only, and no Hebrew. Their types for the most part present symbols connected with the service of God, or are borrowed from some of the Asmonean coins, for all images of living creatures were forbidden by the Jews. There are no coins with the title *Great* belonging to Herod I.' Some of the devices on his coins are too mysterious to be explained; but the helmets, shields, tripods, wands, &c., which figure upon them, tell of his warlike and heathenish propensities. His successor Archelaus appears on the coins which he struck under the title of *Ethnarch*, given him by Augustus. Sometimes he calls himself simply Herod. Helmets, galleys, tridents, wreaths, bunches of grapes, and other symbols diversify his money. Herod Antipas bears the style of Tetrarch on his coins. 'No coins exist of Herod Philip I.' Those of Philip II., the builder of the town of Cæsarea Philippi, have the head of Tiberius upon them. This is the first example of the picturing of any living thing upon Jewish money; and it 'was a grave infringement of the Mosaic law. But it has been suggested that this infraction took place at some distance from the centre of religion, in a town inhabited for the most part by Greeks; and besides, a son of Herod is not likely to have scrupled to break the national law in order to flatter the masters of the world.'

We need not follow Mr. Madden further in this great section of his work. It is sufficient to say, that after illustrating with much learning and exactness of critical statement the numismatic history of the two Agrippas, he proceeds, on the same principles and in the same satisfactory manner as in writing of the Asmonean and Idumæan dynasties, to describe the coins struck by the Roman Procurators; by Eleazar, Simon, son of Gioras, Simon, son of Gamaliel, and others in connexion with the first revolt of the Jews; by the Romans, whether in or out of Judæa, in commemoration of the downfall of the Jewish capital under Vespasian; and by Bar-Cochab, the leader of the second revolt; together with the 'imperial colonial coins struck at Jerusalem,' and 'the first copper pieces' coined in the holy city 'by the conquering Arabs.' How great interest belongs to the coin monuments of the epochs and periods represented by the foregoing names, we need not stay to indicate. With money issued by Pontius Pilate figured before us, and with the affecting series of the *Judæa Capta*

coins, occupying page after page of Mr. Madden's book, the Christian reader will find enough to stir him here, even if he be not apt to grow enthusiastic over effigies of Roman emperors, and the legends and devices which attend them.

It is scarcely just to the author to do no more than characterize in few words the three important chapters with which his book closes; and want of space alone reconciles us to such a treatment of them. They are devoted to the question of the Greek and Roman money, named or alluded to in the New Testament; the question of 'ancient weights,' with special reference to those of the Jewish coinage; and the question of the writing of the Hebrews, Syrians, &c., as it appears both on coins and on other relics of the old Shemitic civilization of the countries between the Tigris and the Nile. The chapter on 'weights' merits particular attention, not only for the forcible reasoning and ingenious speculation which it embodies, but also for the new and very valuable information which it gives on this perplexing subject, chiefly the fruit of the labours and researches of Mr. Poole, Mr. Madden, and Mr. Norris, in the Antiquities department of the British Museum. Ancient Greek literature, Mr. Burgon's weights from Athens, lions and marble ducks from Assyria graven with cuneiform characters, the Abydos bronze lion and its Phœnician inscription, Persian darics, and coppers of the Ptolemies, are all made to hold their candle in the darkness; and the result, under the masterly management of the author, is an illumination, which, if it leaves much in uncertainty, yet by its reach and brightness will surprise all who are duly alive to the difficulties which cumber this long-prosecuted archæological inquiry. We heartily thank Mr. Madden and his coadjutors for raising us to a higher platform of judgment and investigation in regard to a problem of so great complexity and interest. Appended to the main body of the work, thus ended, the reader will find discussions which he will do wisely not to overlook, on 'counterfeit Jewish coins,' and on the Talmudic writings referring to the second revolt of the Jews, together with a triple 'table' illustrating the coinage from the death of Herod I. to the death of Hadrian, and a full and well-executed index. At the beginning of the volume, moreover, a plate of alphabets, engraved with much care, exhibits the leading types of the Phœnician, Hebrew, Aramæan, Palmyrene, and kindred characters, as they appear on various ancient monuments, numismatic and others. This will be of service even to those who are acquainted with the works of Gesenius and of still more recent authorities on the subject of Shemitic writing. In addition to the 'square' Hebrew characters, the table contains the Phœnician alphabet as seen on the Assyrian lion-weights dating about B.C. 850, and on the sarcophagus of Esmunazar, king of Sidon, two centuries and a half later; the old Hebrew from the coins; the Samaritan; the Aramæan of the Carpentras stone and the Papyruses; and the Palmyrene of the second or third century A.D.; with the Shemitic characters found on certain bowls from Babylon, belonging, perhaps, to the fifth and seventh Christian centuries, and on stones from Aden of the eighth and tenth centuries A.D., respectively.

Even now, we cannot lay down this remarkable book without saying a word as to the superb manner in which it is 'got up.' A large octavo; printed in a clear, bold, handsome type, on paper which is a marvel of firmness, smoothness, and delicacy of tone; the very numerous figures of the coins throughout executed with a fidelity, a distinctness, and a grace such as no book on Numismatics has ever surpassed, and only here and there one can be pointed to as equalling; and all this excellence set off and adorned by binding, which it is a luxury to look upon; Mr. Madden's *Jewish Coinage*, as published by Mr. Quaritch, is among the most important and royal books that have issued from the British press for a long time past.

Aristotle: A Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. By George Henry Lewes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1864.

ARISTOTLE's treatise on *Ethics* is a University text-book, and is well known to scholars. His *Politics*, though not so much studied, are not neglected; Dr. Arnold prized this tract so highly, that he learnt it by heart. The *Poetics*, and the *Rhetoric*, are studied by critics, and are not unknown to graduates. His Logical and Metaphysical tracts have been much handled and often quoted, especially at second hand. But the Stagirite's works on Physical Science have been almost utterly neglected, though they form the greater part of his writings. Known to contain masses of absurdity, condemned beforehand on account of what Bishop Hampden describes as 'the abortive and futile character of their physical philosophy,' they have been left untranslated and unread. 'Numerous and exhaustive,' says Mr. Lewes, 'as are the works devoted to Aristotle's moral and metaphysical writings, there is not one which attempts to display with any fulness his scientific researches. Although Aristotle mainly represents the science of twenty centuries, his scientific writings are almost unknown in England. Casual citations, mostly at second hand, and vague eulogies, often betraying great misconception, are abundant; but rare indeed is the indication of any accurate appreciation extending beyond two works, the *De Animâ*, and the *History of Animals*. The absence of translations is at once a cause and a sign of this neglect. Nor would translations be of much help to the ordinary student, unless illustrated by an ample commentary, such as would place him at the requisite point of view for appreciating these ancient monuments of scientific labour.'

Mr. Lewes has in this volume furnished an introduction to the study of Aristotle's scientific writings, such as may enable the student, without a detailed commentary, to enter into the spirit and meaning of the philosopher's descriptions and speculations. He has 'analysed the separate treatises, given the doctrines precisely as Aristotle gave them; (illuminating them when necessary and possible from other

sources;) he has 'never distorted them into modern formulae, nor eliminated from them their essential or incidental absurdities.'

For the work which he has thus undertaken, Mr. Lewes possesses unrivalled qualifications. The author of the 'Biographical History of Philosophy' must be admitted to be a most acute and accomplished critic of philosophy, whether metaphysical or inductive. The author of 'Seaside Studies' and the 'Physiology of Common Life' is unquestionably a most gifted and scientific naturalist. Such a combination of qualities has scarcely met in any previous commentator on Aristotle. They pre-eminently fit Mr. Lewes for the task which he has undertaken; the first portion, as it appears, of a gigantic work which he has in view. 'I have been for many years preparing myself to attempt a sketch of the Embryology of Science, so to speak,—an exposition of the great *momenta* in scientific development; and the present volume is the first portion of such an exposition, which I publish separately because in itself it forms a monograph, and because I may never live to complete the larger scheme.'

'Never live to complete the scheme.' It is a solemn thought; and one which, altogether unprofessional and un-critic-like as it is to introduce it in the way of moralising into the midst of a notice like this, we yet cannot refrain from dwelling upon for a moment, in connexion with this work of Mr. Lewes. This accomplished man is an adherent, in general philosophy, of the positivist school, which acknowledges the late Auguste Comte as its chief master and founder; and, in biology and the philosophy of perception and thought, belongs to the school which is represented by Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer. He disbelieves in the possibility of any philosophy of causation or ontology, and equally disbelieves in the possibility of the theology. He holds that life and mind are essentially one; that mind is but a higher development of life; that there is no essential distinction between the life of the plant, and the intelligent life of the philosopher. To a cultivated, accomplished man, who holds such a creed as this, there must, one would think, be an unspeakable melancholy in the thought of the uncoloured void which for him lies beyond this active and manifold life.

As a scientific thinker Lewes rightly, as we deem, sets Aristotle far above Plato, as far above him in this respect as below him in the qualities which constitute an artist or a master of style. He regards him as incontestably the father of the inductive method which Bacon more fully and accurately set forth and made to be the foundation of modern science, although, like Bacon himself, he forgot his own maxims and the laws of his inductive method, in his observations and speculations respecting natural science. He shows that he is not entitled to the reputation of 'a great observer;' that 'he collected many facts, but never scrutinised them.' He admits that some of the coincidences between his conceptions and those of modern philosophers are very remarkable, and are due to his 'profound sagacity.' But, on the whole, and in any important sense, he denies that any claim can be established on his behalf to the anticipation

of modern discoveries. 'Where intellectual force alone was involved, there Aristotle appeared a giant. But no single mind can do the work of humanity; no one man can anticipate the labours of ages.' On the whole, 'the inquiry results in a verdict which considerably modifies, yet scarcely lessens, our idea of his greatness.'

A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government. By the Right Honourable Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart., M.P.
London: Parkers and Bourn. 1863.

LORD PALMERSTON has lately pronounced a just and earnest eulogy on the departed statesman and philosopher whose last work lies before us. Let us be permitted, late though it be, to commend his excellent Dialogue to the attention of our readers. Sir George Lewis's merits, whether as a writer or statesman, were of a kind which do not suddenly strike the public view, but which make a deep and abiding impression on the most thoughtful and dispassionate minds. While all sorts of trivial books are puffed and petted, his calm and searching treatises and tracts are too little met with on the drawing-room or even the library table, and are understood, in several instances, to have had but a limited circulation. One of the special and most valuable functions of a 'Quarterly Review' is to elevate the standard of popular taste in regard to literature, and to direct attention to the best, the truest, the most thorough books. What we desire to promote, above all things, as a literary journal, is candour of spirit, patient truthfulness in thinking and judging, completeness and accuracy in inquiry and statement. In all these qualities Sir George Lewis was pre-eminent, and they characterize all his writings. Among his various publications perhaps there is none more adapted to be immediately useful or to secure a wide circulation than this *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*. It is eminently fitted to reprove and instruct the narrowness of partisans on every side; it shows the special advantages which belong respectively to the monarchical, the aristocratic-democratic-republican, and the purely democratic, forms of government; it shows also that no form of government can be reasonably contended for as under all circumstances the best, that a government ill-fitted for one age or nation may be the best for another, and that no merely theoretic ideal can of itself justify revolution. We are of opinion, indeed, that the views of Aristocraticus and Democraticus might be, and are destined in the most highly advanced and best-governed states to be, more perfectly conciliated and harmonized than is indicated in the Dialogue. But the author stated in the Preface that he had 'not endeavoured to exhaust the subject.' A popular dialogue, such as this claims to be and is,—popular in a just and honourable sense,—ought not to be too refined or detailed in exposition or in argument. Its great merit is that it be suggestive; and this Dialogue is eminently suggestive.

Perhaps we should add that Aristocraticus, the chief interlocutor,

and certainly the one who, except perhaps Crito the moderator, is the mouth-piece of the ablest arguments, regards the British constitution as essentially aristocratico-democratico-republican, as hardly in strict propriety of speech to be called a 'monarchy.' We earnestly commend all who are falling into either a high Tory bias or anything like *doctrinaire* democratic partisanship candidly to study this admirable Dialogue.

Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1862-3. Edited by Francis Galton. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1864.

THE idea of publishing a yearly volume of the fragmentary notes of distinguished tourists is one of the happiest literary novelties of the day. The two volumes which appeared in 1861 and 1862 prepared the way for the hearty reception of a third; and though Mr. Galton, the talented editor, somewhat disappointed the public by making no sign in '63, few will be disposed to question the wisdom of a delay which has resulted in the production of so fascinating and instructive a volume as is now before us. In each of the papers contributed to this third issue there is as much real information as is to be found in any ordinary volume of travels; and while in no case is there any affectation of science or originality, each of these somewhat sketchy articles is full of instruction. The volume comprises eleven papers, the first of which is entitled, 'A Winter Ride in Palestine.' It is from the pen of the Rev. H. B. Tristram; and though devoted to a subject which is worn almost threadbare, it is written with picturesqueness, and introduces many items of interest not noticed by other travellers. The second paper, on 'Fish Culture in France,' by Mr. Bertram, is one which is sure to command an extensive popularity at a time when the whole question of fish-culture is occupying the attention of the scientific world. The principal fish-breeding establishment visited by Mr. Bertram, was at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine. The eggs, which are principally those of the trout, the salmon, and the *ombre chevalier*, are brought chiefly from Switzerland and Germany. The process of obtaining the eggs is as follows: the gravid fish having been caught, 'it should be seen that the spawn is perfectly mature; and that being the case, the salmon is held in a large tub, under the water it contains, while the hand is gently passed along its abdomen, when, if the ova be ripe, the eggs will flow out like so many peas. These are carefully rinsed or washed, and the water is then poured off. The male salmon is then handled in a similar way, the contact of the milt immediately changing the eggs into a brilliant pink colour. They are then washed again, and ladled out into the breeding-boxes. When the egg is first deposited, one sees nothing but a transparent, amber-coloured bead. Days and days elapse before a change can be observed, and then certain threads of blood can be seen to prefigure the anatomy of a young fish. By and bye, the design of "a something" begins to grow upon the

eye, but it would be difficult at first sight to say what it may turn out to be—a tadpole or a salmon. When a few more days elapse, the fish-like form is developed, curled up, of course, in a curious shape; the great eyes begin to stare, and the blood to course through the body. Anon, the fish, nursed into life by the trickling waters, bursts through its fragile prison, and appears on its gravelled bed a frightened, tiny, awkward creature, with a great bag at its abdomen, disturbing its balance, hindering its movements, and so rendering it a prey to numerous enemies. But after this time its growth is wonderfully rapid. In a year it may become a smolt, and in the course of three months after it undergoes that change, it will become a sizeable table-fish, weighing from three to five pounds!

Mr. C. M. Kennedy contributes an instructive paper on 'The Turks of Constantinople,' in which there is much to lower our estimate of the present Turkish civilisation. Lady Duff-Gordon's 'Letters from the Cape,' though never intended for publication, and somewhat slipshod in their style, are not unworthy of a place in Mr. Galton's volume. In addition to a certain freshness and raciness, they have the admirable distinction, so rarely met with in books of travel, of recognising in the aboriginal races 'proofs of a common nature.' Lady Duff-Gordon is too enlightened and generous to treat even the most degraded races with superciliousness and contempt. Discarding the 'nigger' theory, she went among the natives as a sister-woman, respecting their prejudices, and largely sympathizing with their lot. The generous and truly womanly sympathy which pervades her letters is sure to win for them a popularity which they deserve. From Mr. W. G. Clark, the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, we have an eloquent, but not overdrawn, description of Poland and her wrongs. Interspersed with details of travel there are many records of Russian tyranny which make the blood run cold. Mr. Clark fully answers the objections which are made against the interference of England and France, on the score of the character of the Poles themselves, and the general impolicy of intervention. Few can read his stirring story without feeling as he did the bitter and not undeserved reproach of a Polish lady whose friends had been either killed or exiled: 'Vous êtes grands, forts, libres: à qui bon votre grandeur et votre force si vous n'aidez pas les faibles et les opprimés à conquérir leur liberté à eux?'

The sixth paper is on 'The Republic of Paraguay,' by Mr. Powell; and the seventh on 'Sinai,' by the Rev. R. Tyrwhitt. Mrs. Lubbock contributes a most interesting paper on 'The Ancient Shell-Mounds of Denmark,' some of which she was permitted to search to her heart's content, and to the considerable enrichment of her stock of flint hatchets and flakes. Though an enthusiastic archaeologist, she is not so indifferent to the present, but that she can make an eloquent appeal on behalf of the hapless country in which she was so hospitably entertained. Mr. Charles Mayo, late Medical Inspector of the 13th Army Corps, U. S., gives a graphic but by no means flattering account of the 'Medical Service of the

Federal Army.' A very readable paper on 'The Church and People of Servia,' by the Rev. W. T. Grieve, and another, somewhat less instructive, but not less brilliant, on 'Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick,' by His Excellency the Hon. Arthur Gordon, complete the volume. In the former of these papers there are some very curious accounts of the religious ceremonies of the Servians. 'One custom,' says Mr. Grieve, 'struck us as being exceedingly curious. We frequently observed on the pillar of the narthex nearest to the font several pieces of wax, into which had been kneaded some hair. They looked, at first sight, almost like a large kind of fly or beetle grey with age, the wax serving as body, the hairs as legs and antennæ. On inquiry, we learnt that this is a custom not ecclesiastical but popular, and admits of the following explanation: amongst the ceremonies accompanying holy baptism is the cutting off a small portion of the child's hair, in token alike of its dedication to God, and as being the only thing it at the time possesses to offer. Some of this hair the relations commonly put into a piece of wax, which they attach to the wall of the baptistry in token of the child's being now a member of the visible Church, and as having its part in the material as well as spiritual building.' 'The communion of little children was also to us a novel, and at the same time most touching, sight. They were held up in the arms of their parents or other relations, and their demeanour was as reverent as that of their elders. Some of them were quite infants; for the holy Eucharist is given to all above two years of age, and occasionally even earlier, it being the rule in cases of imminent danger to administer it to newly baptized infants. This practice is grounded on our blessed Lord's words in St. John's Gospel: (vi. 53:) "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of God, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.*"' It is to be hoped that an annual volume of *Vacation Tourists* will become one of the institutions of our literature. So long as Mr. Galton can command the talent which has enriched the issues of the past he may calculate with certainty on the growing popularity of the series.

The Cruise of the 'Alabama' and the 'Sumter.' From the private Journals and other Papers of Commander R. Semmes, C.S.N., and other Officers. In Two Volumes. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1864.

THESE volumes, though of thrilling interest, will add little to the credit of the Confederate cause, or to the popular estimate of Captain Semmes. Of his bravery, and that of his crew, there can be no doubt. He and his men would have shone under the command of the gallant Cochrane, and would doubtless have acquitted themselves with distinction in any conflict with Federal men-of-war. But it was their misfortune, and the misfortune of the cause under whose colours they sailed, that their mission was one, which, however technically in accordance with the laws of war, cannot be

regarded by high-minded and chivalrous men as much better than piracy and plunder. Much may be said, of course, in defence of their policy. The Confederate States have never had the chance of organizing a navy, and thus offering defiance to the war-ships of their opponents. But there is something from which instincts trained by the memories of the Nile and Trafalgar shrink, in the avoidance of collision with an armed foe, and the devotion of all energy to the overhauling of defenceless merchantmen, or stealing away from blockaded ports.

Captain Semmes, who is a man of no mean capacity,—a capital letter-writer, an able jurist, as well as a bold and experienced seaman,—held the rank of commander in the United States navy, with other offices of trust and importance. On the breaking out of hostilities between the Northern and Southern States, he resigned his commission in due form, and gave in his adherence to the cause of the South. He was appointed to the command of the only vessel which the Confederates could boast, a screw steamer of five hundred tons, formerly known as the 'Havannah' packet-ship, but now known to fame as the 'Sumter.' His crew consisted of 'four lieutenants, a paymaster, a surgeon, a lieutenant of marines, four midshipmen, &c.,' making a total of something less than one hundred and ten. With this inconsiderable craft he managed in the course of a few months to destroy property to the amount of about a million of dollars. Under this press of work the already enfeebled constitution of the 'Sumter' broke down, and she was condemned. Her successor was the mysterious 'No. 290,' better known as the 'Alabama.' This beautiful and unique vessel was built expressly for the Confederate navy by the Messrs. Laird, at a cost of over fifty thousand pounds. How to get her out of the Mersey was the question. Mr. Adams, the American minister, had obtained an order from the government that she was to be seized. The news was carried to the Confederate authorities. They invited a gay party of ladies and other friends on board, under pretence of making a trial trip. 'Luncheon was spread in the cabin, flags decorated the seats hastily improvised on the second quarter-deck, and all seemed bent upon making holiday. Suddenly, however, the scene changed. At a signal from the "Alabama" a small steam tug came puffing alongside, and to the visitors' great astonishment they were politely requested to step on board.' It was a narrow escape. That very morning the seizure was to have been made. 'At the very moment that "No. 290" was heaving up her anchor, a huge despatch, "On Her Majesty's Service," was travelling down to Liverpool, at the top speed of the North-Western mail, commanding the Customs' authorities to lay an embargo on the ship.' Then came the difficult and delicate task of manning the ship. A crew having been gathered, 'Captain Semmes proceeded in a voice clear and firm, but not altogether free from emotion, to read aloud...his commission from the president as commander of the Confederate States steam sloop, "Alabama." The English flag was lowered, the

'three black balls' run up, three cheers given, and then came the question of pay. For it is to be feared that pay had more to do with the enthusiasm of the men than patriotism. They demanded exorbitant rates, and the captain was only too glad to accede to them. Thus commenced the career of the 'Alabama.' Her subsequent history is well known. With the exception of the 'Hatteras,' which she sank, she engaged no vessel of war until the ever memorable Sunday morning in June, when, pierced by the shot of the 'Kearsarge,' she went down off Cherbourg. There is in these volumes a full account of this fight. It does not tally exactly with that of the captain of the 'Kearsarge.' The truth probably lies between the two. There can be no doubt that the 'Alabama,' being under repairs, fought at great disadvantage. Her machinery was not equal to that of her antagonist. The object of Captain Semmes was to board the 'Kearsarge.' Had he succeeded in doing this, the issue of the conflict might have been vastly different. As it is, the 'Alabama' lies many fathoms deep,—the last, we may hope, of her kind. It is rumoured that Captain Semmes is to take the command of another vessel. His doing so involves rather a nice and knotty question:—is he to be regarded, having struck his flag, as an escaped prisoner of war, or as a prisoner on parole, and therefore bound not to take up arms against his victors? Captain Winslow adopts the latter view. It remains to be seen what view Captain Semmes will adopt.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.
Vol. III. Longmans. 1863.

DR. VAUGHAN'S was a very happy, a truly philosophic idea, which he has well worked out through three-fourths of its scope. We regret to find that he has virtually abandoned the thought of working out the last, and in many respects, the most interesting, though possibly not, for the present age, the most important portion of his plan. He has explained and illustrated the *Revolutions of Race*; he has traced and exhibited the *Revolutions in Religion*; he has well set forth the causes and history of the great *Revolutions in Government*, synchronizing with the Stuart period; but he has very scantily sketched the *Revolutions in Social Power*, embracing the progress of toleration since 1688, the expansion of the Constitution during the same period, the development of our national industry, the founding of our colonial empire, and the later growth of our intellectual, moral, and social life. In our notice of the second volume of this work, we expressed our opinion that 'this last section of revolutions, if it is to be treated effectively, must occupy as many volumes as all the preceding history.' We are proportionately disappointed to find that it actually takes up but 78 pages in this large-typed volume of 642 pages. The foregoing 564 pages contain the history of the great era of 'Revolutions in Government' which began with the struggles between Parliamentarians and Royalists under Charles I., and ended with the revolution of 1688.

As containing the well-considered and well-written views of a learned, intelligent, and liberal Nonconformist, respecting the political aspects of Puritan and Nonconformist controversy, this work possesses a special value, and must take a high and standard place. Dr. Vaughan has been a devoted student of history for something like half a century; few men are better informed as to the history of our own country. His views are ripe and comprehensive, and have been matured in intercourse with men of large culture and large minds. He gives us here his settled conclusions respecting the period when the principles of religious liberty were settled. Few studies of history can be better worth the attention of the statesman or philosopher. Here and there, however, we observe something like reserve. In his estimate of Cromwell's character he seems to have stood in some fear of expressing a critical and adequate judgment; fear, we apprehend, quite as much of not fully satisfying Cromwell's indiscriminating partisans as of provoking the criticism of the contrary party. We much prefer the manner in which Henry Rogers deals with the case and character of Cromwell in his *Life of John Howe*.

Tangled Talk : An Essayist's Holiday. Alexander Strahan and Co. London. 1864.

THE worst portions of this book are the title and the dedication. The former is calculated to give a very incorrect estimate of the contents, and the latter is not likely to enhance the reputation of the writer. Happily we dipped into the book before examining either title-page or dedication, or we might have been deterred from further research. It comprises a series of brief and pithy *essays*, in the true sense of that much abused word. The conventional essay is generally an exhaustive disquisition, rather than a tentative sketch. The true essayist endeavours after thought, without professing to systematize and perfect it. His province is to suggest and not exhaust. The book before us embodies many valuable suggestions, which cannot but lead to expansion in the mind of the thoughtful reader. There is no affectation either of profundity or originality, nor is there any ground for it. The author, however, is vastly superior to many of the so-called essayists of the day. He does not condescend to the reiterated platitudes of the A. K. H. B. school, nor does he dogmatize on popular questions under the protection of anonymousness. He takes broad, common-sense, and catholic views of things, discovering now and then no little critical acumen, and a very respectable range of reading. He has given us, on the whole, a healthy and honest book, for which many a man will be thankful in a desultory hour, and which may possibly tend to lessen the growing taste of the public for books of idle gossip and novels of questionable morality.

Passages of a Working Life, during Half a Century : with a Prelude of Early Reminiscences. By Charles Knight. Vol. II. London : Bradbury and Evans. 1864.

THIS second volume of *Passages of a Working Life* treats of the period from 1824 to 1846. The style is plain and clear, direct and unpretending. In writing an autobiography, the author must, of course, write mainly about himself; and, without apology, Mr. Knight tells the public what he did and what he dared, during those years, in the cause of popular education by means of the press. Now and again, he has known adversity; but he bore up in dark days, and toiled on with heart and hope, feeling that little was lost so long as health and honour remained; and, from the tone of the narrative, it is clear that Mr. Knight does not think there was anything uncommon or meritorious in fortitude such as his.

In the autumn of 1826, Mr. Brougham was organizing the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' and Mr. Knight was making arrangements for the publication of a 'National Library.' Brougham invited Knight to his chambers; they talked over their respective schemes for producing a literature at once cheap and good; the result was, Mr. Knight disposed of his own project to Murray, and engaged to superintend the publications of the new Society.

It was the opening of a new era in periodical literature when, on the 31st of March, 1832, the *Penny Magazine* was issued. Its success surprised even the most hopeful of its originators; and by the end of that year the weekly circulation reached 200,000. The *Penny Magazine* lived an honourable and useful life until December 27th, 1845, and then it ceased to be. But its work was done, for a grand experiment had been tried and had succeeded. The Society had proved that it was possible to publish a good weekly magazine, illustrated, for a penny; and the circulation had shown that, for periodical literature at once cheap and sound, there was no lack of buyers and readers.

The *Penny Cyclopædia* was the next and the greatest work undertaken by the Society. Every article was original, and the ablest men in each department of knowledge were engaged as contributors. It was soon found, however, that the issue of such a Cyclopædia, in penny weekly numbers, would extend over more than the lifetime of a generation; and, to bring the completion of the work within a reasonable period, the quantity issued weekly was first doubled and then quadrupled. But as the price rose, the circulation fell. A penny weekly number found 75,000 buyers; when a double number was issued, 20,000 purchasers at once withdrew their patronage, and gradually the sales fell off to 44,000; but when the weekly part included four numbers and was charged fourpence, the circulation was reduced to 20,000; and at that figure it remained until the Cyclopædia, in twenty-seven volumes, was completed.

As a statistical curiosity, it may be recorded that the literary and artistic expenditure, for contributions and engravings, was £42,000;

and that in printing the Cyclopædia nearly two million pounds weight of paper was used. Upon this quantity a tax of one penny a pound would be £8,333; and as the duty upon paper during the eleven years when the work was in course of publication averaged twopence a pound, the *Penny Cyclopædia* yielded to the State a revenue of £16,500. But inasmuch as the heavy tax upon paper kept up the price of the raw material, Mr. Knight calculates that for the paper itself he paid at least £10,000 more than he would have paid had there been no duty on paper; and there is no reason to doubt the general conclusion to which he comes,—that, directly or indirectly, 'the paper-tax operated as a burthen upon my publication to the extent of £26,500.'

Mr. Knight's relation to the Society was not fixed, but changed with circumstances. His formal connexion with it dates from July 26th, 1827; and his first duty was to superintend the publication of the 'Library of Useful Knowledge,' then being issued fortnightly in sixpenny numbers. In the summer of 1828 he visited the principal towns of the north for the purpose of organizing Local Committees of the Useful Knowledge Society. His success was most gratifying, but he records one failure. 'At York, I accomplished very little of the work upon which I was intent. The commercial atmosphere was better adapted for the diffusion of secular knowledge than the ecclesiastical; so I had two days of rest and enjoyment. I had a most interesting visit to "The Retreat,"—that one Lunatic Asylum in whole kingdom where the most grievous of maladies was not rendered hopeless of cure by stripes and the dark cell.' If Mr. Knight were now to visit the venerable metropolis of northern England, he would find that York is second to no city in her appreciation of 'useful knowledge.' When the *Penny Magazine* was started in 1832, Mr. Knight was appointed editor; and, in addition, he took upon himself the risk of publication. The *Penny Cyclopædia* was commenced in 1833, with Mr. Long as editor and Mr. Knight as publisher; so that although both the Magazine and the Cyclopædia were issued under the superintendence of the Society, the financial responsibility was with Mr. Knight. The loss upon the Cyclopædia was so large as to absorb, during the eleven years of its publication, all the profits of his general business.

The Society with which Mr. Knight had been so honourably connected suspended its operations in 1846. It broke down beneath the heavy loss arising out of the publication of the *Biographical Dictionary*. In the Address announcing its dissolution, we read, 'The Society's work is done; its greatest object is achieved, fully, fairly, and permanently. The public is supplied with good and cheap literature to an extent which the most sanguine friend of human improvement could not, in 1826, have hoped to have witnessed in twenty years.'

Mr. Knight not only tells us who were the principal contributors to the *Penny Magazine* and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, but he interweaves with the narrative several brief biographical sketches of his

literary coadjutors. It is to the credit of many who then held high office in the State that they found time to attend the monthly Committees of the Society, and were also prepared to assist by their own literary contributions in the diffusion of useful knowledge. Amongst those who handled the pen we notice the names of Henry Brougham and George Cornwall Lewis; whilst Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp, and Lord Auckland were working members of the Committee.

As a private publisher, Mr. Knight is one of the fathers of pictorial literature; and he has given to the world a history of his four great illustrated works. The *Pictorial Bible* was a more profitable enterprise than the *Penny Cyclopædia*; and on its completion Mr. Knight was able to present to John Kitto, who had written the annotations, a sum of money that seemed to the deaf doctor a little fortune. In 1844, the *Weekly Volume* was commenced. Mr. Knight proposed to publish every Saturday a volume of some 200 pages for a shilling, and himself wrote the first of the series, *William Caxton, the first English Printer: a Biography*. For two years a volume was published weekly, and, bold as such a scheme might appear, it was remunerative to the publisher. In the success of the *Weekly Volume* we read the triumph of a principle of which Mr. Knight was the representative.

In the *Passages of a Working Life* we have a readable and instructive book, and we heartily commend it to all young men who would become familiar with the efforts put forth a generation ago to create a good and cheap literature. Mr. Knight's heroic perseverance in issuing the *Penny Cyclopædia*, in the face of a loss almost ruinous, is an admirable instance of the diffusion of knowledge under difficulties.

The Married Life of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV. and Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. Historical Studies. From numerous unpublished sources, including MS. documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and the Archives of Spain and Portugal. By Martha Walker Freer. In Two Volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

THESE volumes, which Miss Freer modestly calls 'Studies,' are a most interesting and important contribution to our historical literature. They are devoted mainly to the life of the notorious Queen of Louis XIII., and it would have been as well if Miss Freer had published the story of Don Sebastian in a separate work. In the year 1612, called *l'année des magnificences*, because of its splendid festivities, proclamation was made throughout Paris of the betrothal of the Infanta Marie Anne Mauricette to Louis XIII., King of France. The youth of the bridegroom elect had been spent under most inauspicious influences. The premature death of Henri IV., and the wrangling and jealousies of the advisers of Marie de Medici, deprived him of all chance of a judicious training. Instead of an

education befitting his royal dignity, he 'was confined to a corner of the Louvre, the object at one time of his mother's indulgent weakness, at others the victim of her caprice and passion.' His companions were of very inferior rank, and his days were spent in playing on the spinnet, hunting rabbits in the gardens of the Tuileries, turning ivory, drawing, and snaring birds. His physician, who was constantly in waiting, kept a marvellous diary of the sayings and doings of the young king, in which are recorded 'the names of the viands served daily on the royal table, and the number of times his Majesty coughed and sneezed during the twenty-four hours.' This diary is quite a curiosity in its way. The following are specimens:—'March 28th, Good Friday.—Heard a sermon at two o'clock; after dinner his Majesty entered his coach and visited the Franciscan and Feuillantine monasteries. He then went to the Tuileries, where he tasted a bunch of white grapes. He returned to the Louvre at a quarter to seven, and supped upon almond milk and milk gruel, eating the backs of two large soles. His Majesty said, "I eat this fish because there is nothing else." ' Again: 'November 20th.—After supper his Majesty went to bed at nine o'clock. At eleven, he suddenly rose on his knees, with eyes wide open, and, though asleep, called out loudly, "Hé, jouez! jouez!" ' Such records are valuable, not only as giving us a glimpse behind the scenes, but as solving the mystery 'why the son of Henri IV. grew up to become the most timid, miserable, suspicious, and self-distrusting monarch who ever filled a throne.' The early lot of the Infanta was more auspicious. She was 'a fair and bonny child,' the darling of all who knew her, and especially of her mother, the gentle Marguerite of Austria. Her governess was the Condesa de Altamira; but her time was spent mainly with her mother, whose premature death was the calamity of the Infanta's life. An episode in her courtship is worth transcribing. When the Duke de Mayenne, the ambassador of Louis XIII., took leave of her, 'he requested that she would send some message to the king, her consort.' 'Give his Majesty assurance,' promptly replied Dona Ana, 'that I am very impatient to be with him.' 'Oh, Madame!' interposed the Condesa de Altamira, 'what will the King of France think when he is informed by M. le Duc that you are in such a hurry to be married? Madame, I entreat you, show more maidenly reserve!' 'Have you not always taught me to speak the truth, Madame? I have spoken, and shall not retract,' retorted the young queen, pettishly. In the year 1615 the royal pair were married at Bordeaux, with great splendour. The married life thus splendidly inaugurated, and yet so unhappily spent, Miss Freer describes with interesting detail in her two volumes. Louis was an indifferent husband, and Anne, courted by the lovesick Richelieu, the brilliant Buckingham, and the subtle Mazarin, was not the most prudent of wives. Jealousies and embitterments were the natural issue of such relations, and the king died in the belief that his queen had done him vital injury. Miss Freer has done good service by her patient and judicious researches, and these

volumes will doubtless tend to strengthen her already distinguished reputation as a historian.

The Earnest Life: Memorials of the Rev. Thomas Owen Keysell, with Extracts from his Correspondence. By Thomas M'Cullagh. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

It is the amiable and not unnatural weakness of surviving friends to regard their dead as heroes of one sort or another, whose story the world ought to know. Hence the department of religious, and especially of ministerial, biography is overdone. If the object of memoirs is to present an example to be followed, the work of the biographer is already complete, for every man, whatever his temperament or circumstances, may find an appropriate model among the countless memorials of the dead with which the literature of the day is crowded. The records of representative lives are numerous *ad nauseam*. We are naturally and reasonably jealous, therefore, of any new candidate for the honours of biography; but he would be a severe and inexorable critic indeed, who should grudge such honours to the name of Thomas Owen Keysell; who, though little known beyond the limits of that Church of which he was, for too short a time, a faithful and successful minister, lived a life so real, so humble, and so illustrative of the triumph of godly purpose over mental and physical drawbacks, that the religious world cannot be too grateful to Mr. M'Cullagh for putting some of its incidents on record. The reader who takes up these memorials with the hope of meeting the strange adventures of which the Lives of Methodist Preachers used once to be full, and are not now altogether devoid, will be disappointed. Nor will he find in them a record of extraordinary genius. But if in these superficial times a man seeks for inspiration to a simple and consecrated use of such talents as God may have given him,—if he would learn how certainly successful that life must be which acts upon the apostolic principle, 'This one thing I do,'—this is the book for him.

Thomas Keysell,—for the name of Owen was adopted by him in after days out of regard to the memory of his mother,—was born at Ludlow, in the year 1814. His parentage was not illustrious; for though his grandfather had tenanted a farm-house, which enjoyed the double distinction of having once been a *hall*, and the abode of an aristocratic ghost, which used to drive round the lawn in a carriage drawn by four spectral greys, he paid but a very small rental for it, in consideration of its spiritual occupant. His father was a maltster and baker; and he gave to his son such an education as was appropriate to his own social grade. Young Keysell, while industrious as a scholar, was an enthusiastic lover of play, a bold rider, and a most expert swimmer. The intensity with which he gave himself to rural sports probably laid the foundation of his subsequent infirmities. He was passionately fond of play-acting, and when quite a boy 'used the cellar of his father's house as a sort of juvenile

theatre, the stage scenery being the production of his own pencil.' On leaving school, he was placed in a lawyer's office, as a copying clerk, the altered circumstances of his parents frustrating their hopes of giving him a more promising position. Removed from the restraints of home, 'he gave himself up completely to the pursuit of pleasure and folly.' The race-course, the theatre, the ball-room were his favourite resorts. The Methodist chapel, to which he had been regularly taken when a child, had no longer any attractions; and he studiously avoided the society of his mother's friends. One Christian woman, who was wont to remonstrate with him, was the object of his special dread; and 'to avoid capture by this vigilant and persevering lady, he became in retreats and flank marches quite a master in strategy.' He tried hard to reason himself into infidelity, and to this end purchased the *Age of Reason*.

In the meanwhile he had become so necessary to his employers, that they offered to take him as an articulated pupil, without premium. But God had other work for him to do. At a Christmas tea-meeting, to which his pious sister had taken him, he was struck with the statements of some 'simple-hearted and earnest Christians,' who, according to the good old Methodist fashion, related their experience. This was the turning point of his life. He left the meeting 'seriously resolved to know something more about the matter.' Four hours a day were solemnly set apart for reading and study, 'with the object of enlarging his knowledge of God.' Strangely enough the young penitent ordered the writings of Josephus, in six volumes, as a beginning! He attached himself for a time to the Independents, but ultimately became a member of the Wesleyan Church; and, at a prayer-meeting in the Methodist chapel, the light which he had long sought broke upon his heart. In process of time he passed through the necessary degrees, and was accepted by the Conference of 1838, as a preacher on trial. From that day to the day when, broken down in health, he was compelled to retire from Circuit-work, his career was one of almost ceaseless toil. Debarred, by 'the limited extent of the new Theological Institution,' from the privileges of a collegiate course, and compelled by the exigencies of his work to spend much time from home, he nevertheless gave himself to study with great eagerness. In one Circuit we have a glimpse of him 'grappling with Greek.' In another we find him 'struggling with Hebrew.' His study of mathematics and psychological science was such as to make him a powerful reasoner. But all his studies were subordinated to his work. Every where he appears as a preacher of the Cross, burning with the love of souls. In one circuit alone it is said, that during his three years' residence one thousand persons professed to be converted to God.

His unwearied labours were too much for his naturally delicate constitution. In the year 1859, he was compelled to retire from public work. Hastings, Guernsey, Southport, Dawlish were all tried in vain. Hopeful to the last, and clinging to a life, the work of which had been so delightful to him, he removed to Kidderminster, where,

with his mother's house at hand, and his father's grave in sight, he spent his last few months. Unable to preach, he began to write a book, but was able to complete only one chapter. His work was done, and with a heavenly radiance upon his pallid countenance he breathed his last on the 14th of April, 1862. His character is summed up in the three words with which his epitaph closes: '*Called, and chosen, and faithful.*'

Mr. M'Cullagh has done his work well. The materials cannot have been collected without much patient labour, and they have been arranged with judgment, and a conscientious regard to truth. In this volume there is nothing fulsome or exaggerated. It contains a manly and unaffected tribute to departed worth; and it is pervaded by a tone of hearty sympathy with the glorious work in which its subject was engaged. A few typographical errors, with now and then an opinion which may not meet with universal consent, do not detract from its general excellence. It is worthy of an extensive circulation outside the pale of that Church to which it more particularly refers. The public will find in it a very vivid picture of the work of Methodism, with some valuable expositions of its more marked features; and it will be strange if Mr. M'Cullagh's earnest hope that it may be consecrated to the benefit of his own people, and his fellow-labourers in the ministry, is not abundantly realised.

What led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile. By John Hanning Speke, Captain in Her Majesty's Indian Army. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1864.

THOSE who have read the *Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile* will find this additional volume equally full of interesting information, although without the one element of deep interest which the great geographical discovery imparted to that work. The account of the Somali race, an aggregation of savage and jealous tribes never explored by Europeans before the dangerous attempts described in these pages, will be found especially attractive.

But the volume will derive a permanent and most affecting interest from the sad termination, just now announced, of the writer's brilliant career. What bade fair in the morning to be the proudest day of his life, witnessed his accidental and sudden death. But, although thus prevented from personally vindicating his claims to the most striking discovery of modern times, the world will take care of his memory; and the name of Speke, whilst it will long suggest a melancholy reflection, will always rank with the very highest in the noble roll of British adventure.

What I saw in Syria, Palestine, and Greece. A Narrative from the Pulpit. By S. Smith, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

THERE can be no doubt that this book is the fruit of the most praiseworthy intentions. But the type is unusually large, the

margin wide, and the real result exceedingly small; and beyond its interest for 'private circulation,' we cannot clearly see its claim to be a book at all. It gives but little information, and, considering the extraordinary scenes of the sacred tour, is the barest enumeration of localities with the least possible thrill of classic enthusiasm. We readily believe in the general accuracy of the 'narrative;' but although the landscape may be distinctly photographed, we greatly miss the hues and beauties of the living picture, as we have been accustomed to meet with them in other writers upon this subject.

The Gospel of Common Sense: or, Mental, Moral, and Social Science, in Harmony with Scriptural Evangelicism. By Robert Brown, author of 'The Philosophy of Evangelicism.' London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

THE name of the gifted writer of 'The Philosophy of Evangelicism,' and 'The Rationale of Justification by Faith,' has now been given to the world. Our respect for the author and our appreciation not only of his talents, but of his religious reverence, earnestness, and spirituality, would incline us, if it were possible, to agree with his views, and to accept his 'philosophy' as effecting the harmony, doubtless much to be desired, between evangelical doctrine and mental and moral science. We are constrained, however, to conclude that, with all his earnestness, his long religious study of the great questions in hand, his acuteness and subtlety of intellect, Mr. Brown has 'wrought no deliverance' from our theological difficulties and perplexities, and that *his* method, at any rate, will not suffice to harmonize theology and philosophy.

Mr. Brown objects to the popular theology which represents Christ's active and passive 'righteousness as the procuring cause of our justification,' on the ground that it involves 'moral fictions, repellent, except to divines of the polemic stamp,' and that 'English practical-mindedness' refuses to 'accept a mystical style of religious thought.' The theory which he advocates, and which he believes to be free from these objections, makes 'Christ's perfect righteousness the subject-matter of immediate consciousness,' and teaches that 'such righteousness consciously ours is *in itself* justification.' This 'consciousness of Christ's perfect righteousness' as 'our righteousness' he considers to be analogous to the 'consciousness of innocence,' and calls 'subjective justification.' Is it not now evident, will not Mr. Brown himself presently confess, that *here*, if anywhere, is a 'moral fiction,'—'Christ's perfect righteousness' *mine*; and that *here*, if anywhere, is a 'mystical style of religious thought,'—in fact, the very highest mysticism? He represents humanity as a total unit, of which Christ is the Head, and of which, when all mankind are (or is) duly quickened, and so far (meantime) as the individual constituents of it are duly quickened, the consciousness is mutual and pervasive, so that Christ is 'conscious' of the sins of the whole world, and individual men 'conscious' of the righteous-

ness of Christ. To pursue this fundamental principle into its consequences is needless: is it not plain, however, that it should make good men 'conscious' of their neighbours' sins in proportion to their own Christian life, and sinners to become righteous (partly) through their consciousness of the righteousness of the saints, as well as of Christ? But we have no intention to argue the question. All we say is, that the ordinary theology is much more intelligible, much less liable to any charge of 'moral fiction,' much less 'mystical' than this. Mr. Brown cannot stay where he is; he is unawares in the midst of Neo-Platonist mysticism.

Propitiatory Sacrifice, and the Sacrifice of Christ, according to Scripture and Catholic Antiquity. With an Appendix on the Scheme of Mr. Birks. London: Rivingtons. 1864.

MR. BROWN in the book last noticed endeavours to eliminate voluntary mediation and penal imputation from the doctrines of the Gospel, by means of the hypothesis of a natural identity (so to speak) between Christ and all mankind. This is, in fact, the doctrine of the modern Neo-Platonist school without its philosophical or theosophical basis—the creation of all things in the Word. The writer of the book now under review endeavours to eliminate penal imputation, but would leave the doctrine of mediation otherwise untouched. He believes that the active righteousness of Christ is imputed to His people as their righteousness and justification; but will not allow that there was any penal character in His sufferings and death in virtue of which they fill up, for His mediatorial righteousness, the character of an atoning sacrifice. He resolves all that is said in the New Testament respecting atonement or remission by blood into mere figure and symbol. In order to this, he so interprets the ancient legal sacrifices as to take away from the death of the victim all penal significance, and to make it symbolical of a renewed and consecrated life. This is, in fact, the view of Bähr and Maurice, which has been particularly examined and, as we presume to think, refuted by Professor Fairbairn in his *Typology*, and by Mr. Rigg in his *Modern Anglican Theology*. The reasoning of the anonymous, but certainly able, writer of the tract now before us has altogether failed to convince us that his theory does not run counter to the plainest teaching both of the Old and New Testaments. 'It is the mistake,' he says, 'of Mr. Birks—a mistake which he shares with the advocates of the popular theology—to seek the atoning element in our Saviour's work of mediation in His *sufferings*.' This mistake, if mistake it be, has certainly in its favour not only popular support, but the sanction of very eminent and very ancient names. To go no higher, we may cite the evangelical prophet in countenance of this popular error. 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.' St. Peter says: 'Who bore our sins in

His own body on the tree.' St. Paul: 'He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' No critical solvent can explain away these texts.

The Collected Writings of Edward Irving. In Five Volumes.
Edited by His Nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle, M.A. Vol.
II. Strahan and Co. 1864.

EDWARD IRVING'S fame has lately been resuscitated. What was fading into a mere tradition has been revived in living power; memories which were beginning to be regarded as mythical exaggerations have been vindicated as no brighter or larger than the truth. It was well at such a period of renovated interest in the great preacher of the last generation that his writings should be given to the world in a complete and authentic form. We are not prepared indeed to pronounce beforehand that all Irving's writings are worthy of being 'collected' and published. But we can give our hearty welcome to this second volume of his 'collected writings.' The subjects of the discourses and homilies contained in this volume are of special interest, and such as the genius of Irving was especially adapted to illustrate. 'John the Baptist' forms the subject of fifteen lectures, in which may be found passages of surpassing fire and grandeur. There seems to have been a peculiar and sympathetic harmony between the character of Irving in some of its aspects and the dispensation of the Baptist. What can be finer than the following?—

'Our object at present, after contemplating the sublime position of the Baptist as the great forerunner of Messiah, is to study the method which he took in executing his office. They are wont to tell you upon all hands that the way to herald the good news of the Gospel of peace is to droop the wing, and glide softly and gently into the hearts of the people; and every other method they decry as improper and unpropitious to the Gospel of peace. But they know not what they talk about, neither do they know the history of the propagation of the Gospel. Here is John, the first herald of salvation; his was a withering blast. There is Christ, the very Teacher: what a stern upbraider was He of worldly customs! Few are the honeyed words of His speech. There was Stephen after Him, who cut the people to their hearts, so that they gnashed on him with their teeth. There was Paul, that uncourtly apostle, who had the presumption to speak to kings of temperance in their pleasures, of righteousness in their power, and of judgment to come, to bridle their haughty dealings. There were all the prophets before the inauguration of the Gospel; there have been all the Reformers since. Were they sleek and silken men? No; they were terrible men. Were they prudential men? No; they were men who bore their lives in their hands, and wore their wealth in their rags of clothing, and had all their preferment in heaven. Well then, I ask, whence cometh this call for soft, prudential, complimentary discourse? Who hath com-

manded it? When did it reform the Church, or propagate the faith, or purify morals, or put Satan and his power to flight? Out upon it; it is a taste, an ephemeral taste, that hath no sanction in any age of the Church. 'Tis an upstart of the worldly wisdom that hath now the helm of presidency, a product of that soft enjoyment to which all men, religious and irreligious, would devote themselves. What an ungracious orator was this John the Baptist—a very fire-brand, a most unguarded man! He joined himself to no party; he entered into no faction with any one; he sought no backing; he trusted to the truth he had in commission to make its own way. His was to give it voice, God's to give it success. And behold how successful he was withal! He excited a sensation, and, as is usual, roused the jealousy of the vested interests: They sent to know what or who he was, and in what right he spoke. He answered that he was a voice and no more, that his speech was all he was good for and all he wished to stand by. To that he referred them, leaving them to digest its severe sentences as best they could.'

In this volume are also contained the Lectures on the Temptation, which, however, though very fine in passages, disappoint on the whole, being neither so illuminated and impressive, nor by any means so wayward or theologically questionable, as might have been anticipated. The Homilies on Baptism, and on the Lord's Supper, occupy considerably more than one half the volume. So little are these sacraments understood, or duly appreciated,—so perverted are they into magical superstition on the one hand, or else so irreverently undervalued on the other,—that, without at all committing ourselves to any special views of Irving's in regard to them, we are very thankful to have in print, and at such length, the earnest, spiritual, suggestive views of the great preacher respecting these holy symbols and mysteries of our Christian faith.

As yet, in this volume, the later peculiarities of Irving's doctrine scarcely come out. On the five-hundredth page, indeed, there are traces of his views respecting the resurrection of inferior creatures, and Christ's visible reign on earth. On both these points, however, his faith agreed pretty nearly with that of John Wesley. As to the former, besides Wesley, Southey, among modern thinkers, has held a similar view; while, as regards the latter, Irving only erred, if (as we think) he did err, in common with multitudes of saints and theologians in both earlier and later times. The *heresies* of Irving will, we suppose, make their appearance in the later volumes.

We observe, at p. 494, 'tomb-stone' is printed for 'touch-stone.' We fancy, also, that in the following page, 'no touch of the mystery at all,' should read, 'of the *true* mystery at all.' We earnestly hope that the editor and publisher will find in the Christian public, and especially among preachers, a due appreciation of the taste and enterprise shown in the issue of these valuable and handsome volumes.

The Wisdom of our Fathers. Selections from the Writings of Lord Bacon. With a Memoir. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WE feel nothing but satisfaction in these reproductions, which unlade the 'ships of time' and distribute their precious merchandise into the ready channels of cheap books. It is cheering to know that there is a demand for solid reading of this kind.

It would be superfluous to commend the writings of Lord Bacon. Those who have never been familiar with them will soon be captivated by the clearness, acuteness, and freshness of his weighty sayings. Bacon's method is characteristically English, as it is the method of Christian common sense, the philosophy of the practical as against all theories whatsoever. It is interesting to mark how his entrance upon life impelled him to this; for, being disappointed of help and promotion from his powerful uncle, Lord Burleigh, he betook himself to the study of Law, having thenceforth, as he said, 'to think how to live, instead of living only to think.' The old philosophies dealt in the ideal, the modern philosophy of Bacon is specially conversant with the real. Instead of arguing, as was the fashion before his time, from principles to facts, he boldly proceeds from facts to principles. Of course, he who sets out with this aim needs to be sure of his facts; and accordingly we have in Bacon the reverence, the patient care, and the earnest activities of a manifold mind, equally humble to comprehend the vast and diligent to analyse the minute; moreover always thoroughly convinced and guided by the truth of Divine revelation. The present 'Selections' contain many of the famous 'Essays,' together with extracts in general from his works, enough to stimulate the reader to a fuller acquaintance with the great stores of which these are but samples. The question of the authorship of the Paradoxes we must at present leave undecided. There is also a good memoir which deals fairly with the controverted questions of the great Chancellor's reputation. As is well known, he was charged with taking bribes on the judgment seat, and with other offences, and he fell at once from the place of power into lasting dishonour. Although something has been done to rebut the charges brought against him, yet the result will still be a divided opinion, and it is painful to reflect that so resplendent a name must after all shine through the generations with a misty light.

The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D. Vol. VII. 8vo. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

The Complete Works of Stephen Charnock, B.D. With Introduction by the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

The Practical Works of David Clarkson, B.D. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THESE three titles will sufficiently attest the steady progress towards completion of the great scheme of republication to which

we have so often directed attention. Many feared it would break down by its own weight; but having advanced so far, there seems no reason to anticipate for it anything but a growing and cordial support on the part of the religious public in Great Britain and the Colonies. The volumes before us are full of interest. Clarkson, the colleague and successor of Owen, has been long a favourite with the Independents, and his Sermons alone have sold for as much as would pay a year's subscription to this series. We hope that his *Essay on the Practical Divinity of the Papists* will on no account be omitted from this edition. It is quite a book for the times.

Charnock's popularity in the last century speaks well for our fathers. His two folios were cumbersome enough in shape; but they were in steady demand, and went through four editions. Half a century ago Mr. Edward Parsons, of Leeds, reprinted them in nine handsome octavos; but these have long been scarce and dear, and the present edition has not come before it was needed. Dr. McCosh has collected all that might be found of Charnock's personal history: that he has not been able to add much to what was previously known is no fault of his, the scantiness of material for his undertaking having been long notorious; but he has made up for a meagre biography by describing at length, and in an interesting style, the philosophical principles involved in the Puritan theology.

Charnock published but one sermon during his life; the loving care of friends brought all besides to light after his death. In this there is a curious resemblance to the case of Sibbes; but the difference in another point of view is great. Charnock's writings were published from his own MSS.; Sibbes's were mostly sermons caught from his lips by some of the eager multitudes who crowded to hear him, and perhaps slightly revised by one or other of the divines whose names attest them. Little is known of the personal history of Sibbes; but his unwearied constancy in preaching is sufficiently exemplified by these publications, so numerous, so diversified in size and shape, yet so uniform in character. His popularity is illustrated by the reception given to them all; while it is clear that the age did itself honour in honouring him. The number of persons of distinction who loved and waited upon him is a very interesting feature of his history, and a good sign of the times. Altogether his character and history constitute an interesting subject of study, particularly to a young minister seeking—so far as he lawfully may—for popularity. We should be glad to see hundreds become popular in the adoption and maintenance of the same style. Clear, scriptural, experimental, tender in spirit, and practical in aim, they could not preach in vain, and, like him, would be loved in proportion to their usefulness. For comforting afflicted consciences, and teaching men how to cultivate a close daily walk with God, Sibbes was long famous; and now, by the help of the publisher and editor of this first complete edition of his works, he will long continue to be famous. The speculations of the metaphysician, and the discoveries of the philosopher, may become

obsolete; but the 'faithful saying' will be new in every age, as the 'new song' retains its sweetness to all eternity.

Sibbes's great popularity as a preacher has led us to these reflections, which, perhaps, may not be wholly unserviceable. But we must not close without thanking Mr. Grosart for his laborious accuracy and extensive research, and above all for his indexes.

Sermons on Biblical and Theological Subjects. By the Rev. Thomas Allin, Author of 'Discourses on Atheism.' London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

MR. ALLIN has long been reputed the ablest and most eloquent preacher in the Methodist New Connexion, of which body he has for more than fifty years been a minister. The volume before us 'owes its appearance to an express and emphatic resolution of the Dudley Conference of 1862.' The subjects are of primary importance; the sermons are able and elaborate; the style is carefully polished; the matter is sound and valuable. Many persons who have known or heard of Mr. Allin will be glad to possess this memento. It is to be regretted, however, that the New Connexion, which can certainly rejoice in some scholarly men, should not have intrusted to a more competent hand the preparation of the Preface to this volume. It is hardly 'endurable' that one of the Committee appointed to give effect to the resolution of the Dudley Conference should tell the public that Mr. Allin had been desired to 'put into an endurable form' a selection from his discourses; or that he should speak of 'the Notes' to the volume as forming 'a valuable addenda,' and as not being 'perfectly indicated, as to their sources.' Such an ignorant and slipshod manner of writing does injustice to the New Connexion, and much greater injustice to the cultivated minister whose sermons 'I. S.' has unfortunately been employed to introduce to the world.

God's Way of Holiness. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1864.

WE have read this volume with much profit; but we cannot recommend it to our readers. The reason why may be gathered from the following extract. There are other books which deal with the subject of it in a far more satisfactory manner. 'It is true that sin remains in the saint; and it is equally true that this sin does not bring back condemnation to him. But there is a way of stating this which would almost lead to the inference that watchfulness has thus been rendered less necessary; that holiness is not now so great an urgency; that sin is not so terrible as formerly. To tell a sinning saint that no amount of sin can alter the perfect standing before God into which the blood of Christ brings us, may not be technically or theologically incorrect; but the mode of putting the truth is not that of the Epistle to the Romans or Ephesians; it sounds almost like, "Continue in sin because grace abounds," and it is not scriptural language.' Apart from this tinge of what we

cannot approve, it is a beautiful, readable, and devout little volume. To a certain class of religious people it will be very precious. But we have to wait still for the right popular exposition of the seventh chapter of the Romans.

The Redeemer: Discourses by Edmond De Pressensé, D.D.
 With Introduction by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D.
 Edinburgh: Clarks. 1864.

THESE sermons were published long before Rénan's *Life of Jesus*. Indeed the preface to the second French edition is dated just six years ago. They were, however, written throughout with a reference to that dissolving Straussian unbelief which has for years past formed one of the marked and most widely diffused elements of thought in France. Hence their production is very timely.

As the productions of Dr. De Pressensé, of all French writers perhaps the best qualified to withstand such authors as Strauss and Rénan on their own ground, these sermons could not fail to be valuable, especially at the present moment; their popularity in France, also, commends them to our reception in England. The English reader, indeed, will perhaps think the style of the earlier sermons too French for his taste; their eloquence too flowery and too 'loud.' He will find, however, as he proceeds with the volume, and as the author comes to deal more directly with the person, work, and history of Jesus Christ, that the matter gains in closeness of texture, and that the argument and exposition become nervous, as well as eloquent, weighty, as well as animated.

Throughout, nevertheless, the English student must remember, that he is reading a French writer. As respects the sanctity and obligation of the Sabbath, Dr. De Pressensé holds lax views; and his theological language, without being unevangelical, is defective in firmness and precision.

Pen and Pencil Sketches in India. By Gen. Godfrey Charles Mundy. Third Edition. London: John Murray.

THE writer is an enthusiastic sportsman and a genial tourist. He observes carefully and describes graphically, but frequently betrays a passion for low punning. His sketches are dashing rather than suggestive. The book, as a whole, is racy and readable, but is occasionally wanting in reverence and refined taste. It is not profound, and is therefore adapted—as it professes to be—for railway readers.

The Novelties of Romanism. In Three Parts:—1. Development of Doctrines. 2. Chronological Arrangement. 3. Old and New Creeds contrasted. By Charles Hastings Collette. Second Edition. Religious Tract Society. 1864.

THIS is another very valuable contribution from a layman, who has already done good service in the controversy between Protestantism

and Rome. The book will be found extremely useful. The best praise we can give it is, that where much depends on the strictest accuracy, Mr. Collette's correctness will be found unimpeachable. Many things in the controversy are put in a very striking light.

Sin and Suffering Reconcilable with Divine Benevolence, Four Discourses. By Joshua Priestley. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

A MORE difficult theme—whether for essay, or sermon, or treatise—no man could select: it encounters the very mystery of mysteries to human thought. All that can be expected from any one who deals with it is, that he shall reverently repel the objections that are based upon the phenomena of evil, and teach the proper limits of speculation. In this world, it will never be given to mortal to lift any of the folds of the curtain that hides the origin and issue of evil. But these sermons are a modest and able and useful treatment of the subject; and we cannot wonder that the hearers of such discourses were desirous of possessing them in a permanent form. A few sentences from the Preface will help to recommend the little book to our readers. 'Reflection on the great facts here illustrated,—that God's benevolence is indubitable; that moral probationship involves the demand of faith in God, and also the supply of means and opportunity alike for ill-doing and well-doing; that much of our suffering is the sole and inevitable result of our ignorance or folly, and that all the rest is benevolently designed for a salutary and invaluable discipline and culture—cannot fail, I think, to dispel some clouds that have hung like a funeral pall on the souls of many. To the illumination of all the dark paths of Divine Providence the book makes no pretensions.'

Hints on the Philosophy of Education. By Humphry Sandwith, Sen., M.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

A VERY admirable Essay, founded on a lecture delivered before the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society. Written before the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on Education appeared, and of course before the great mass of speeches, essays, and publications, which are now throwing a flood of light upon the subject, it may seem in some parts to lag behind the age. The reader, however, must take the Appendix into account, which contains a very valuable selection of extracts, tending to make the treatment of the subject complete. Like everything that has come from Dr. Sandwith's pen, this tractate displays sound sense, good composition, comprehensive grasp, and almost every other quality that can claim our commendation.

Sonnets, and other Poems. By E. H. W. London: Walton and Maberly. 1864.

IF the history of this choice little volume were known, we suspect it would be a very affecting one. May it give to many readers the comfort that it has evidently given the writer! Its poetry is of a high order. Let the following chaste sonnet bear witness:—

‘UNSEEN SORROW.

When in thy wearied ear sad voices mourn,
Oh, measure not the burden of their woe
Only by that thou see'st; thou canst not know
What unfulfilled desires within them burn,
What prayers unto their longing hearts return,
Like hungry birds across the barren snow.
Much they may hold, perchance, and yet forego
More than thine eye hath wisdom to discern,
Or tears can e'er reveal. None are so blest
But something fails them. In the garden gay
We miss the wayside flowers that men love best;
And they who round their brow the jasmine wreath
And pluck the orange bloom, may sigh to breathe
The scent of dewy cowslips far away.

Faith and Fancy. By John Savage. New York: James B. Kirker. 1864.

THESE are verses of an enthusiastic American, full of loyalty to the Union, but also full of irregularities and breaches of good taste. Their patriotism we respect, and do not wonder at their so soon reaching a second edition.

Poems. By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L.; Author of ‘A Defence of the Queen's English.’ London: Hatchard and Co. 1863.

THIS elegant little volume contains good and spirited verse, with glimmerings here and there of something very like poetry. Some of the strains are devout and touching, and linger pleasantly in the ear. But Mr. Moon writes better prose. He knows the secrets of both the strength and the grace of his own tongue; and should, we think, follow up the good impression he has lately produced by publishing something that might help young writers to the acquisition of a pure and nervous style.